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THE

METROPOLITAN

MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XL.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1844.

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A TRIP TO THEBES.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the bright charms that form the aspect of old Nilus, the cloudless sky, and the healthful breeze, human nature is a thing so wayward, that much as we admired them at first, time rendered us heartily tired of gazing through the venetians of our little boat on limestone hills, cave temples, hermit cells, mummy chambers, and public tombs, while the villages that occurred at intervals, presented ever the same aspect, of mud houses and date groves, equally crowded with a filthy, lazy, fly-devoured people, and creeping things of every denomination.

At Manfaloot, a mandate had been issued against all detention, which, tedious in itself, always led to bickerings between the reis and dragoman, each endeavouring to overreach the other, and to make the traveller a victim common to both. Under these circumstances we went contentedly on, satisfied to eat flat cakes and sweet curds at nine, with stewed pigeons and tomatas at six, (the staple food of Egypt,) and to divert the intermediate time by observing the absurd foolery of our Arab crew.

Dreading the proscription, some had lost an eye, and some a finger, yet no amount of oppression could check their innate love of buffoonery, while no extent of indulgence in it, seemed capable of producing weariness.

The first evening I noticed them, the sturdiest of the crew had affected to be a beggar asking alms from a rich man, and accompanying the request with all the entreaties common with the pauper hyperbolists of the East. The man of wealth characteristically calls him a Kelb (dog) for his pains, on which the sturdy vagrant loads him with abuse, and ends by dealing him a sharp blow, which is returned with interest, when kicks and cuffs ensue, amid roars of laughter. The shrill pipe and the Arab drum on board were never mute, for even at night some played while the others slept; and as the oarsmen

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pulled lustily to the wild chorusses of their favourite songs, the mountains and date groves of the Thebaid echoed back the charms of the "fair maids of Secunderiah."

No sooner had we made Luxor, on the left bank of the river, than a guide, speaking two or three languages, and laden with certificates of ability, introduced himself to our knowledge: wisely had this cicerone sprung from the bank on board, for no sooner was our little boat secured to the shore, than it was at once surrounded by a hundred dirty, noisy Arabs, all pressing on us their services. The first who came, however, was the first engaged, and with him we went on shore, our dragoman and his culinary help,—or "el cookoo," as the Arab sailors had learnt to call him,—also proceeding into the village, to obtain that which, fortunately, every one produces, in addition to its rats, flies, and other "plagues of Egypt," viz. eggs, milk, fowls, pigeons, oranges, and bread,—the only motive for the hungry traveller (and who is not hungry on the Nile?) to stop at them with good will.

Instead of entering a spacious, open temple, as drawings of Luxor had led me to expect, we threaded the filthy ways of an Arab hamlet, between dove-cots and irregular walls, raised with cement and broken earthenware upon the ruins of the mighty temple; barked at by savage dogs, and run after by blear-eyed children. Our guide, stooping through a narrow doorway, first introduced us into a cow-shed, littered with filth, and occupied by buffaloes and donkeys, who seemed quite used to the intrusion, and perhaps considered themselves as part of the interest, although the dogs certainly were of a different opinion, and instead of regarding us as friends, (which, considering how often the Turks term Christians "kelbs," they ought to do,) compelled us to send for our boatmen to protect us from their attacks.

The walls, roof, and supporting pillars, which are those of the ancient temple, are covered with sculptured figures of the gods and kings of Egypt, with hieroglyphic histories of the past keenly chiselled on those blocks whose enormous size remains a marvel to every age. The pillars of this portion of the desecrated temple are formed of solid blocks, connected by huge slabs that form the roof; and the countenances of the gods and heroes sculptured round were remarkable for the extreme beauty and benignity of their expression. From this stable we made our way through numerous dusty avenues, formed all of huts leaning against or built between the noble pillars of the adytum of the temple; and then stumbling over dust-heaps and filth, we came on a splendid avenue of seven columns on either side, each twenty-two feet in circumference, with lotus capitals, all bearing the appearance of ancient painting. The rounded columns are formed of four blocks each, united by joists of iron. Nothing, we thought, could be more grand than this splendid portion of the ancient palace or temple of the great Osymandias; but as we went on, passed through the northern propylon, and turned to gaze on the colossi on either side, and the spirited sculptures clearly to be distinguished on the great eastern wall, past admiration was lost in present wonder, and that idea of power and sublimity, which is the first produced by gazing on the works of the most ancient people in the world, took full

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possession of our minds. Half buried in the sand, which alone seems more eternal than themselves, these huge granite guardians of the splendid temple seem to look forth unmoved upon the changes that time has made. While on the wall, the conqueror, with the fine stalwart form of youth, urges on his fiery coursers against his enemies, or leads them in chains, receiving tribute and homage. Burning with indignation at the treatment these gems of the past receive at the hands of the Arabs, and astonished that the ruler of modern Egypt makes no effort to preserve objects not alone so valuable in themselves, but producing by their power of interest so much advantage to his country, we returned to our boat, which we found surrounded by venders of "antiques," and a party of Almehs, prepared for display.

The *premiere danseuse* of the group wore a loose shift of dark blue cotton, and on her head a tarbouche, with a gaily-coloured kerchief wound around it; but on our approach she drew the shift over her head, and displayed the gay dress of her profession. This consisted of a boddice with hanging sleeves of yellow silk, with a petticoat of dark blue chintz, figured with orange-coloured flowers; a pink shawl formed her ceinture, and from it descended a great quantity of silver chains, bells, and talismans. The complexion of the girl was rather sallow than brown, and her hair fell in ringlets on her shoulders; but the countenance bore an expression from which one turned with a sigh and shudder, for it was that of *utter* degradation. Disinclined for her performance, we desired the dragoman to make her a small present, and no way pleased at her dismissal, the danseuse of Luxor again hid her gay attire, and slowly returned to her filthy home.

The venders of antiques were more fortunate. Necklaces, which had encircled the necks of female mummies, with sculptured genii in blue china, were not to be resisted, and for a few piastres we made a very tolerable bargain.

Youssouf, our worthy dragoman, for some purpose of his own, had represented that donkeys were not to be got, and talked of burning sands and ten mile distances, after a manner that nearly caused us to allow him to purchase two at Manfaloot, and billet them on us for the whole distance, donkeys being cheap in Upper Egypt, and our knowing servitor thinking that by buying one here, and constraining us to feed it, he would sell the animal on his return to Cairo at a very pleasant profit; but he was disconcerted in this plan, and we found at Thebes, that the arrival of travellers was a thing so common, that the Arabs, always alive to the means of money-making, had saddle-donkeys as well arrayed as in Cairo, with guides, torchbearers, and every requisite for antiquity-hunting, in very troublesome and annoying numbers; the difficulty being, not to *get* these means, but to get *rid* of them, and to avoid as much as possible the impositions of their owners.

Thus, before we had been five minutes at Luxor, a dozen donkeys came scampering down, saddled and bridled, their owners fighting among themselves which should take us to Carnac, and it was only by engaging two, and setting them to beat off the rest, that we were able to mount any at all. Next appeared a flock of urchins desiring to

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carry our water-bottle, sketch-books, umbrellas, and common travellers' gear, the rear being brought up by collectors of "antiques," who every moment pushed into our hands scarabei, bits of mummy coffins, and all sorts of rubbish of a like nature.

At length we started for Carnac, the gem of the Thebaid, the wonder of every age, the inexplicable triumph of ancient art. It stands about two miles from Luxor, and glad were we to see, that although there was also an Arab hamlet near the ruins, it was not built in and on the towering remains, as in the neighbouring scene of desecration.

A short distance before arriving at Carnac, we entered an avenue of Sphinxes, all headless, and grievously mutilated. This avenue, doubtless once among the grandest features of the temple, leads to the south-west prophylon, whose simple majesty of proportions, and exquisite excellence of architectural decoration, cannot be surpassed. Erected of Syene granite, the whole is richly sculptured with figures in alto-relievo, representing the priests making offerings to the gods; and on the frieze and side walls are figures of Horus and Osiris, under the aspect of their various attributes, while the winged globe, the emblem of the protective genius, surmounts the entrance, and bears evidence of the whole having been richly painted.

On passing this prophylon, our attention was first directed to a portion of the temple to the left, which contains five chambers, dimly lighted from above; here Sir Gardiner Wilkinson pursued his laborious and valuable studies; and on the walls, by the aid of lighted branches of dry date trees, we saw the most exquisite representations of Egyptian mythology,—the mystic history and emblems of the Theban Trinity, Isis nursing her son Horus, and Osiris towering amidst his genii.

From hence we entered a hall facing the south-east prophylon, supported by massive columns, covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics, many of them still retaining evidences of their original colouring, but everywhere defaced by the destroying hand of man. Whole figures have been laboriously chipped away by the mason's chisel, and where the strangers wearied of this work of bigotry, fragments of rich beauty have been violently torn down with the axe or the hammer, the spears or the swords of the Persian soldiery. Turning through a low door on the right, so filled up from the floor that it can only be passed on hands and knees, we ascended the stairs leading to the roof of the temple. Rude are they, and broken, passing between sculptured walls which almost close out the light of day; and here and there a vast block has given way, and one looks shudderingly down to the base of the temple; but all must be passed with steady footing, fixed surely in niches in the wall; and when the roof is really gained, a scene of the most bewildering grandeur bursts on the view. Beneath, around, and stretching far away among fields waving with green crops, lay shattered columns, ruined prophylons, noble obelisks, and gigantic blocks of every form, and in every position the imagination can picture, with the great hall of Carnac, so towering and so vast in its proportions, and so noble in its ruins, that chapel, palace, and the very temple on which we stood, sank to insignificance before it. Behind

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us flowed the bright Nile, and on the opposite bank the remains of those palaces which made Thebes the wonder of the world, while the sitting figures of the Rameses, surrounded by the waters of the inundation, seemed to gaze with sentient watchfulness upon the piles whereon we stood. Below grouped the miserable huts of the Arab desecrators—they who rifle the tombs of the kings of Egypt—who tear the honoured dead of her royal line from their dark chambers, and barter for bread the protective offerings with which love surrounded them—who put their foot upon the neck of the remnant of the lords of the ancient land, and curse them with the foul curses of modern barbarism;—such are the objects which lie beneath the traveller's eye, while deep and full of interest and instruction are the meditations to which they must give rise.

Descending the staircase, and crossing a stony waste, scattered every where with remnants of rich sculpture, fragments of colossi, sphinxes, obelisks, and columns, every fragment graven with the history of the past, every stone a leaf in the great book of knowledge, we came on the great hall and temple of Carnac; and here I must abandon all description, all vain hope of making my pen obedient to my purpose; for, as the eye and mind wearies of contemplating gigantic pillars, avenues crossing avenues, chambers seemingly innumerable, gigantic colossi, obelisks of granite, fresh as from the chisel of yesterday, every minute portion of the whole delicately graven with the histories of priests and kings, religious rites, and mystic emblems—so does one shrink from the idle hope, the vain attempt, of describing the indescribable, or seeking to convey to others that which, as we gaze, bewilders the mind with the combined effects of wonder, awe, curiosity, and admiration the most unspeakable. And yet, we see in Carnac but the wreck of the past; its walls are cast down, its hall is roofless, its colossi are mutilated, and its courts are filled with the broken obelisks, prophylons, and columns, that were once its own in a glorious whole of unmatched grandeur: but still, the traveller of to-day, as he paces the silent hall, or leans against its columns, may feel, as I did, that to the history of the ancient world its very ruin adds a charm, and increases the power of that imagination which seeks to animate its avenues and chapels with the mighty priesthood, who held as nothing the power of kings, and who, in their mystic learning, sought to pierce through the veil of nature, and seize upon that truth still darkly hid from them.

Leaving the great temple of Carnac, our guide led us by another road to Luxor, the whole way, which is grown with grass and weeds, being strewed with sphinxes, colossi of anubis, and other granite remains, whose positions tend to the idea that they all formed avenues between the lesser and greater temples of Carnac, and extended even to Luxor.

Returning to our boat, we crossed the Nile the same evening to inspect the ruins of Koornah, and Medinet above. Engaging a fresh guide for this portion of ancient Thebes, we mounted our donkeys immediately after breakfast on the following day, and with Youssouf, the guides, and venders of curiosities, as before, set forth on our investigating journey. As we emerged from a narrow path leading between

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grain fields, and came on the plain of Thebes, a magnificent *coup d'œil* was presented of the ancient temples, the colossal figures, the perforated hills, and the glorious river, and we hastened on, scarcely looking at the palace of Koornah by the way, to the great temple of Rameses the Second, commonly known as the Memnonium. Entering the eastern prophylon, we stood in a court, where, lying on its back, the face greatly mutilated, is the granite Memnon, the deep-cut hieroglyphics on the right arm perfectly fresh, and according in size with the huge proportions of the figure. We then passed through pillars supporting, or rather faced by, figures of Osiris with the flagellum, to a second court, in which is a smaller Memnon, lying on its side, with one arm perfect, and the back covered with hieroglyphics, among which is cut the name of Belzoni, with the date of 1816. The head of this figure, which is, with the exception of the nose, still perfect, stands supported on a frame of wood, which was placed under it for the purpose of its removal; the right arm, in two pieces, lies on either side of the head, one portion showing the hole bored for the powder when fractured. There is also a block of black granite, at the back of which are hieroglyphics and the figure of a priest in alto-relievo, but the front is totally deprived of form. The adytum of this temple, also supported by figures of Osiris, contains beautiful and perfect relievos, representing kings offering to the gods, priests bearing the sacred ark, and the gods writing the good deeds of Rameses on the leaves of the tree Persea. The capitals of the columns of the temple are of the lotus form, which is perhaps the most beautiful among all the styles of Egyptian architecture.

Leaving the Memnonium, from whence is obtained a fine view of the sitting figures of Rameses, with Carnac and Luxor on the opposite bank of the river, and the hilly range behind it full of cave temples and convent grottoes of the ancient Christians, we went on to Medinet above, about half a mile further on, over a pleasant road of short crisp grass and herbs. Here we dismounted at the palace of Rameses the Third, one of the most magnificent remains, and the best preserved at Thebes. The prophylon, which is nearly entire, leads into a court surrounded with small chambers, covered with hieroglyphics, but beyond this is the great hall, surrounded with triple colonnades, the ceiling richly painted with deep azure, studded with stars, and the walls covered with deeply-cut representations of the conquests of Rameses, to whom are brought captives of every nation as the king sits on his war chariot, while offerings of hands taken in war are laid at his feet, and a scribe numbers them on his tablets; grooms also are seen, exercising war-horses in the most spirited positions, and on one portion of the wall, the ceremonies required at an Egyptian coronation, appears with Isis protecting the throned king. The green, crimson, and azure is yet vivid on the walls, and the most perfect idea is given of what must have been the splendour and gorgeous effect of this palace, ere desolation cast her hand upon its chambers, and ruin marred the glories of its cunning work.

From the temple of Rameses our guide took us far away to a small temple in the hills, but there was little to see there but a va-

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riety in the decorations of the columns, their capitals being of finer work, and cobra capellas adorning their plinths.

Returning from this temple, we visited the Necropolis of Thebes. This vast burial-place of an enormous city presents the appearance of a succession of limestone hills, covered with cavernous openings leading to the mummy pits, which literally perforate as a honeycomb the entire space. Carefully proceeding among these pits, we entered a valley, at the head of which is a temple worthy attention; not that it contains much of interest, but proves that the Egyptians possessed the knowledge of the arch fifteen hundred years before the Christian era. Somewhat heated and fatigued, it was our intention to have rested here and eaten lunch, but I was not yet reconciled to the horrible effects of Arab tomb-rifling, and the dismembered bodies, female heads, and severed limbs I had passed on the way ill fitted me for such refreshment. Determined, however, to see all that Thebes could show, I resolved to brave these horrors, and visit, if possible, the pit from whence they had been drawn; so, returning with the guides to the spot most crowded with these relics of abused humanity, we found, as we expected, the mouth of a pit, just large enough to admit the body of a man crawling flat upon the ground. The guides, lighting a couple of candles, disappeared through the opening, and called us to follow. Taking off my bonnet, and lying flat on the ground, I was drawn backwards through the aperture, immediately within which the height of the roof permitted me to crawl on my hands and knees, and I found myself in a passage, surrounded by entire mummies, which the Arabs had dragged forward to rifle by the little light that reached them through the entrance of the pit. Much shrunk by the embalming process, they seemed not more than four feet in height, the skin resembling varnished leather of a dark brown colour, the hair and teeth perfect, with large openings in the bodies, from which the Arabs had torn the figures, coins, ornaments, and scarabæi usually placed in them by the relatives or embalmers. Lighted by the guides, we continued to crawl forward among remnants of cerecloth and portions of bodies, until we gained a square chamber, whose height allowed us to stand erect. Here a horrible scene presented itself—hundreds of human bodies, piled one upon another, lay under our feet, torn and rifled by the Arabs, stripped of their cerecloth, crushed and dismembered. Even now, the guides and Arabs turned them over as if they had been logs of wood, laughed hideously as some distortion became apparent by the flickering lights, and stamped upon the heap in a way that made the blood curdle in one's veins. Glad was I to return, and inhale the breezes of the upper air; yet I congratulated myself on having seen one of the greatest among the characteristic features of ancient Egypt.

The wealthy families of Thebes possessed private tombs, decorated originally for sale, and the property of the priests; to one of these our guide conducted us. A family of Arabs had it in possession as a dwelling-place; they had closed it with a rude door, and remnants of statues and coffins were mixed up with cooking utensils in the narrow court-yard; and there we found the Arab owners, they and their little ones, with these noisy curs, and sheep and fowls, the men striving to

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relieve their squalid misery by the plunder of tombs, and the sale of the "antiques." Entering the tomb, and lighting our candles, we found lofty and extensive corridors, excavated from the limestone rock, faced with fine cement, and decorated with richly sculptured and coloured groups of figures, giving in detail the every-day life of the Egyptian people, as they were two thousand years ago.

On our return to our boat, we found a crowd of venders of antiques waiting for us, each Arab with a little basket under his arm, filled with curiosities from the tombs, scarabæi, necklace amulets, bits of mummy chests, fragments of cerecloth, vases, fruits, human hair, and statues of vitrified china, with human hands, feet, and arms, separately bandaged, as was the fashion with the Greeks, each to be had for a few piastres; and a strange looking old French marquis, whose boat was just in advance of our own, had been the purchaser of a perfect cargo, which his dragoman, looking on such matters as common lumber, had thrown aside, among pigeons, bread, and oranges.

The following morning, before sunrise, we started for the tombs of the kings, situated about four miles from the river. After winding through a defile of limestone rocks of the most majestic heights and forms, along a road originally cleared by the Egyptians, for the funeral processions of their kings, and strewn with boulders of flint, and fossil shells in great abundance, alternated with jasper, we arrived at last at the head of the valley defile, or gorge, where towers, like a vast pedestal for some giant statue, one single rock, fit monument for Egypt's royal line. Turning up a narrow and steep path to the left, we came to the bed of a mountain torrent, and alighted at an excavated doorway, the entrance of the tomb, opened by the indefatigable Belzoni.

Our own wish would have led us to visit this spot in silence, accompanied only by the necessary Arab guide, but this we found hopelessly impossible; all the crew of our boat had armed themselves with huge staves, had prepared to accompany us at starting, and nothing could restrain them; then the reis drew on a bright blue cotton shirt, that had been making during the whole voyage, and stated his readiness also; and last, a miserable old woman, the head of his three wives, hung two or three large coins on her coarse matted tresses, drew a dirty black cotton veil over her head, and came with tears in her eyes, to beg me to hire a donkey to carry her to the tombs. The reis was in high spirits, and talked and shouted as much as if he had been in a passion: and as a sort of harmless flirtation had been going on since we left Manfaloot between Yousouf and the lady, he entertained her with all sorts of chatter; and as the torch-bearers were quarrelling, and the donkey-drivers shouting to their charges, our party was as noisy a one, and as various as could well be imagined. However, we found everybody useful in their way, and having lighted the torches, we commenced our descent over the first flight of stairs, which were steep and rugged, but led to a noble corridor, sloping downwards, and lined with fine relievos, bearing the marks of the ancient paintings. A second descent, and we were in the rich painted chambers, surrounded by magnificent works of art, all possessing great spirit of delineation, and the most perfect proportion of outline. The representations of this celebrated tomb are well known in England, as also the sarcophagus found in it

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by Belzoni; and in splendour, richness, and beauty, it far surpasses all that have been opened. The appearance of grandeur given by nature to the head of the remarkable valley, in which was found these royal tombs, certainly was such as to authorise Belzoni in his opinion, that it was a spot likely to be chosen for the burial-places of the Pharoahs; and yet it would seem that nothing less than some revelation could have induced the Italian to seek for the tomb of a king in the bed of a mountain torrent. The elaborateness of its work, the beauty of its finish, the richness of its paintings, and the number of its chambers of imagery, make it indeed worthy of being considered as among the finest of those "eternal habitations" which the Egyptians, by no means worshippers of kings, assigned to those among their rulers, who having been sternly judged after death, and against whose justice, wisdom, and mercy, not a breath arose, were ferried across the sacred lake of Thebes, borne in funeral pomp around its temples, and along the steep defile, to these last resting places, in whose chambers prayers for the dead arose, and in whose splendid decorations it was supposed that the soul of the departed took the most exquisite delight.

From that known as Belzoni's, we entered the Harp Tomb, as it is called, curious and peculiar for the character of its paintings; musical instruments, and musicians playing on them, being delineated on its walls in common with the more usual representations of kings taught by the gods, priests offering sacrifices, and sacred animals and emblems in countless variety. In the last chamber of the Harp Tomb is a granite sarcophagus, in two parts, much mutilated; and on the roof, considerably injured by damp, the stalactical process has commenced, and the walls by the torch-light glitter like a fairy hall. Re-ascending from this, we entered a third tomb, numbered nine above its entrance, and found it finer in its proportions than either we had before seen, but less richly painted. In the third chamber stands an enormous sarcophagus, with a full-length figure sculptured on the top, and hieroglyphics surrounding it. It has been sadly fractured by the army of Napoleon, but still remains the most entire sarcophagus in the royal tombs. Among other names, stands prominently forth that of Prince Puckler Muskau, who in putting his signature among the cartouches of Egypt's royal line, felt perhaps somewhat like the fly upon the cart-wheel, who rejoiced at the dust he could kick up; it is a common vanity this, and, as a human weakness, must, I suppose, be pardoned; yet nothing, I confess, annoys me more, than to have my attention attracted from works of interest and beauty, by the scribblings of Smiths and Joneses, whose names, respectable enough in their card-cases, are but vain impertinences when defacing the magnificent remains of ancient art. Among such I do not entirely rank that of the traveller prince, but I should have held him higher had he been content to have gone down to posterity on the title-page of his own amusing book, rather than on the sarcophagus of a Pharoah, whose beautiful and mystic characters he has defaced by such idle vanity.

We were anxious to see some of the well-preserved mummies, but in consequence of an order forbidding their sale by Mehemet Ali, the Arabs, dreading discovery and punishment, secrete them with great care. However, after some confabulation with the Arabs, who were

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animated with the idea that we intended to become purchasers of their treasures, they agreed to guide us to the huts where they were to be found. Entering the first, which was in fact the occupied tomb of an ancient family of rank, the Arabs closed the door behind us, and then with great secrecy dragged forth two mummy chests from an inner chamber, and removing the richly-painted tops of the coffin, displayed the mummies bound in their cerecloths, and evidently untouched. For each they demanded two hundred piastres, or about two pounds, and offered for that sum to wrap the chest in matting, and put it on board our boat in the evening. The size and weight of the chest, however, discouraged us from attempting its transfer, and we left the venders with a doubtful answer, and proceeded to a second hut, in which we saw another mummy case, containing the body of a woman, as appeared from the figure painted on the top, which was represented with its arms crossed over the bosom, a style only adopted for the coffins of women. The news soon flew round that the strangers wanted mummies, and numerous were the beckonings and hints we received that many were for sale in the several huts; while on passing one, an Arab snatched up a mummy which had lain in his court-yard, stripped of its outer cerements, and held it out to us with a triumphant grin.

Through the narrow cloth that bandaged the body, the limbs and features of the dead were clearly perceptible, and nothing could be more piteous in its expression than this poor shrunken form of the ancient Egyptian, in the arms of the brawny and deriding Arab.

I was not sorry to give up mummy hunting, for we were now everywhere followed and surrounded by Arabs laden with limbs from dismembered bodies, as well as entire mummies of serpents, ibis, and cats, with the heads of wolves, and other hideous objects of Egypt's symbol worship. We bargained for an ibis, and got it for a piastre, but were grievously disappointed to find that, instead of its proving a white plumed, handsome bird, as it once was, it retained neither form nor colour; but we consoled ourselves with the shawl that had once enveloped a Theban belle, and a pair of ancient sandals, in form such as our Hummalls constantly wear in India.

Unless the visitor is attracted as a student to Thebes, it is not a place the stranger will be disposed to tarry at, and therefore, having seen its wonders, and just encountered a large party in blouse and telescope array, preparing with umbrellas and sketch-books to follow our steps, we left the remnants of the city of a hundred gates, free to their investigations, and re-embarking, spread our canvass for the far-famed Khennek, the oasis of all the beggar and pilgrim class of "true believers."

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LOVE, THE LIGHT OF THE MORAL WORLD.

Ἀστηρ ἀριζηλος, ἀλαθενον
Ἀνδρί φεγγος.

PINDAR.

O Glory! seen afar, but seldom won
By weak mortality—Eternal Sun
Of Moral Nature! Thy bright beams on high
Diffuse glad rays of awful harmony:
Beyond the reach of Thought, ere Time was known,
Thine was the sceptre and the heavenly throne!

Oft in my youth thy light serene I saw,
While inward ardour wrapt my soul in awe;
And a deep calm subdued the fretful sense,—
A calm won from divine intelligence:
Thy smile the waters of Time's restless sea
Hush'd with the stillness of Eternity;
And gliding softly from the realms above,
"The wings of silence"* bore thy words—O LOVE!—

—Heed not the passions of the world below,
The empty phantoms of a passing show;
They shed their wrath, then swiftly faint away,
Like morning mists before the deeper day:
Know thou, Earth's vapour-stream of changeful strife,
The *shadow* only of thy coming *Life*;—
The shadow, *not* the substance,—Air and Earth,
And all, to which Time only renders birth,
In Time shall perish, and new worlds shall spring
Within the cycle of his restless wing:
My Throne shall never fall, *my* Laws endure
Through all Eternity unchang'd and pure:
To all, in whom fair Charity is seen,
My smiles beam ever from the Far Serene,
Shadowing the Life to come, where sorrows cease,
Where joy unfathom'd breathes the eternal Peace:
Above the darkness of Earth's Moral Night,
Regard the Presence of the One True Light:
The *brighter* Sun of living Love descry—
The *spiritual* Sun for all Eternity!

G. W.

* Milton.

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TALES OF THE PUMP ROOM.

No. VIII.

THE OPERA SINGER.

"THIS is a disastrous business!" was the greeting of the retired Counsellor Bolnau to an acquaintance, whom he met in the Breiten Strasse of Berlin; "and sad times, you'll own, in which we live!"

"You allude, I suppose," replied the other, "to the rumoured bad news from the north. Have you any mercantile advices from that quarter, or has your old chum the foreign secretary given you a hint?"

"Oh, I have long done with politics and state affairs; they may take what turn they please for me. What I mean is this sad history of La Bianetti."

"La Bianetti! the singer? I heard she was engaged for the opera, or, at least, that she and the manager were on terms."

"And where, in God's name, in what cavern in the bowels of the earth have you been hiding yourself, to escape a piece of news with which the whole town rings?" exclaimed Bolnau, fairly rooted to the ground with surprise. "So you really don't know what has befallen La Bianetti?"

"Not a syllable, upon honour! What *has* happened to her?"

"Neither more nor less, poor thing! than just being stabbed to the heart last night."

Now the worthy counsellor was held among his acquaintance for a bit of a wag, who seldom passed any one, during his daily walk from eleven to twelve o'clock in the Breit Strasse, without taking him by the button, and telling him some cock-and-bull story or other. His friend, therefore, was inclined to set down in that class his present marvellous tale, and took the matter very coolly accordingly, saying,

"Really, Bolnau, you out-Herod yourself to-day. But you must either have lost your own wits, or give me credit for losing mine, to cram me so unmercifully. Next time you waylay me in the high street, do contrive something a little less incredible, else I shall be forced, in self-defence, to take a bye-way home from the office."

"Only hear him!" cried the disappointed newsmonger. "He won't believe a word I say. If I had told him the Emperor of Morocco was assassinated, he would have thanked me for the tidings, and retailed them as he went along; merely because there was nothing unlikely in the matter. But because it happens to be a poor woman here in Berlin who has had a dagger thrust into her, I suppose no one will credit it till he has seen the dead body. However, friend, whether you believe it or no, the thing is as true as that I am an honest man."

"Are you in earnest then? do you really mean what you say?" cried the now fairly alarmed stranger. "Dead! say you? La Bianetti stabbed to death?"

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"Why, an hour ago she was not absolutely dead, only lying in *articulo mortis*, that I can vouch for."

"But, good heaven! how came the poor girl to be assassinated? Do we live in Italy? What is our boasted police good for, if such things can happen among us? Murdered! How did it come to pass?"

"Don't squall quite so loud, man!" said the now gratified narrator, "or you'll have all the people, with their heads out of window, calling out 'Murder!' You may well lament *sotto voce*, however, over the pretty creature! Last night at eleven, she was at the Ridotto, as lovely and fascinating as ever; and before midnight the court physician, Dr. Lange, was called out of bed with the tidings that Signora Bianetti lay dying, with a mortal dagger-wound in her heart! The whole town, as I told you, rings with it; and the absurdest stories are afloat, just because not a ray of light has yet been thrown on the mysterious affair. No one has had access to the house but the doctor and the servants. The sad business is known at court, however, for an order has come to the guard in relieving not to pass that way, and the whole battalion has just gone down a bye-street to the main guard."

"Indeed! But has nothing transpired, say you? Has no clue been found to this dark business?"

"It is no easy matter to sift truth out of such lots of contradictory rumours. La Bianetti, to give her her due, was a most respectable person, against whom no one had a word to say. And yet, such creatures are men,—and especially women!—when you bring forward the poor girl's regular, blameless conduct, people shrug up their shoulders, and keep hinting as if they knew something about her former life. Her former life, indeed! when the poor child is but just seventeen, and has lived half a year of it among us! What past history can *she* have to found evil reports on?"

"Little, indeed! but we had better leave declaiming, and come to facts. Does no one know who aimed the blow?"

"That is just what I was coming to. They will have it, of course, to have been an old lover; whether a discarded one, or merely jealous, they are not yet quite agreed. There are, it must be confessed, suspicious circumstances. She was seen last night at the Ridotto for a considerable time in private conversation with a mask whom nobody knew. She shortly after left the room; and there are those who assert that the unknown mask accompanied her home in the carriage. Beyond this, no one can even conjecture; but ere long I hope to be at the bottom of it all."

"Oh! it is well known you have your own ways and means of getting secrets; and, no doubt, a familiar even at La Bianetti's bedside! Are you aware that you are dubbed by some, the City Gazette?"

"Too highly honoured—too highly honoured!" simpered the secretly flattered gossip. "On this occasion, however, I can boast no spy beyond the worthy doctor. You may have observed that, contrary to my custom, I don't perambulate the whole length of the Breiten Strasse to-day, but keep quite at this end, between the two crossings."

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"Oh! the manœuvre was not lost on me; but I gave you credit for parading before the windows of a certain Madame de G——."

"You were out there; and so am I—of favour, I mean, in that quarter. My wife found fault with the high play at the lady's, and the acquaintance is broken off. But Doctor Lange, you know, (or perhaps do not,) passes this way at twelve o'clock every day, in his daily visit at the palace, and I am on the watch to pump him, as soon as he turns the corner."

"I have a great mind to stay and hear more of this affair of La Bianetti. You've no objection, have you, Bolnau?"

"Why, my dear fellow, I think it a pity you should waste your time, and cool your soup, (for I know you're old-fashioned, and dine early,) when, perhaps, in the presence of a third party, my friend the doctor might scruple to speak out. Meet me by-and-by, at the coffee-house, and I'll tell you all; and, in the mean time, be off with you, for I see him coming round the corner."

"I do not consider the wound absolutely mortal," said the doctor, after the usual greetings; "the blow appears to have been aimed with an uncertain hand. The patient has quite regained her consciousness; and, setting aside the weakness arising from the great loss of blood, I can't say I see, at this moment, any signs of imminent danger."

"I am delighted to hear it," said the counsellor, "and—" putting his arm familiarly through the physician's—"I'll walk with you as far as the palace, if you'll only let me a little into the real truth of this extraordinary affair."

"Oh! I assure you there hangs over it a deep veil of mystery, which no one, as yet, can clear up. I had scarce fallen asleep last night, when my man John waked me, and told me I was wanted for a very serious case. I threw on my clothes, and ran out of my room, and found at my door a pale trembling damsel, who, hardly able to articulate so as to be heard, begged me to take bandages with me in the carriage. I no sooner heard this, than jumping in myself, I popped the pale abigail on the box beside John to show him the way, and off we drove to the Lindenhof. Alighting at the door of a small house, I inquired of the girl the name of my patient——"

"Oh! I can figure your astonishment when——"

"When she informed me it was Signora Bianetti! I had only seen her on the stage, and that not oftener than twice or thrice—but that was sufficient to awaken an interest in so young and fair a creature; and putting together the secret manner in which I had been summoned, the necessity for bandages, and other strange circumstances, I promise you it was under no small excitement I mounted the narrow stairs. The damsel ran up before me, left me a few minutes groping in the dark, and then came back sobbing, and whiter than ever. 'Come in, doctor,' said she, 'but alas! I fear you have come too late,—she will never survive it!' I went in, and saw indeed a fearful spectacle!"

The physician paused; he seemed lost in melancholy reflections, and as if haunted by dark imaginings he found it impossible to shake off.

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"Well! and what *did* you see?" asked his companion eagerly, and all impatience at the delay. "You surely won't leave me in this agony of suspense much longer?"

"I have seen much, in my long life," continued the doctor, recovering himself—"much to distress, much to horrify me; but never anything that so thoroughly shocked me to the heart as this sad spectacle. In a dimly-lighted chamber lay on a sofa a pale young woman, before whom knelt a weeping old one, pressing a folded handkerchief to her mistress's side. I came nearer; white and senseless as an alabaster bust lay the head of the dying one; black masses of loosened hair, dark eyebrows and darker eyelashes forming a startling contrast with the unearthly pallor of brow, and face, and throat. The rich folds of her gay masquerade dress were all dabbled in blood, a pool of which, on the carpet at her feet, might be traced upwards in a stream from the heart. Thus—oh! how unlike her gay, bright former self!—lay before me the poor singer, Bianetti!"

"Good God! how affecting!" exclaimed the counsellor, wiping his eyes with his ample handkerchief. "We all thought it shocking enough when she lay, just as you describe, only a week ago, while performing Desdemona! The effect was so natural that some would have it the Moor had stabbed her outright. Little did we think it would so soon be no acting! Go on, I beseech you, and put me out of pain."

"The old woman, at my bidding removed the napkin, and I shuddered to behold a deep wound, as if from a knife-blade, within an ace of the heart. It was no time for idle questions, readily as they all but rose to my lips—I examined the wound, and applied the needful bandages. Not a sign of life did the poor injured one give during the whole operation, except a slight shudder that crossed her frame when I began to probe the wound. I left her to repose, and sat watching her deathlike slumbers."

"But did you not inquire of the two servants how their mistress came to be stabbed at all?"

"When there was no more to be done for her, you may believe I did; and to you, as an old friend, I will acknowledge that I fairly told them I would not again lay a finger on their lady till they made a clean breast of the matter."

"And what did they confess? do tell me."

"About eleven," they said, "she had returned from the Ridotto, accompanied by a tall man in a mask. On this admission I suppose the two women must have seen me look rather queer—for they both began to weep afresh, and to beseech me with the most sacred asseverations, not to think anything to their mistress's prejudice; for long as they had been in her service, never till that occasion had male visiter crossed her threshold after four o'clock in the afternoon—to which the little damsel, who no doubt was deep read in romances, added that her lady was a very angel of purity."

"That quite agrees with what I had been saying of her,"—interrupted the counsellor;—"I told every one La Bianetti was a good, well-behaved girl, who could not help being pretty, and gaining her bread by singing."

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"Oh! trust me," continued Lange, "a physician is not easily deceived in such matters; and one look at the serene open countenance of the unfortunate girl convinced me more of her virtue than all the oaths of her abigails. But to proceed. La Bianetti came with the stranger into the room in which I found her, and dismissed her attendants; who, however, were too full of curiosity regarding this unwonted nocturnal visit not to remain near the door. They heard a warm altercation in the French language between their lady and a deep hollow man's voice—then the signora broke out into passionate weeping, and the man into horrible curses—suddenly their mistress gave a piercing shriek, and no longer able to refrain, they burst open the door, and at the same moment out rushed the man along the passage towards the stairs. They turned after him, but before they could reach the steps, a frightful crash convinced them the stranger had fallen down headlong; and though deep sighs and groans from below, as if of a dying person, testified how much he was hurt, they durst not, even had there been a thought to waste on him, have gone near him. In the room above, a sorry sight awaited them. The signora, her eyes fast closing, lay weltering in her blood—and leaving the elder maid to do what she could for their poor mistress, the younger had flown in quest of me."

"And has nothing transpired from any other quarter?"

"I went forthwith to the police, and waked the director. Midnight as it was, he had every hotel and tavern and lodging-house in the town searched. No one that night had passed through the gates, and henceforth none were to pass unexamined. The first the people of the house (who lived above the singer) heard of the whole matter, was from the police; and great was their surprise to think the murderer should have been able to effect his escape, as it was evident, from the blood at the foot of the stairs, he had been severely hurt—nay, in all probability wounded in falling, by his own dagger. All physicians and surgeons are required to give notice of any patient either wounded or with broken bones, who may call for their assistance; and thus the matter rests for the present."

"And La Bianetti? has she made no declaration? has none been required from her?"

"Why, her precarious state has precluded much in that way—but since ten o'clock, when she woke up, she has seen the police director, and assured him she knows nothing whatever on the subject of the murderous mask. I will stake my life, however, that there lies some mystery under this denial; for La Bianetti is not a person to allow herself to be attended home by an unknown individual. I could see that the same thought struck the maid who was present at the examination. For when she saw that her mistress chose to suppress all about the altercation with the stranger, she cast an imploring look at me not to betray what she had told me. 'It is a horrible business,' said she, as she showed me down stairs—'but I would not for worlds let out anything which my dear mistress has her reasons for keeping secret.' One circumstance, however, the simple girl did let out, which perhaps may throw light on the whole transaction."

"And may I not be indulged with hearing it, dear doctor?" asked

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the counsellor, eagerly—"you see how excited I am already, and I have been threatened more than once since you began with one of my old attacks."

"Why, my dear friend, I am not quite sure that what I have to say will be a cure for palpitations. But you must first tell *me*, if any other of your name is living in this city,—or, as far as you know, elsewhere?"

"Certainly not a soul of the name here," answered Bolnau, "besides myself; for it was a joy to me to ascertain it on coming to settle, that I might not be pestered with opening other people's letters, and they opening mine. At Cassel, when I left it eight years ago, I was the last of my family; and I verily believe there dwells on God's earth no other surviving Bolnau except perhaps my music-mad only son, of whom no one has heard since he sailed first to England and then to America. But why do you ask all this? what has my name to do in it?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing, counsellor! *You* it cannot be; and your son, you say, is in America. But"—pulling out his watch—"it is long past twelve, Princess Sophia is poorly, and I have tarried too long already. Adieu—*au revoir*."

"Not one step shall you stir," cried the breathless counsellor, holding the doctor fast by the arm, "till you have told me what it was the lady's maid said to you."

"Well, then, since you will have it—(but remember it goes no further)—before the Signora went off in that deathlike fainting fit, her last audible word was——'Bolnau!!'"

Never had the worthy ex-counsellor been seen to creep along so sadly and silently, as when parting at the palace-gate with the court physician. His tread in general was firm and elastic, and those who saw him greeting with a pleasant smile every woman he met, and taking a hearty laugh with every man, and dispensing to all the news of the town, could scarce have believed he had numbered sixty years. He seemed, indeed, to have everything to keep him in good spirits and good humour: he had realized in trade a pretty property, and had the good sense to retire on it in time with his wife to B——, where they lived from year to year in plenty and without care. One, indeed, the couple had been vexed with, in the shape of an only son, whom the old gentleman, naturally enough, had designed to succeed him in business. But the youth, whose whole soul was absorbed in a passion for music, proved utterly refractory, when more vulgar pursuits were insisted on; and after much domestic discord and distressing altercation on all sides, the young man at twenty, (when his father having turned fifty, proposed abdicating in his favour,) to avoid the hated desk, disappeared one fine night from Cassel; and save one letter from England, on the eve of embarking for America, no tidings of their runaway had since reached his parents.

During the first months and years, thoughts of his music-mad son embittered the old man's stay in B—— Often did he wish he had not written forbidding him his presence—sometimes did he regret

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having thwarted him in a profession. But as hopes of his return died away, gradually did other connexions—the pleasures of a great town, and love of cheerful society—banish from his light-hearted and light-minded father's breast the memory of his son. Whoever saw, between eleven and twelve, in the then thronged Breiten Strasse, a tall thin man, whose fashionable attire, knowing eye-glass, and dandy cane, seemed but ill suited to his gray hairs—bowing from side to side as he went along—standing still every minute himself, and stopping some one else to gossip and gesticulate, might be sure it was Counsellor Bolnau.

To-day, however, it was quite another thing. Whether the attempted murder of the songstress had really before affected his health, he seemed fairly knocked down by the physician's account of her supposed last word. That his own hitherto honourable name should be uttered on such an occasion, and under such circumstances! His knees trembled, and well nigh refused their office—his head sunk, weighed down with care and anxiety, on his breast. "Bolnau! it seems"—sighed he forth—"was the singer heard to exclaim! as if with her dying breath! Suppose she should die outright, and her maid—no longer bound to secrecy—divulge the matter to the director of police, as the most natural clue to her mistress's murder? Who can tell what a fine-spun case a clever lawyer may weave out of one leading word—especially if he piques himself in making a *cause célèbre* out of my undoing?" He cast a glance over his shoulder as he spoke at the distant towers of the penitentiary—"A fine honourable retreat yonder for ex-counsellor Bolnau, in testimony of approbation for thirty years' service!"

His breath came thick and short, and he tried to loosen his neck-cloth; but as he did so, he half fancied he felt the fumbling of the executioner with the hempen cravat; and his own icy fingers fell chill on his neck, as the cold steel of the headsman's axe.

If an acquaintance in passing gave him the usual nod, he thought, "Ay, ay! that man is aware of every thing, and lets me know that he is so!" If another, more absent or hurried, went by without recognition, he took it for certain that he had cut him, not choosing to stain his fingers by the grasp of a murderer's hand. The poor man was coming fast round to have some suspicions of himself—and in this frame of mind it is no wonder he gave the police office a wide berth; lest the director (with whom he was well acquainted) should be standing at the window, and politely invite him to "step in for a few minutes' conversation." It was high time, indeed, for the poor devil to take the nearest road to his house—for all those in the street had begun to dance before him—the tall spires to nod as if in mockery; and such strange maddening feelings to creep over his frame, that on reaching his own door he had but strength left to stagger in, and ask if a police officer had been in quest of him?

When, towards evening, Dr. Lange visited his patient, he found her a great deal better than he had hoped; and sat down by her bedside to talk quietly over her adventure. She had thrown her arm

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across the pillow, and in that delicately formed hand lay her still more beautiful head. Her countenance was still deadly pale, but the very exhaustion of her physical strength seemed to lend new interest to her gentle and feminine charms. Her dark eyes, in losing somewhat of their fire, had lost none of the resistless expression, which the good doctor, albeit an elderly matter-of-fact man, had remembered admiring when he saw her on the stage; and he was fain to confess that he had seldom, if ever, looked on so fair, or so attractive a creature. Her features were by no means strictly regular, yet in their combination and harmony their dwelt a fascination, the true secret of which the practised eye of the mediciner found in that purity of soul and nobility of nature which shed over the still girlish features an indescribable and transcendent charm.

"Methinks you must be studying my face, doctor," said the songstress, with a faint smile and scarce perceptible blush, "that you sit so silent and thoughtful, and gaze on me, quite forgetful of what I asked; or is it too shocking for you to tell me? Can I not bear to hear what the town is saying of me?"

"And why should you hear all the idle tittle-tattle which busybodies first invent and then circulate? I read from the first your innocent mind in your open countenance; and having peace within, why distress yourself about man's erring judgment?"

"Ah! doctor!" replied she, "in vain would you seek, by pretty speeches, to parry my request, and lull my anxieties. Why, do you ask, should man's judgment distress me? Oh! rather how can it be otherwise? What right-thinking maiden would wish, or dare, so far to set herself above the world in which she lives, as to be indifferent as to the place she holds in its opinion? Or," added she with yet greater earnestness, "perhaps you hold my inquiries cheap, because I belong to a class little accustomed, and you may think little entitled, to confidence? Alas! I fear you deem me other than I am!"

"No! trust me that I do not. Never has the world spoken of you otherwise than favourably, Mademoiselle Bianetti. It has borne willing testimony to your retired and praiseworthy life; nor has your position in it stood the less high, for your entire withdrawal from all the intrigues and cabals so prevalent among performers. Why should you, then, in your present weak state, annoy yourself about possible remarks, too contemptible to deserve a moment's notice?"

"Keep me not so long on the rack, doctor, I beseech you!" exclaimed the poor girl. "You cannot prevent my reading in your countenance that evil tongues are busy about me; and I surely need not remind one so skilful, that suspense is in my state more perilous than certainty itself."

This last argument came too home to the physician's experience to be resisted; and fearing lest, if longer silent, his patient's imagination might outrun the painful truth, he thought it best to let her have it. "You know," said he, in a kind and cheerful tone, "enough of the folks here to be aware that, large as the city of Berlin is, when anything like an adventure happens, no country village could gossip more about it. That you should be at present the town talk, need not therefore surprise you; nor that, in the absence of all authentic

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information respecting your late escape, a thousand incredible tales should be invented and circulated. For example—the man in a mask, who was seen talking with you at the Ridotto, and who, as a matter of course, is identified with the perpetration of the deed, is said to be———"

"Speak on, sir—speak out, I conjure you!" cried the singer, in breathless anxiety.

"A former admirer, mademoiselle, whom jealousy had induced to follow you from some other city, and attempt your life."

"And they say this of me, do they? unhappy that I am!" exclaimed she, deeply moved, yet with indignation flashing through the tears that sprung into her beautiful eyes. "That men can be so cruel towards a poor friendless, defenceless girl! But you have more to tell, doctor. I know there is more and worse behind, which you would fain spare me. In what city do these pitiless ones say that I——"

"Signora! I had given you credit for more self-possession," said Lange, alarmed by the emotion of his patient. "You make me repent what I have already told you; nor would I have done so, had I not feared it might reach you with less of tenderness and caution."

The songstress quickly dried her tears. "I will be calm," said she with a mournful smile—"calm as an unconscious infant: nay, cold as I have often felt while the very men who are now murdering my peace and my good name, have been stunning my ears with their unmeaning applause—if you will but tell me all—my good, kind, worthy doctor!"

"Well, then," continued he, in a tone of ill-suppressed indignation, "since you will have the senseless tittle-tattle of people you so properly despise—they say that you were recognised by a foreign count in one of the front boxes at the last representation of Othello, as having been seen by him two years since in Paris, (I am really ashamed to repeat such stuff,) under the very equivocal protection of a man notorious for profligacy of life. But, good heavens! how pale you grow!"

"'Tis nothing—nothing! only the lamps beginning to burn more dimly—go on—go on!"

"This absurd report of the recognition, then, whispered at first merely in the higher circles, having as usual descended to the vulgar public, they have, naturally enough, perhaps, chosen to connect the recent painful attempt on your life with the events alluded to in Paris."

During this hurried and extorted admission of the doctor, the pallor of his patient had been succeeded by a flush of the deepest crimson. She had raised herself on her pillow, as if not to lose a word of the horrifying recital—her gaze hung wildly on the physician's lips, she seemed to breathe with difficulty, and her overburdened heart to forget to beat.

"'Tis all over now!" exclaimed she, with an agonized glance towards heaven; "'tis all over now! When this shall reach *him*, how will it chafe his already jealous spirit! Oh! wherefore did I not indeed die yesterday? Then would I have been now at rest, with

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my long-lost father and fond mother to welcome and console their child for mankind's scorn and cruelty!"

The doctor was pondering over these somewhat enigmatical exclamations, and seeking words of tenderness and pity with which to allay their bitterness, when the door flew violently open, and a tall young man entered the apartment. His features were extremely handsome, but they were darkened by a tempest of passion: his eyes rolled wildly, his hair being dishevelled over his brow. In his hand he held a roll of music paper, which he brandished, truncheon fashion, in the air, ere he could muster breath enough to speak.

At sight of him, the singer uttered a loud cry—the doctor thought at first of apprehension, but he soon perceived, of joy; for a soft smile played on her lips, and with eyes gleaming through tears, she exclaimed, "Carlo, dear Carlo! at length thou art come to see me!"

"Wretched one!" cried the young man, waving majestically towards her the arm still holding the music roll—"Leave off thy siren song! I *am* come, but it is to condemn thee!"

"Oh! Carlo!" interrupted the songstress, in tones sweet and melting as the softest flute, "how canst thou speak thus to thine own Giuseppa?"

The young man was about to reply with tragic pathos, when the doctor, dreading the effect of the interview on his patient, felt it imperative on him to interfere. "Worthy Signor Carlo!" said he, "allow me to remind you that mademoiselle there is in a situation with which such scenes as this are utterly incompatible."

The party addressed measured him from head to foot with a haughty glance, and flourishing towards him his baton-like roll—"Who are thou, earthworm!" exclaimed he, in a hollow menacing tone, "who thus venturest to come between me and my just indignation?"

"I am the court physician, Lange," replied the doctor quietly, returning his gaze, and taking a pinch of snuff; "and I don't find 'Earthworm' written on any part of my diploma. One thing, however, I know, that as long as the signora is indisposed, I am lord and master here; and I advise you as a friend, either to take yourself off, or to modulate your '*furioso*' (so unfit for a sick room) into a calm and rational '*larghetto*.'"

"Oh! let him alone, doctor!" cried the patient imploringly; "let him alone, and don't exasperate him! He is my friend; and never would Carlo do me any harm, let wicked men say of me to him what they may!"

"Ha! and dost thou dare to trifle with my wrath? But know that the same lightning flash has disclosed the secret of thy infamy, and illumined the dark mazes of ignorance in which I was a benighted wanderer. For this it was, that I could never learn who thou wert, or whence thou camest? For this was my speech so often drowned in melody when I would have inquired thy country and thy kindred? Fool! to be thus entranced by the magic of a woman's voice! Dolt! to have man's reason thus led captive by the trills of an arch deceiver!"

"Oh! Carlo!" whispered the exhausted one, "did you but know

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how deeply your words wound me! how sharper far they pierce my poor heart than the murderer's steel!"

"No doubt! meek dove!" replied he, with taunting tone, and a laugh of bitter derision; "no doubt you would have all your lovers blind, it must be so convenient! But commend me to this Paris one! he must be a fellow of spirit to have tracked so far, and followed so surely, his gentle flown one!"

"Come, come! this is going too far, sir," cried the doctor, seizing the madman by the coat. "Out of the room with you this very moment, else I must call up the people of the house to expedite your march."

"I am going directly, earthworm!" shrieked the intruder, pushing the physician back with such force, that it was well he had an arm-chair to sink into. "I am going, Giuseppa, never to return more. Fare thee well—or rather die, unhappy one, and veil thy shame in the grave. But beyond that bourne, see that thou hide thy soul, where it and mine may never meet; for heaven's bliss would be embittered to me if shared with one who could, here below, so betray my love, and poison my very springs of life!"

Such were the harsh words of the seeming maniac, while still menacingly brandishing the roll in his hand: yet in their close, his wildly rolling eyes had become suffused with tears, as his last glance rested on his so late beloved one, and he rushed sobbing out of the room.

"After him! hold him! bring him back!" implored the singer—"my life, my very existence depends on it!"

"On no account, dear young lady," replied the doctor, rising from his seat, "can I permit this painful scene to be renewed; I have more need to prescribe some opiate to soothe your irritated nerves."

But the poor victim had meantime sunk on her pillow, and, utterly exhausted, once more (happily perhaps) lost all consciousness.

The physician summoned her maid to assist in reviving her mistress: nor could he, even while pouring out various restoratives, forbear sharply reproving the unthinking damsel. "Did I not strictly command," said he, "that no one—no one whatsoever—should be admitted; and what could possess you to let in a madman, to bring your good lady once more to the brink of the grave?"

"I am sure I had no thought of letting in any one," sobbed the poor girl; "but how could I dream of keeping *him* back, when I had been sent three times to-day already to entreat him to come, were it but for five minutes? I was to say, if he hesitated, that my mistress was dying, and only wished to look on him once more."

"Aye?—and who is he?"

Here the patient opened her eyes, and looked now at the doctor, now at the maid, and anxiously around the chamber. "He is gone! gone for ever!" sighed she; "oh! dear, dear doctor, go after *Bolnau!*"

"And what in God's name can you want with my unlucky friend the counsellor, who is so upset already with your adventure as to have taken to his bed? How can he do you any good?"

"Ah! I was mistaken, my head turns so! it is to the new composer you must go—his name is Boloni, and he lodges at the *Hotel de Portugal.*"

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"I remember having heard the name," said the doctor; "but what am I to say to him?"

"Say to him that I will tell him all, if he will only come: but no! I *cannot* myself do it. Doctor—in you I have full confidence—to you I will tell all, and then you'll convey it to that unhappy one, will you not?"

"All that can conduce to your peace of mind, mademoiselle, I will most gladly do."

"Well, then! come to me early to-morrow—speak more to-day I cannot! Adieu, kind friend and physician! But stay, before he goes, Babette, give the doctor his handkerchief."

The maid opened a press, and handed the doctor a yellow silk handkerchief, which diffused an agreeable but somewhat overpowering odour.

"This does not belong to me," said he; "there must be some mistake; I use only cambric handkerchiefs."

"'Tis strange," said the maid; "we found it last night on the floor, and thought it could only be yours."

The doctor mused for a moment—"Can this not have been dropped by some one else?" asked he, with a searching look at the face of the signora.

"Let me see it," cried she, eagerly. "I had not thought of this." She examined the handkerchief, and found in the corner a flourish containing initials. She turned pale, and began to tremble.

"It would appear that you know this handkerchief, and the person who has lost it," said Lange, pointedly. "This may lead to something. Have I got permission to take it with me, and produce it in evidence?"

Giuseppa seemed a prey to conflicting emotions—now, after a struggle, she would reach the physician the handkerchief—now draw it nervously and tremblingly back. At length she exclaimed, "Be it so! Even should the fearful one return, and reach with securer hand my already wounded heart, I will defy him! Take this with you doctor now, and to-morrow I will tell you the tale that hangs thereby."

That the worthy doctor, under the influence of curiosity thus excited, found his extensive practice for once rather in the way, may be easily imagined; though the thirty or forty visits which duty rendered indispensable before he could follow inclination to the door of La Bianetti, afforded him an opportunity not only for collecting opinions respecting the songstress herself, but for making inquiries regarding her singular admirer, the composer Boloni.

When the poor vocalist was on the tapis, shoulders were shrugged, and significant looks exchanged, and harsh remarks made all the more hastily from the public disappointment at having nothing authentic or official on which to found its judgment.

Those by whom she was envied—and what pretty nightingale of eighteen could ever escape that species of enmity?—under the mask of pity made depreciating observations. Indifferent persons said, with

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a knowing air, "Ah! it is just the way of these foreigners! Such a thing would never have happened to a German!" While her few friends felt deeply for her, and feared rather for her reputation than her life. "God help her! poor dear girl, among them!" thought Lange; and made the more haste to get to see her.

Of the composer, little was known either for good or ill. He had come within the last few weeks to B——; occupied an attic room in the Hotel de Portugal, and lived a most retired and regular life. He supported himself, it was believed, by his musical compositions, and the salary of kapell meister to a foreign embassy; and though those who knew least of the matter now pretended to have observed about him something flighty and extravagant, to those who had really made his acquaintance he appeared very interesting; and many an amateur had latterly frequented the table d'hôte of the hotel, to enjoy his intelligent and scientific conversations on music. Even to these, however, it had occurred that all was not right with Boloni—that he was somehow not what he seemed, and born to a different station; and it was remarked that he had neither friends nor connexions, for of that with La Signora Bianetti not a suspicion was entertained.

The doctor found poor Counsellor Bolnau still unwell and in bed; much cast down, and "babbling" in a weak faint voice, not of "green fields," but of matters yet more foreign to his usual habits. Beside him lay a collection of criminal trials, which his wife said he had lain awake more than half the night brooding and groaning over; the result of which nocturnal studies was a remark to the doctor, how fortunate for the unjustly accused was the tardy course of justice in Germany; seeing that innocence had more chance of coming to light during a ten years' investigation, than in countries where the more summary practice was to imprison the culprit one day, and hang him the next.

His younger patient, when he could at length steal an hour to devote to her, he found deeply dejected, having evidently wept, and her manner that of one who had little to hope on earth. The wound, strange to say, was doing well; yet stranger still, with a manifest improvement in bodily health and strength, her calmness and fortitude, at first so remarkable, seemed hourly giving way.

"I have been pondering, dear doctor," said she, "on the wonderful manner in which you have become mixed up with me and my fortunes. Two days since, I scarce knew that a Dr. Lange existed in Berlin; and now to think that, along with the blow which is likely to rob me of happiness, a kind Providence should have sent me so sympathizing and paternal a friend!"

"Mademoiselle Bianetti," replied Lange, "the physician has, in many a case, far more to do than to feel a pulse, bind up a wound, or write a prescription. Believe me, when we sit all alone at a patient's bedside, marking the uneasy beating of the heart within, and seeking to medicine wounds the more perilous because they give no outward sign—in such moments it is that the doctor is apt to merge in the friend, and that the sympathetic connexion between mind and body becomes palpably evident."

"It is as you say," cried Giuseppa, pressing in token of confidence

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the good man's hand; "and I feel as if my poor heart had indeed found in you a mediciner! But you may have more to do yet for me than you are at present aware of. If a poor girl, without stay or protector, might exact of you a great sacrifice—even that of appearing in her behalf at a public tribunal—then indeed I would open you my heart."

"You may rely on me," said the good old man, with a friendly squeeze of the hand.

"Ah! but think what you are undertaking. The cruel world is already busy with my fame; it not only arraigns, but judges and condemns me. If it should also look askance on you for taking the part of the poor singer—the despised Italian—will you be able to bear it?"

"That will I!" said the doctor, in a tone of equal warmth and determination. "Say on."

"My father," said the songstress, "was Antonio Bianetti, a celebrated violin player, whose name, I think, can hardly be unknown to you, so popular were the concerts he many years since gave in our larger cities. I love to fancy I remember him in my very earliest childhood, teaching me the scale, which, at three years old, I have been told, I could sing correctly. My mother, in her time, was a highly admired singer, and bore no unimportant part in my father's concerts. I was, alas! but four years old when he died, on a distant journey, leaving his wife and child destitute, and with no resource save my mother's voice to enable her to bring me up. In the hope of thus turning it to better account, she united herself, at the end of a year, to a musical director in a small town of Alsace, whose professedly disinterested attachment soon gave way before the conviction that he had married her to profit by her talent; and thence sprung the beginning of all our sufferings.

"My poor mother lived to bring into the world three other children, and with her health to lose her voice so completely, that she could no longer raise a note; and my step-father, enraged at this blight on his golden harvest, wreaked his vengeance on its innocent cause, by declaring he would give me no food till he could fall on some way of enabling me to earn it. And dearly did he contrive to make me pay for my quick ear, and win my scanty and often withheld pittance! Whole days did he torture me, by forcing me to pick up, from his playing, some of the most difficult pieces of Mozart or Rossini, which poor little Scheppul (his odious diminutive for Giuseppa) sang in the evening, with much of the applause, and all the secret misery, of which infant musical prodigies could tell such bitter tales!

"Mine proved too heart-rending for my poor mother to witness, and, as if dissolved in constant floods of tears, she melted from our sight, and one fine morning in spring we found she had slipt away. If while she yet lived I had suffered, I spare you the martyrdom which followed. At eleven years old I had on me the cares of housekeeping—to bring up my little brethren and sisters—and practise singing under one who made it such a hell upon earth, that I sometimes wonder I have ever sung or been able to bear music since!

"About this time there came now and then to our house a gentleman, who regularly brought my father a bag of five franc pieces. I

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cannot to this day think of him without a shudder. He was a tall, thin, elderly man, whose small twinkling gray eyes had in them a disagreeable piercing expression I have never seen in any besides. He always, when he came, took a good deal of notice of me, seemed interested in my growth and learning, and still more in my looks and voice. On leaving, he would sometimes, spite of my screams and resistance, snatch a hateful kiss, and say, 'Well, Scheppul! two or three years more, and you'll be ready.'

"On my fifteenth birthday, my step-father thus addressed me:—'Listen, Scheppul! Thou hast nothing, thou art nothing; I have nothing to give thee, and want nothing of thee, and have plenty to do, without thee, for my other three ill weeds. Little Christabel' (my younger sister) 'must come out as the prodigy now—but, thanks to me and the bit of a voice I have thrashed into thee, thou mayest win thy way in the world, especially as thine uncle in Paris, out of charity, is going to take thee home.' 'My uncle in Paris!' echoed I, in astonishment. 'Yes, thine uncle from Paris,' repeated he. 'He may be expected every day.'

"With what joy I heard these words, dear sir, you may well imagine; and though three years have since elapsed, the memory of that moment is as fresh as though it had occurred yesterday. The delight of escaping from my step-father's roof—of seeing an uncle who was kind enough to care for me—of getting to Paris, which my fancy had pictured a second paradise—it was too much; I could hardly bear such a weight of happiness! Not a carriage could pass along the street, but I looked out to see if *the* uncle was come to bear me off in triumph. One stopped, at length, in the evening, before our door, and 'Here is thine uncle,' cried my father. I flew down with open arms to greet my deliverer; what was my fearful disappointment to see the man with the five franc pieces!

"Stunned as I was at the time with painful surprise, I yet remember the fiendish pleasure which sparkled in his gray eyes, as he surveyed my now tall figure; and there yet rings in my ear the hard croaking voice in which he cried, 'Ay, ay, child! now you will do—now you are fit to be introduced into the great world!' With one hand he grasped mine, with the other he cast down on the table a bag of gold. The bag burst open, and a glittering mass of coins went rolling over the floor; my three little brethren and sisters and my father laughed and scrambled for them—they were my purchase-money!

"Early on the following day we reached Paris. The tall thin man (I could never bring myself to call him 'uncle') lectured me well by the way on the pleasures I might expect if I played to his satisfaction the brilliant part which awaited me in his splendid *sallons*. But though, on arriving, my fancy's brightest dreams seemed realised in the magnificence of all around, while female companions of bewitching loveliness (who gave me a cousinly greeting, and whom, in my simplicity, I marvelled could be the daughters of my ill-favoured uncle,) vied with each other in showing me kindness—an inexplicable sadness had taken the place of my childish glee, and dread of I know not what cast a gloom over the scene of my fondly anticipated joys.

"Nor was it otherwise even when, on the following evening, I was

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introduced, richly clothed, and received with the most flattering welcome into the brilliantly lighted apartments where, already dispersed, some at the card-tables, others before various musical instruments, surrounded by gay cavaliers, sat my equally gaily dressed and less timid companions. The master of the house led me at once to the piano; I sung, and the beatings of my heart as I rose were drowned in a tumult of applause. I was engaged in conversation by old and young; my ignorance of life, and half Italian idiom, gave, perhaps, an air of *naiveté* and originality to my childish replies; but, child as I was, and persuaded that such must of course be the way of the 'great world' of which my uncle had so often boasted—there was something in the very admiration I excited, and in the tone in which it was expressed, which not even the unsuspiciousness of perfect innocence could render palatable to my unsophisticated ear. I should have felt it all more disagreeable than I did, had not the attention I at first awakened been soon absorbed in the card-tables, which, however music and conversation might form occasional interludes, was evidently the chief attraction to my uncle's visitors. Why these (as I chanced one evening to observe, when casually on the stairs,) should, on entering the saloon, put money into the hands of the porter, it puzzled me a little to imagine: but I concluded this also to be the way of the world, and might have thought no more of it but for a providential interposition.

"Do you see, dear doctor," continued she, "this tiny, almost invisible paper? To this do I owe my rescue! I found it one morning beneath my breakfast bread, and know not to this day from what benevolent hand it came; but may heaven repay with its choicest blessings the compassion its tenor breathed for me! The precious note ran thus:—

"'Mademoiselle,—The abode you inhabit is a noted gaming house, the ladies with whom you are classed are its degraded decoys. Can we have erred in supposing that Giuseppa, thus warned, will abjure both, and view with scorn and horror a short-lived splendour, not to be purchased but by undying remorse?'

"I leave you to imagine the astounding and well nigh annihilating effect of this lightning-flash, revealing the depth of the abyss into which she had nearly fallen, on one who had never, in her short life, so much as dreamed of acting for herself; and who had learnt to look on the owner of the house she dwelt in as on some powerful enchanter, who could read her very thoughts, and who would as surely foretel any attempt at escape from his toils! And yet, I felt that to die would be better than remaining beneath his roof another minute.

"It happened—blessed be the kind Providence that had thus designed my rescue!—that, exactly opposite our house, I had more than once heard a young person, at her open window, speak Italian. I knew her not, it is true—nay, knew not her very name—but whom *did* I know in this inhuman city? The tones of my fatherland had insensibly inspired confidence; to this unknown maiden I would fly, and cling around her knees till she consented to save me.

"It was as yet but seven in the morning, and I owed my safety to my country's custom of early rising, and consequently breakfasting

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alone. At this hour, all still slept beneath the roof, even the very servants. The porter alone was to be dreaded; but how could he imagine any one would seek escape from the temple of pleasure he so touched gold for opening. There was nothing for it but to venture. I threw my dark mantle in the dusk around me—stumbled, I scarce know how, down the stairs—felt my knees sink beneath me as I passed the porter's lodge—thanked God he marked me not—three steps, and I was free!

"Right opposite, I have said, lived the Italian maiden. I sprang across the wide street, knocked wildly at the door, and asked the wondering servant for the dark-haired signora who spoke in my mother tongue. He was, luckily, good-natured, and said, with a smile, I must mean the little *eccelenza* Seraphina. 'O yes! O yes! the same,' answered I, 'take me to her immediately.' It was the man's hesitation about disturbing her so early which, coupled with the word '*eccelenza*,' first woke the thought that my pretty countrywoman must be of rank far above my own. It was now my turn to hesitate and feel ashamed, but I had little time for either ere a lady's maid appeared to conduct me to her mistress's bed-side—the very lovely youthful being whose kindred language had first caught my exiled ear. I threw myself on my knees before her, and implored her protection; she soon drew forth my story, heard it with deep emotion, and assured me I should be safe. She sent for and swore to secrecy the old servant who had let me in, gave me a pretty little room looking into the inner court, plied me with light work and wholesome fare, and thus passed several tranquil days, amid thankfulness for present rescue, not unmixed with anxiety respecting the future.

The house I had so strangely entered was that of the ambassador of a little German court, whose niece, an Italian by birth, had been educated by him in Paris, but was ere long to return to the country of her parents, whom her soft persuasion (she was a good, kind, amiable young creature!) induced to keep me under their roof, to cultivate my musical talent, to teach me other and better things, and to whom and their sweet daughter I owe freedom, life, nay, perhaps more—happiness! In Piacenza I first became acquainted with the *Kapell Meister* Boloni, no Italian, however, as his name would seem to import. I thought he loved me, though he had never said so; a musical engagement summoned me to this place, whither he soon followed me. God knows, and you know, doctor, that up to this period I was well received here, and kindly treated, and my reputation without a stain. Never, during long months, did visitor cross my threshold save (and this our engagement for life enables me to confess to you without a blush) Boloni! Of him you have seen enough to judge if he would countenance a wanton; and now that the story of my short sad life is before you, judge for yourself if I deserve what the cruel world says of me!"

As the songstress concluded her tale, the worthy doctor grasped her warmly by the hand.

"I count it quite a privilege," said he, "to rank among the few but staunch friends whom it has pleased heaven to raise up in your path through life I may not be able to do all for you which such powerful

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folks as Seraphina and her parents could achieve, but at least I will do all I can to unravel your tangled web of fate; and, first of all, to pacify your madcap of a lover. But do tell me, pray, what countryman this Signor Boloni really is?"

"You ask me more than I know myself," replied she. "He has only told me, in general terms, that he is a German by birth, estranged from his family by differences in early life, and domiciled for years past first in England, and then in Italy, till he came hither, as I told you, some three months ago."

"Very good; but may I ask why he was not made aware, long ere this, of all you have now told me?"

Giuseppa's cheek grew crimson, her eyes sought the ground, while she answered,

"You, dear doctor, are my medical adviser and friend, and when I talk with you, it is as a child with a father; but never could I have framed my lips to unfold to a young man the things it has cost me a pang but to reveal to you;—you have seen enough of his fearful jealousy and lightly awakened suspicions, to feel that I never could have had courage to tell him from what toils I had escaped."

"Good child! I honour and admire your sentiments!" replied the physician. "You can't think what good it does an old man like me to encounter such old-fashioned delicacy of feeling in an age when it seems a proof of good manners to forget its existence. But you have yet something to tell me; the evening of the *Ridotto*—that fearful night!"

"Ah true! I *have* something yet to relate. Often, often, when thinking over my rescue, it was a joy to me to know that the people of the house I escaped from believed I had drowned myself, (I had forgotten to tell you we ascertained this from the servants, as my open room window—it was a corner room, close on one of the bridges—looked out upon the Seine,) because I was well aware that if he thought me alive on the face of the earth, he, who had bought me with so many five franc pieces, would infallibly seek to recover his prey. So haunted was I with this dread, that I refused, during my earlier stay in Piacenza, all theatrical engagements, and declined to appear even in concerts, till, about half a year after my arrival, Seraphina brought me, one morning, a Parisian newspaper containing the death of the Chevalier de Planto."

"Chevalier de Planto!" interrupted the doctor. "And was that the name of the man who carried you off from your step-father?"

"It was; and my joy at the announcement I leave you to guess. With it vanished my last nameless fear; and nothing now remaining to make me a burden on my kind patrons, not many weeks elapsed ere I came to Berlin. Last night, as you know, I went to the *Ridotto*, and, poor short-sighted thing that I was, in particularly high spirits. Boloni was not to know in what costume I meant to appear, and I hoped first to mystify, and then surprise him. O doctor! think what I felt when, walking, as it happened, alone across the room, I heard a voice whispering in my ear, 'Scheppul! what is become of your *uncle?*' A clap of thunder could not have more astonished me;—the hateful name had never fallen on my ear since I escaped from its ter-

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rible owner, and well I knew the earth had no uncle of mine save the hideous Chevalier de Planto. I had scarce power to articulate, 'You mistake me for another,' or to seek escape amid the crowd who now closed in around us. The mask passed his arm through mine, and held me fast. 'Scheppul!' muttered the unblest voice, 'I counsel thee to walk quietly beside me, if thou wouldst not have me tell those good people what company you kept in former days.' I was, as it were, annihilated; a deep night of darkness settled on my soul, amid which one living thought alone yet struggled for existence—the dread of shame! What could I, a poor helpless, friendless girl, do, if this unknown (or be he who he might) proclaimed such things about me? The world would but too readily believe him, and Carlo! Carlo, alas! would not be the last to condemn! So I followed the fearful man at my side as if chained to him by an invisible power. He kept whispering dreadful things in my ear. Not only, he said, had I been ungrateful to my uncle, but plunged, by my undutiful conduct, my father and family in ruin. I could hear and endure no more. I broke from him and called my carriage, but when on the steps going down, I found my persecutor again at my side. 'I must home with thee, Scheppul,' said he, with a hideous chuckle; 'I have a word or two more for your private ear.' My senses forsook me; I know not how I reached the carriage; I only know that, when in it, he sat there beside me. I scrambled out and sought my chamber—he still followed; and as he began immediately with one of his odious speeches, dread of some fatal disclosure made me (frightened as I was to death) send Babette out of the room.

"'What brings thee hither, wretch?' cried I, exasperated beyond endurance. 'What canst thou say that I should tremble for? Involuntarily did I cross your unhallowed threshold—voluntarily did I quit it that very hour I knew its character!'

"'Scheppul,' he coolly answered, 'lay aside these tragedy airs—the ways are open to secure your freedom. Either pay on the spot, in money or jewels, I care not which, ten thousand francs, or follow me back to Paris: else, by to-morrow's sun, more shall be known of you in Berlin than you exactly like.' I was beside myself. 'Who gave you the right,' cried I, 'to scare me with these unmanly threats? But be it so!' added I, insensible to all evils save his hateful presence, 'do and say your worst, only leave my house this moment, else I'll alarm the neighbourhood.'

"I had actually rushed towards the window, when he flew after me, again seizing fast my arm. 'Who gave me the right?' cried he. 'Thy father, little one—thy father!' A fiendish and well-remembered laugh accompanied the words—the glimmer of the lamps fell on a pair of gray piercing eyes, whose never-to-be-forgotten expression told me too plainly who really stood before me, and that his death had been a feint, more surely to lull and deceive his victim. Despair lent me unnatural strength—I broke from him, nay, strove to pluck off his mask. 'I know thee, Chevalier de Planto!' cried I, 'and public justice will be my protector against thine iniquitous claims.'

"'We'll give it something to do, then, child!' croaked the voice, as in derision, and in the self-same moment I felt the steel in my breast, and death, I never doubted, with it."

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The doctor shuddered as he listened, and, though broad daylight, his flesh crept as it does when ghost stories are told in the dusk. He thought the demoniac laughter yet rung in his ears—he half fancied he beheld, peering from between the closed bed-curtains, the gray piercing eyes of the assassin.

"So you are of opinion," said he, after a pause to recover himself, "that the chevalier still lives, and is the murderer?"

"His voice (when no longer a feigned one) and his eyes (when I caught their expression) convinced me so; and the handkerchief I yesterday gave you confirms my belief. His initials are worked in the corner, and a perfume, whose very sweetness is fraught with loathsome associations, stamps it for his own."

"And do you give me full powers to act in this business for you? May I, even at the bar of justice, if necessary, make known all you have told me?"

"Alas! I have no option; act as you deem best. But, dear doctor, you will go to Boloni, won't you, and tell *him* all you have heard? He will believe you, for he too knows Seraphina."

"*Apropos*, had *I* not better know the name of the ambassador in whose house you found refuge?"

"O certainly—it was a Baron Martinon."

"What!" exclaimed Large, in joyful astonishment, "Baron Martinon, late envoy from the court of T——?"

"Yes, first to Paris, and since then to Petersburgh. So you know him too, it would seem?"

"Know him! that I do!" cried the little doctor, rubbing his hands with delight; "and, what's more, he is now in Berlin. He came last night, sent for me this morning, and I am just on my way to see him at the Hotel de Portugal!"

A tear filled the eye of the songstress, as it was raised in devout acknowledgment to heaven.

"Providence is indeed kind, to have sent one I believed many hundred miles off to authenticate my simple tale! Go to him, I beseech you, doctor, and oh! that Carlo might be within hearing when he vouches for the truth of every word I have said!"

"He shall! I'll take him with me! all shall be made right in that quarter, depend on me. And now, my dear, good-bye. Your troubles seem near an end, and much earthly happiness before you; so pray take your mixture regularly, two spoonsful every hour."

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LAYS OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

SONG II.

THE EARL OF SURREY'S SONGS TO THE "FAYRE GERALDINE."*

O COME TO THE FOREST.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

O come to the forest! the sun in his splendour
Shines forth, like a bridegroom, to wed the young May;
The spring-flow'rs are spreading their blossoms so tender
In the steps of the noble, the gallant, the gay.
The wild birds are singing,
The sweet echoes ringing,
With music and gladness, to crown the young May;
Come, maiden, so chary,
With step like a fairy,
Sweet Geraldine, come to the forest away!
O come to the forest!

O come to the forest! the bright silver waters
Are rosy with Morn's sweetest blushes to-day;
O come to the forest! of earth's lovely daughters
Thy smile is the brightest, to hail the young May;
The bugles are sounding,
The wild stag is bounding,
The hunters pursuing in gallant array;
From Windsor, the glory
Of England's proud story,
The flower of her chivalry gathers to-day.
Then come to the forest!

* There hangs a spell about Windsor Castle, far greater than all its regal glories can impart. There languished in captivity, the unfortunate Earl of Surrey; who is stated to have been "the most gallant soldier, the most accomplished gentleman, and the best poet of his time." His love for "the fair Geraldine" was of the most ardent and romantic kind, and was celebrated by him in many poetical compositions of great beauty. Falling under the displeasure of Henry VIII., he was accused of high treason, and was confined for some time in the Round Tower of Windsor Castle, in whose magnificent courts he had often been an honoured guest. He was beheaded in 1547.

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THE PALAIS ROYAL.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

CHAPTER XVIII.

J'avais un jour un valet de Gascogne,
Gourmand, ivrogne et assuré menteur,
Pipeur, larron, jureur, blasphémateur,
Sentant la hart de cent pas à la ronde
Au demeurant le meilleur fils du monde.
MAROT.

"AND are you sure, Jules, that it was the Coadjutor whom you saw in the church?" asked the youth.

The object of St. Maur in asking the question was to determine whether Jules had any suspicion of De Retz being concerned in the abduction; but his answer afforded no indication of any such belief. It served only to confirm his previous assertion of the identity of the illustrious personage who had that day addressed him, with the person of one of the gentlemen who watched De Broussel in the church. The secretary was forced, therefore, to renew the attack in another shape, by asking the barber if he had any suspicions who the parties were, engaged in the exploit. He could form no idea, he said, unless it were those who employed the man occupied in watching the Coadjutor and his friend; but the conversation, overheard, was carried on in so low a tone, and consisting chiefly of interjectional remarks and hints, such as would pass between two confederates whose plans were matured, that it was impossible to afford monsieur the information he desired.

St. Maur, determined to probe to the bottom of his thoughts, asked him plainly, if he suspected the Coadjutor. Jules looked at the secretary very knowingly, but made no reply; but being again pressed, said Monseigneur had a great reputation for gallantry—but that he could not run away with the lady and be at his post in the Palace of Justice at the same time—it was a suspicious circumstance, and he dare not trust himself to speak to any one else about it.

"And so you think, Jules," observed St. Maur, "that he could not employ his tall friend to act for him in the affair? But keep your suspicion in your own breast if you value your life."

"We are now in the rue St. Antoine, monsieur," replied the sagacious barber, answering the question after his own mode; "and see, we are close upon the church. The coach, if one be there, is round the corner."

St. Maur found that Jules' opinion coincided with his own, which was strengthened by his calling to mind the commission entrusted to Jocoso, and by that arch valet requiring the aid of two of the lacqueys. The whole proceeding flashed upon his mind; and he found himself,

[1] Continued from p. 407.

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a gentleman of Dauphiny, of ancient and honourable descent, running tilt with his master the Coadjutor of Paris, for a lady, to whom he had no pretensions—and, *mirabile dictu!* at the instigation of a petty barber of the Hôtel de Ville.

They were now in front of the avenue, and the majestic church of St. Paul and St. Louis stood before them. They looked around, but no coach was visible—it was beyond the hour of prayer—mademoiselle, as Jules remarked, was either at her devotions, or had been spirited away—if monsieur would wait, he would enter the church and see if she were there.

Jules ran forward, and was entering the porch, when his steps were arrested by a cry from a woman, who suddenly appeared from behind the angle of the church. The barber rushed to meet her; at the same time making a signal for St. Maur to approach. On the secretary reaching the spot where they stood, Jules informed him that it was the dame Josephine; and the poor woman, in great distress, commenced weeping and telling her tale, that whilst leisurely walking with Mademoiselle Broussel along the avenue, they were seized by two men from behind, and despite their cries and struggles, Louise de Broussel was forced into a coach in waiting, and which drove off rapidly, the moment the door was closed upon the fair prisoner. The man who held Josephine was called off by a third comrade, a tall dark man, and they all ran away in the direction of the distant coach. The exploit had been managed so adroitly, and they were taken so unexpectedly, and by surprise, that Josephine was at liberty, and her fair charge lifted into the coach and driven of, before the dame well knew what she was about, and what it all meant.

To the inquiries of St. Maur why she did not return home, and raise an alarm, rather than remain lingering about the church, she replied that she was afraid of going home without mademoiselle. She, in fact, knew not what she was about, or whom to apply to—the President was at the Palace of Justice—his servants were there in attendance, as the times were perilous—and no males left in the house. No one witnessed the outrage, that she was aware of, as the street was almost deserted, and within the church there was, doubtless, but a sprinkling of females, the usual congregation on lay-days. She concluded by beseeching Jules, and monsieur his friend, to assist her in the extremity, and break the news to M. de Broussel, for she was incapable of the effort; and, if possible, take some steps to track the villains.

The barber looked reproachfully at St. Maur, and whispered that he had all along been fearful that they should arrive too late; that in saving the life of the Coadjutor, he had, perhaps, lost the richest and most beautiful heiress in Paris.

St. Maur was considering only the consequences of a quarrel with the Coadjutor, but he had gone too far, he thought, to retrace his steps, for it would ill become a gentleman of birth, and a frondeur, to turn a deaf ear and walk away, on hearing of the abduction of the daughter of one of the chiefs of the faction—the ally of Monseigneur. He was bound to afford aid, even without Jules' importunities; and, consoling himself with this reflection, that he was performing only his

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duty, though conscience whispered that every thought bestowed on another was a crime to the lost Isoline, and prudence suggested that his sympathies being engaged, though ever so slightly, in the welfare of a stranger, was dangerous to his peace, he resolved to use every endeavour to trace the prison of the damsel.

Nor were the scruples of St. Maur the result of fastidiousness or of selfish feelings; they were founded on a knowledge of his own character; he knew his own weakness. It was evident to himself, that he was too much liable to be influenced by circumstances, or rather to be acted on by other minds, even when his judgment did not yield assent to their reasoning.

Bitter experience taught him to know his own failings, and where he could not conquer, it was wisest to flee. It seemed fated as though each day should draw him nearer an intimacy with the family of De Broussel; and there was danger in the society of Louise; without losing hope of Isoline, he might be drawn into admiration of mademoiselle, which the President, with his weakness for ancient birth, would encourage.

It was this, more than the Coadjutor's anger, which he feared. Of Isoline he had heard nothing, could learn nothing; her hôtel in the Place Royale was closed, and untenanted even by a solitary domestic; as, indeed, was the case with many other mansions, whose owners had fled with the court. In the Palais Royal, no intelligence could be gathered, even from domestics who were known to be in receipt of occasional secret intelligence from St. Cloud. And by his latest inquiries, he felt almost certain that she was not at the court. He suspected, that by not flying to her rescue when the Palais Royal was assaulted, and when she knew he was within its precincts—added to his taking up his quarters at the archiepiscopal palace, and which would be noised abroad—would confirm her in the opinion, that her attempted, and to a certain extent, successful influence over his actions, now that it had ended so disastrously to the Prince of Condé, had so disgusted him as to induce him to quit her for ever.

And when he reflected on his own conduct—that when the palace was attacked by an infuriated rabble, and she waiting tremblingly to receive that aid, which a gentleman would gladly render a stranger—and that he, whilst the clear dulcet notes of her voice, expressed in the tenderness of their last interview, was still ringing in his ear, should be skulking behind the guard-room—he felt maddened, degraded, and ashamed.

With these feelings, he resolved that his exertions to discover the retreat of the agents engaged in the abduction of mademoiselle, should on no consideration induce him into closer acquaintance with the family. The pestering barber he would either silence or dismiss.

This course of action resolved on, he bade Jules lead home the dame Josephine, and return immediately, and he would in the meanwhile endeavour to gain some clue to the route taken by the coach.

The disconsolate housekeeper was too troubled to render him many thanks—she followed at Jules' bidding, whilst the secretary proceeded to make inquiries of the chance passengers, if they had seen such an equipage as he described. It was a daring act to perpetrate during

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the blockade, as there was no possible egress from the city, and her place of detention must, therefore, be within the walls, and more liable to be discovered, although there were many unfrequented, and almost unknown, lanes and alleys difficult and dangerous of access. If the Coadjutor were the chief agent in the adventure, there was every chance of the restoration of mademoiselle to the bosom of her family, at least so thought St. Maur. And if he were guiltless, the power of the Fronde would be laudably exercised in discovering her forced retreat.

It was from a mendicant, begging at the corner of the Rue des Barres, that he learned that the equipage had proceeded in the direction of the Quay Pelletier; and on the quay, his inquiries were further rewarded by the intelligence that the coach had been seen crossing the Pont Nôtre Dame.

With this news he judged it prudent to return, as a single knight-errant, however chivalrous, could not hope for success in further search without aid. In repassing the Rue des Barres, he met the barber accompanied by several lacqueys of the family well armed, and prepared to recover their mistress at all hazards. He was informed that De Broussel had returned from the parliament—which broke up after replying in the negative to the demand of the King's herald—and was distracted at his loss. Monsieur du Tremblay had been sent for, and messengers dispatched to Febvri, the prévôt of the city, acquainting him with the particulars of the outrage, and requesting the aid of his services, which Jules thought he would be very indifferent in affording, as they were bitter party enemies; the prévôt being a staunch supporter of Mazarin, and De Broussel, as it is known to the reader, a frondeur of eminence, and who had this very day been more than usually active in supporting the Coadjutor.

With this reinforcement, St. Maur thought he might at least venture on a search through the purlieus of the Isle de la Cité, where it was most probable, from the character of the place, that the lady had been conveyed.

In crossing the Pont Nôtre Dame, the wheels of a carriage were heard following in their track, and although he had no suspicion that it was the vehicle he was in search of—which had been seen crossing the bridge in the same direction so long before—yet his attention was very naturally aroused, and he looked back. It was a hired equipage, the driver and lacqueys without liveries. St. Maur, however, was exceedingly surprised, as the carriage came abreast with his party, to recognise the well-known face of De Retz within. The coachman was ordered to stop, and the secretary beckoned to enter, whilst, in the same breath, the Coadjutor ordered out his only companion, the valet Jocoso.

"We are well met, St. Maur!" exclaimed the Coadjutor—"fortune proves again my friend. *Pasques Dieu!* Would you believe it? I am now in a worse predicament than when I had De Molé, or even La Rochefoucauld, upon my hands!—That villain Jocoso!"

The secretary assured De Retz that he might reckon on his zeal and fidelity, but begged for an explanation of his distress.

The Coadjutor, without further prelude, reminded him that he had

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ordered Jocoso to keep an eye on the fair saint of the church of St. Paul, and that the valet, who was an Italian, and equalled his fellow-countryman, Mazarin, in finesse and intrigue, thinking to render the prelate good service, had so far gone beyond the letter of his instructions as to take advantage of the sitting of parliament, and carry off the lady by force. To the Coadjutor's infinite astonishment he had been just informed by his knave, that the damsel whom he so much admired was now safely encaged in the Rue de la Reine; and what rendered the affair infinitely worse, was the strange and provoking circumstance that the lady was no other than the unmarried daughter of his good ally De Broussel.

The prelate observing that this communication produced not the effect he had anticipated, seized the secretary by the cloak, and demanded to know if he were in the conspiracy to dishonour him.

St. Maur admitted that he knew of the abduction of Mademoiselle de Broussel, and was even now engaged making inquiries respecting the affair, his new servant, Jules Martin, being connected with the family, and the housekeeper, in the absence of De Broussel, having besought the aid of the secretary; and he judged it were politic to show a zeal for the President, connected as he was with Monseigneur; but neither himself or Jules was aware of Jocoso's agency.

"It is well—as it will end well," said De Retz, rubbing his hands; "I am glad you follow my advice respecting the family—but, *mon Dieu!*—to think of the villain Jocoso! I should have been quite ruined with the Fronde! He ought to know me better, than to suppose I would run away with a damsel before I knew she would like my society! Only fancy me, St. Maur, the gaoler of a fair obstinate, spending hours in trying to soften her obduracy, whilst really I know not where to turn to escape the importunities of the fair Parisian dames! This Italian, cunning as he is, is an absolute *bête*, not to understand me better!"

The Coadjutor continued his relation. As soon as the valet acquainted him with his enterprise, and the name of the lady, he lost no time in procuring a hired coach, intending to set the damsel at liberty as soon as he reached the place where she was detained; and he was obliged to suffer the indignity of riding with Jocoso, as the rascal's face was so well known, and might lead to suspicions, if he were seen in his proper station, outside the equipage.

Since he had proved so fortunate in meeting with the secretary, he should change his plans; and he therefore imposed upon him the agreeable task of proceeding with the carriage, accompanied by Jocoso, to the Rue de la Reine, there to liberate the imprisoned damsel, and convey her to the President's house, only taking care that the agency of the Coadjutor and his people should be unknown in the affair, which might be easily managed.

St. Maur, through personal motives, remonstrated very strongly against this arrangement, but the Coadjutor would not listen to his arguments.

"You know the proverb about an ill wind," said he, smiling, "the affair will be a lucky adventure for your fortunes. You will have all the credit of bringing home the lost fair one! Kind looks and sighs

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from mademoiselle; and a hearty welcome from old greybeard! Be sure you let him know the antiquity of the St. Maurs. He has already heard of your good qualities."

The prelate was in a humour that could not be denied; he seemed to enjoy the relief which the meeting with St. Maur afforded, and confessed, that although he was bent on the immediate release of mademoiselle, he had been pondering very unsatisfactorily how he should effect it, and have her conveyed home safely, without it being known to whom she owed either her captivity or rescue.

Seeing the men, with Jules at their head, waiting for the secretary, he desired him to say that it was a lieutenant of the municipal corps, whom he had been talking to in the coach, and who had gained a clue to the lady's place of detention. St. Maur was, therefore, to dispatch him and the others, in a contrary direction, on a false scent, whilst he rode with the Coadjutor till a convenient opportunity and place occurred where he might alight, and depart unobserved, leaving the valet to act as guide.

This was accomplished by Jules being commissioned, at the civic functionary's wish, as St. Maur told the barber, to make the circuit of the Isle towards the Pont Neuf, while he proceeded eastward: the place of *reunion* to be the Hôtel Dieu.

The carriage drove rapidly along the Quai de la Cité, and turning up a side street, De Retz alighted, and was speedily out of sight, wearing his mantle so as to shade the face.

St. Maur and the Italian knave sat face to face, much to the annoyance of the secretary, who had conceived a great antipathy to him, but what the Coadjutor was forced to endure, it was not for him to complain of. After awhile, Jocoso, whose failing was not want of confidence, said,

"When I told monsieur, this morning, that I had a charge on my hands, I did not expect my labour would be my reward. *Corpo di Bacco!* Monsignor has so much politics in his head, he has no leisure to admire a *bella donna* like Signora Broussel!"

The youth was very ill-pleased at having to reply to this rogue; it was bad enough, he thought, for a servant to be obliged to do the ungracious offices expected by a dissolute master; but to outrun him in the career of profligacy, and cater gratuitously to his depraved taste, displayed an innate love of villany, which excited his abhorrence.

"You have certainly not received the reward you expected, Jocoso," observed St. Maur, "but I trust Monseigneur has not been blind to your merits in striving to embroil him with his friends."

"*Corpo di Bacco!* When I lived at Rome with the Cardinal Albertini," said the valet, "he would have given me a cup full of crowns for such——"

"Silence, Jocoso!" exclaimed St. Maur, sternly, "and do not utter another word unless necessary to our present business."

The man was silenced; and the thoughts of the secretary dwelt on the approaching interview. In what condition should he find the lady? He was tempted to ask Jocoso how she bore up against the cruel treatment she had received; but his feelings revolted from further converse, and he indulged in his own reflections.

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The coach turned into a quiet sequestered street, in which the houses were of a character superior to the generality in this quarter of the city; and had probably, in some former period, been a favourite location of people of condition, but now abandoned for a more fashionable neighbourhood.

The mansions wore a gloomy exterior, each with its arched carriage-entrance under the body of the building. In some instances the gates were falling to decay, and disclosed to view a spacious yard, or garden in the rear; a dilapidated fountain was visible through a broken gate, seen for a moment, as the coach drove rapidly by, conveying a feeling of ancient grandeur and present desolation.

The carriage stopped before one of these old houses—its exterior was in better order and repair than many of the others, but without signs of life or habitation in any of the windows. Like the street, it bore a forlorn aspect, of itself enough to frighten a maiden of sixteen, gentle and simple-minded as Louise de Broussel. The indifference, or rather repulsiveness which St. Maur felt in the adventure, melted into deep sympathy when his imagination pictured the damsel torn suddenly away from friends, and hurried into such a desolate old place.

Immediately the coach stopped, the gates were opened—the secretary could not see by whom—and as it wheeled under the heavy portal, disturbing the dreary silence of the neighbourhood, with the unusual clatter, he saw that the street was without thoroughfare at the upper end. Let the maiden, who enters here, leave hope behind, was the remark he made to himself. Casting his eyes on Jocoso, his glance was so keen and indignant, that even that prince of valets quailed beneath it.

The coach stopped at a door under the archway, and Jocoso, begging pardon for breaking silence, said they were now at their place of destination. As they descended in the gloom, St. Maur could distinguish very little of the house, or of the offices in the rear. An ascent of several steps led into the hall, richly adorned with painting and statuary, and from which rose a staircase of grand proportions. The whole had an air of magnificence, but gloomy, uncomfortable, and desolate. Before the secretary had time to recover from the surprise occasioned by the unexpected contrast of the interior with the general dilapidation of the street, they were met by a domestic in livery—a man about forty-five or fifty, well-clothed and fed, but with a downcast, uneasy look, very different from the usual gay, impudent bearing of lacqueys of people of quality.

"Well, Jaques!" cried the Coadjutor's valet, "you lead a quiet life here! Has Monsignor returned from his lands?" And without waiting for the man's reply, he continued, "*Corpo di Bacco!* Never mind—if you cannot introduce your company to your master, let us have the society of the guests of this dreary old *castello!*"

St. Maur could not well understand the drift of this address; but divined, that Jocoso was not unwilling to give a better colour to the character of the old *castello*, as he called it, than—from the use he had made of it—it really deserved.

Be it as it may, the other seemed to understand Jocoso, and bowing

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awkwardly to St. Maur, and at the same time taking a sly, quiet, yet searching glance of the secretary's figure,—viewing him, as it were, from head to foot,—he led the way up the staircase. The corridor above terminated abruptly by a closed door; and the man paused, as if unwilling to enter.

"I understand!" cried Jocoso, "it is quite as well. Modesty becomes you, Jaques,—it fits as close as your doublet. You may leave us."

The man retired, without having uttered one word throughout the scene, but at parting he gave the valet a look, which seemed to say, that on other ground, and on a different service, the Italian should not have all the discourse to himself.

Jocoso took the trouble to see that the fellow went down the staircase, and returning to the secretary, who all the while had been a silent, wondering spectator, he exclaimed,

"*Ben trovato, signor!* I hear my friends talking—they are gaming, to pass time—I hear the rattle of the dice. It is a vicious failing, which I am never guilty of. I often wonder at the depravity of these French—I beg pardon, monsieur—I forgot you imposed silence!"

Well! thought St. Maur, the Coadjutor extols himself for sobriety, the valet for his horror of gambling, I am praised for my modesty; so, taking the round of the archiepiscopal household, we might muster all the cardinal virtues.

Jocoso put a stop to his reflections by opening the door—the secretary entered, and the valet followed, closing it carefully.

CHAPTER XIX.

"A sergeant of the lawe, ware and wise,
That often had ybeen at the parvis,
There was also, full rich of excellence;
Discreet he was, and of great reverence;
He seemed such, his wordès were so wise."

CHAUCER.

St. Maur found himself in an ante-chamber or gallery, furnished in the same profuse yet gloomy style of the hall beneath. It was lighted by two windows, in deep recesses, fitted with benches or window-seats, one of which served as board for the two sentinels, who, seated, or rather squatting on the floor, were engaged very earnestly in rattling the dice-box, in imitation of the prevailing vice of their superiors.

They started to their feet on seeing the secretary and Jocoso, pocketed the box and dice, and looked abashed, like boys detected by their pedagogue playing at unlawful hours.

"Sweet notes for a lady's ears, you *scellerati!*" cried the valet; "but up, and make ready to begone."

He spoke a few words to them in an under tone, which St. Maur did not hear, but, by the direction of their eyes to the door at the far end of the gallery, concluded that the discourse related to their fair prisoner.

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The secretary, who had hitherto acted under the tutelage of the valet, deeming it wisest in such a strange and dangerous abode, was secretly burning with indignation at the villanous proceedings of Jocoso, and the coolness he displayed in being forced to undo all he had done—assuming the air of a man whose services were not appreciated, and who saw the fruits of his toil thrown away.

He resolved now to interfere, and calling the valet aside, told him briefly, that every moment lost in delay was so much more torture added to mademoiselle's sufferings, and commanded him instantly to set her free.

"I should be most happy, monsieur," replied Jocoso, "but monsignor charged me that that was monsieur's task. I am not to see the signora again. I wish," continued the man, "that it was my lot; the smiles I should have for such a service would compensate me for all the hard words signora—"

St. Maur could endure the effrontery no longer, but, unsheathing his rapier, he advanced upon Jocoso, who in great terror skipped back several paces, and falling on his knees, produced a key, exclaiming,

"*Perdonate*, monsieur! There is the key—there is the door—the lady is within."

"Do what remains for you to do, Jocoso, and begone!" said the secretary, taking the key from him.

The valet arose, and, in a very humble tone, acquainted St. Maur that his orders were to give up the key, and retire from the house with his two comrades, leaving the equipage at the command of monsieur. It was, he said, a hired vehicle, and the men did not know whom they were employed by; he would also leave such orders below, that no impediment would be offered to St. Maur taking away the lady; and, for additional security, he would remain with the two men in the vicinity of the house till the carriage departed; but, for obvious reasons, the Coadjutor did not wish his people to be seen more than could be helped.

Jocoso and his associates then departed, and St. Maur found himself alone. He felt a trepidation in walking across the gallery; the position was novel and embarrassing; and he knew not what he should say, or in what state he should find the poor damsel.

The key admitted him into an apartment richly furnished—adorned with mirrors and paintings, enclosed in rich frames, which the light of declining day left in partial obscurity. The darkness was increased by a trellice-work of wood outside the building, perhaps intended as support for a vine, or for some creeping shrub.

St. Maur did not immediately discover the fair occupant, and began to fancy that Jocoso had played him false. At the far end, beneath one of the windows, was a couch, on which the youth discovered the fair De Broussel, her head resting on her hands, which were clasped and thrown across the back of the seat. On approaching, he found her in a swoon; her hand, which he took, was inanimate; he would have called for assistance, but loathed contact with the sour-looking fellow who had given him admittance, and knew not what other beings, if there were any, dwelling in the house.

He opened the window, and laying her head so as to rest on the

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back of the couch, suffered the fresh evening breeze to fall upon the cheeks and temples. The disordered tresses were blown aside by the zephyr, which played gently on her face, but there was no sign of life. The rays of the setting sun, breaking through the interstices of the trellice, fell upon the head and dress, covering her with bars of golden light; whilst the face, being in the shade, hiding the traces of grief, presented somewhat of a beautiful and angelic character. He contemplated her in silence, irresolute what to do.

Presently she stirred, moved a hand slowly to the brow, opened her eyes, and seeing a stranger bending over her, started, and screamed faintly. He drew back to remove the cause of alarm, but seeing the extreme terror she was in, and the wildness of her gaze, hastened to say that he was come to restore mademoiselle to the arms of her father.

She shook with alarm, and was still silent, which he believing that it arose from incredulity, repeated his assurances, adding that dame Josephine was safe in the president's house.

She looked around, as though in expectation of seeing another face, and he fancied that she felt relieved on finding that no other party was present.

"Where is my father?—why does he not come to me?—am I still in this horrid place?" said Louise, making an effort to speak, in a voice much impaired with weeping. Joyful at her recovery, St. Maur did not at first know how to reply, but thought it best to say, that on returning from the parliament, and discovering his bereavement, he was seized with an illness which only her presence could relieve. He begged her, if she had yet strength, to lose no time in quitting the house; that he had a coach at the door, and in putting herself under his guardianship, he should quickly have the pleasure of restoring her to home. The mention of the coach, however, was unlucky; it seemed to renew all her fears, and she asked in a broken voice why her father did not come, or, if he were sick, why could not M. du Tremblay, or even Josephine, appear. If she could but see the face of one friend, she should feel great relief.

The effort in speaking seemed too much for her weak state, and she fell back on the couch exhausted, threatening to relapse into a state of insensibility. St. Maur rushed to her support—this movement, whilst it frightened the damsel, had a beneficial effect in preventing a relapse. He reiterated his assurance, that in him she saw a friend, though personally a stranger.

"That wicked man—I hope he is not here!—a foreigner I think he was, by his speech," said Louise, making another effort to speak, "attempted to console me with a visit from his lord—surely you are not he!"

The secretary replied, with a smile on his lips, that he hoped not; that his name was St. Maur, a name well known to her father.

"But," continued he, "if I were totally unknown to mademoiselle, to her father, or Monsieur du Tremblay, I do hope that the voice of sincerity can never be distrusted—that it has a power of its own to calm and reassure innocence."

The impression produced by St. Maur was as favourable as he

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could wish; for she replied, after venturing to glance for a moment at his face,

"I will—I think I may put trust in you!" and she burst into a flood of tears.

St. Maur took her hand, saying reproachfully, as he assisted her to rise and walk across the darkening chamber,

"I fear you have but little confidence in me, and only accept my services believing that you cannot be in worse plight."

"I do assure monsieur," replied the damsel, "I place great confidence in him, and only wonder at my courage."

As they left the chamber, crossed the ante-room, and descended the staircase, the maiden cast hurried and fearful glances at every object, as though recalling painful recollections. No obstruction was offered to their passage, and the secretary was congratulating himself that they should pass without coming in contact with any of the inmates—if there were other than the villanous-looking mortal who escorted him up stairs—when, beside a gigantic case-clock in the hall, stood the veritable Jaques, bolt upright against the wall like a sentinel, or mounted suit of armour. His head alone bent forward in salutation as they passed, and the youth, endeavouring to shield the wretch from her gaze, jerked him a piece of gold, and the next moment they were on the steps under the portal.

St. Maur felt the maiden shudder as he assisted her into the coach, and uttering a few words to reassure her courage, he took the seat opposite. As they emerged from the archway, he saw her look both up and down the street, and then at him, but said nothing. On traversing the Quai de la Cité, the lights on the opposite bank of the Seine were visible, which revived her courage, as knowing where she was.

Over the Pont Nôtre Dame would have been the nearest route, but St. Maur suddenly recollecting the orders given to Jules, and the appointed place of meeting after the search, and dreading lest the barber, left too long to his own agency, should take any steps which might compromise the Coadjutor in this untoward affair, resolved to drive to the Hôtel Dieu before returning to the Rue St. Antoine, and gave orders to the coachman to that effect. He was, however, presently sorry for what he had done, as the maiden, who knew her home lay on the opposite side of the river, became dreadfully agitated, and on his pressing her on the cause of her alarm, she confessed her fears that he was practising a deception. He assured her to the contrary, and explained the cause why he changed the route; but, fortunately, to add effect to his arguments, the coach was hailed by the barber himself, who approaching the window, was delighted beyond bounds at the success of St. Maur.

The secretary immediately ordered the horses' heads homeward, and he had the satisfaction to observe a marked difference in the conduct of the maiden. No longer taciturn, and careful to avoid discourse, unless obliged in replying to his remarks, she uttered her thanks in a low, sweet voice, which bespoke her inward gratitude to her deliverer, and joy at her own rescue. His name, she said, was familiar, was often mentioned by her father when talking of the Fronde,

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and she had heard it from Josephine, the housekeeper, when chatting with a barber who frequented the house—the same man whom monsieur had just spoken to.

It was full time, the secretary reflected, that he should put a stop to the barber's actions; it was not through mere idleness and love of chat that he would introduce his name in discoursing with Josephine—Jules had a motive for every action and every word. With respect to himself, it was his intention to conduct mademoiselle to the door of her father's house, that he might safely acquit himself of the trust, and then retire without further intrusion. He would gladly have performed the office without its being known to De Broussel to whom he was indebted, but this was impracticable, through the connexion of Jules with the family, and his own declaration to the maiden, which he had made to encourage her.

The confidence of Louise increased with her proximity to home, and she ventured to ask St. Maur who that monster was whom they had passed in the hall; he frightened her, she said, thinking it was a spectre. He answered that he did not know, that he supposed it was a domestic; and finding that her mind had gained sufficient strength to talk about the place of her captivity, he easily led the damsel to narrate the history of the outrage, which, adopting our own language, is as follows:—

The separation from Josephine was so sudden, that she found herself lifted into the coach before she had time to raise an alarm, and the rapidity with which the vehicle was driven, conveying the dreadful impression of being hurried from her friends, she knew not where, so frightened Louise, that she fainted, and did not recover till she found herself in the saloon, resting on a couch, and a tall dark man walking about the room, muttering words in a foreign language, and a very ancient female bending over the couch, and applying restoratives. Finding her sensible, the man approached very respectfully, and said the house and all it contained was at her service—but Louise answered only by cries and entreaties to be restored to her father. She was met by a promised visit from monseigneur his master, Jocoso, whom the reader will readily recognise, assuring her that his seigneur, the richest nobleman in Paris, was dying of love, and was momently expected to throw himself at her feet and propose marriage. This threatened visit only added to her distress, and redoubled her alarm; but to all entreaties Jocoso turned a deaf ear. As a last appeal, she requested to be left alone, and the valet, who apparently had undertaken more than he knew well how to go through with, consented, and said he should go to his seigneur, who would probably, if it were her wish, conduct her home. She requested it, even as a favour of the valet, that he would not allow the old woman to visit her while he was away. He said she might fully depend on this, and, to make the matter sure, he should lock the signora in the chamber, and take the key with him, and his master, who was a nobleman of very generous spirit, would doubtless obey her wishes. With this consolation, if consolation it were, he left Louise, who had no other resource but to make an appeal to the master of this cruel, unfeeling man.

Left to herself, she essayed the window; it opened to her hands,

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but a strong wooden trellice rendered escape impossible, and she returned to the couch forlorn and desolate. After a while, she heard a noise in the outer chamber of men talking—she approached the door and listened—the rattle of dice was heard, and money was flung down by the loser. One of the players said he should stake no more money, but proposed that the winner should receive a kiss from the damsel, who could be got at by the window in the yard. This proposal, probably jocular, and made without any intention of carrying it into effect, so horrified poor Louise, that she had difficulty to support herself to the couch, where she swooned, and in which condition was discovered by St. Maur.

This tale, narrated artlessly by the fair maiden, deeply excited the sympathies of the youth, and he was pleased for a moment at his lot in being chosen as the instrument of her release. They were now in the Rue St. Antoine, and St. Maur was scheming how he should best execute his resolve, when the carriage stopped, and a gentleman opening the door, Louise, recognising M. du Tremblay, and uttering his name, threw herself into his arms.

Gently disengaging himself from the maiden, he made himself known to St. Maur, and said that Jules Martin had outstripped the speed of their vehicle, that he might be the bearer of the welcome news: and he was charged by the President on no account to return to the house without the secretary, that he might receive a father's thanks in person. St. Maur endeavoured to excuse himself on the plea that the Coadjutor required his services, but Du Tremblay still pressed, and Louise joining in the entreaties, her sweet voice carried victory, and led captive the strong resolves of the poor secretary.

It was quite dark when St. Maur entered the house of De Broussel. He was not immediately ushered into the presence of the President, but detained a while by M. du Tremblay, who pretended an extreme anxiety to learn the particulars of the abduction and of the rescue. He was obliged to conceal many of the facts, that De Retz might not be suspected, and attributed his success to information received from an agent of the municipal force, who had gained it in an underhand way from one of the lacqueys of the party implicated, but how or in what mode he would not declare, nor the name of the party. It was, indeed, under promise of not making further inquiries, as St. Maur averred to Du Tremblay—and he blushed secretly in being obliged to equivocate to save the reputation of his patron—that the officer afforded him the clue, and he was obliged to comply, as it was the price the man set on his information.

Du Tremblay expressed his indignation at the occurrence, but agreed it was wisest, in the present unsettled times, not to make enemies of any of the municipal officers, as would be the case if they pushed their inquiries in contravention of St. Maur's promise, and he should advise the President to restrict himself to precautionary measures to prevent a second attempt.

The youth construed the delay in meeting the President, and perhaps rightly, to the wish of the family that he should not be present at the first meeting of father and daughter.

After being overwhelmed with thanks by the son-in-law, he was

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ushered by this gentleman to a spacious old-fashioned apartment in the story above, where the family were assembled.

As he stepped across the polished oaken floor, matted only in the centre, whereon stood a table, his eye had leisure to survey the group. De Broussel, who rose at his approach, had been sitting near the wide chimney-place, in a curiously carved chair, lined with tapestry. He was a man of about sixty years of age, with gray hair, which straggled from beneath a black velvet cap; the features were of a pleasing, benevolent cast, with the exception of the eye, in which there was an uneasy, restless twinkle, at variance with the composure of serene old age, and indicated that vanity and the love of popular applause were not yet dead. The walking dress had been thrown aside for a loose, flowing, silken robe; slippers were on his feet, and a large gold-headed cane resting against the chair, stood ready for present service.

The secretary's entrance had also disturbed Louise from her low seat on an ottoman at the President's feet, her head resting against his knees, whilst his hand occasionally strayed among her tresses. She was indeed happy; her countenance displayed a seriousness and playfulness by turns, heightening the beauty of youth; she felt herself the petted heroine of the family circle, and the smile of delight was only chased away for an instant, when a passing recollection of the dangers escaped stole upon the memory.

Her sister, Madame du Tremblay, was a few years older, and had already acquired a matronly seriousness which contrasted unfavourably with the playful, laughing Louise. There was, as St. Maur imagined, a touch of the father's unquiet glance in the elder daughter, though the features were as regular and beautiful as those of the younger child. Du Tremblay, the husband, was of a mould which indicated courage and intelligence, but his manners betrayed indolence and pride. He might, as the secretary thought, have shone in the camp, or in civil affairs, if fortune had proved favourable; but pride forbidding him to stoop in order to rise, he had vegetated in partial obscurity till the marriage with the elder Broussel had brought independence, and a few petty cares, which occupied the mind without strengthening the faculties. In person he was handsome, well-proportioned, and about thirty years of age.

Dame Josephine, the housekeeper, who was continually in and out of the apartment, had been since the death of Madame de Broussel, as St. Maur learned, a privileged person, mistress of the household, and usurping all the offices which of right belonged to Louise, since the marriage of her sister.

The President hastened to meet the secretary, and embracing him affectionately, while the tears flowed down his cheeks, he thanked him, in broken sentences, for the services rendered to Louise—to himself—to all the family. Madame du Tremblay, seeing her father so affected, and fearing that the emotions would be too much for his strength, came forward to his assistance, and adding her thanks to those of the President, he was reconducted by them to his chair—St. Maur occupying a place by his side.

An interesting conversation ensued, which gradually grew more enlivened, whilst the bright eyes of Louise, who had resumed the

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station at her father's feet, were ever encountering the gaze of her deliverer. In the intervals of discourse, St. Maur's glances wandered round the chamber, for his curiosity was excited, as it was the first time he had visited a family of the same class as that of the President.

The apartment was decorated in a plainer style than the saloons of the Hôtel de Chevreuse, or the houses of the noblesse of similar rank. The articles of furniture were few, and disposed in very formal order—the walls hung with paintings, the subjects principally chosen from Scripture—the genealogical tree of the President's family, on which was observable, in fresher colours, the blazonry of Du Tremblay—a beautiful Madonna was suspended over the chimney. Between the windows, which overlooked the Rue St. Antoine, was a mirror with branches to support tapers, whilst on the opposite side, stood the massive buffet, groaning with its array of silver and glass. It being now the middle of summer, the wide chimney was clear and vacant, glistening with its lining of varnished tiles, depicting the tale of Joseph and his brethren—a pair of bright silver supports for embers stood on the hearth. The whole was neat, cleanly, yet formal and antiquated to the taste of the secretary, accustomed to the style and mode of life of a gayer class of society.

An occasional seriousness stole over the conversation, when by chance a casual remark, through association, brought to mind the sad incident which had introduced the youth to the family circle, and even Louise, mirthful and joyous as she was at intervals, and even luxuriating in the feelings which had rendered her, all at once, an object of deep sympathy with her friends, could not wholly dissipate the vision of that hated chamber, where she had been detained prisoner.

At the supper board, Dame Josephine occupied a seat; and by her loquacity enlivened the discourse. A short prayer, before and after the meal, had a touching interest communicated to it by the appropriate appeal to Divine Mercy for escape from peril—a tear glistened in the father's eye as he uttered the words, and all heads were bowed in thankfulness.

CHAPTER XX.

> False hope, ah! whither now so speedy hiest?
> In vain thy winged feet so fast thou pliest;
> Hope, thou art dead, and joy, in hope relying,
> Bleeds in his hopeless wounds, and in his death lies dying.
>
> FLETCHER.

In the solitude of his own chamber, St. Maur felt the fatigue, both of body and mind, which a long and arduous day's toil and excitement could not fail of producing. His reflections were not of unmixed satisfaction; he had, indeed, won golden opinions of the De Broussel family, and had adroitly rescued the Coadjutor from the awkward predicament occasioned by Jocoso's gratuitous villany; but all the danger to his own peace of mind, which he had anticipated from an intimacy with the President, was, he thought, about to be realized.

How to escape from the peril was the subject of his cogitations as

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he fell asleep; and when he awoke, it seemed as though the thread of the reverie had been present to the mind through the night, so intently was it occupying his attention at the moment of returning consciousness. Gradually his thoughts resolved a course of action, which would satisfy his ardent longing to know the fate of Isoline, and be attended with the beneficial service of removing Jules from a sphere, in which his love of intermeddling promised to be exceedingly troublesome.

It was the intention of the secretary to procure a pass, or safe conduct for the barber, permitting him to leave the city. By these means, he might easily, and without molestation, repair to St. Cloud, and there make inquiries respecting the abode of Madame du Plessis, and if she were not at the court, to leave no chance untried of gaining intelligence of her residence, or if mishap had befallen her, of her fate.

This was a mission which would perfectly suit the character and scope of the barber's mind; and in which his curiosity and love of prying into secrets would tend to St. Maur's benefit.

As Jules had now entered openly into the service of the secretary, he was lodged in the archiepiscopal palace near the apartment of his master, who after dressing, in which he needed no other assistance than his own hands—and indulged not in the growing luxury of the age—summoned the barber—barber, indeed, no more—to his presence.

It was no part of St. Maur's plan to make Jules acquainted with the motives of the proposed inquiry, although he conjectured, that as his attachment to Du Plessis was to a certain degree matter of public notoriety, his new servant might not be altogether ignorant of it.

Jules showed less zeal for the task than might have been expected from his character, still he professed willingness to run all hazards incidental to traversing a country in arms to serve his benefactor. But short notice was essential for his equipment, and St. Maur left him to make the necessary preparations, whilst he resorted to the archiepiscopal closet to procure the pass, and report his adventures to the Coadjutor.

De Retz was extremely pleased at the manner in which he had extricated him from the consequences of the scrape, and closed up the avenue to inquiry, without involving a deadly quarrel with De Broussel, or compromising his clerical dignity with the public.

"But," continued De Retz, "though I am deeply indebted for avoiding a quarrel with the old man, and that springald, Du Tremblay, yet, believe me, monsieur, I do not shrink from the affair as relates to yourself. You have done me such excellent service," added the Coadjutor, rising from his chair, "and afforded such proofs of disinterested friendship, that I should be worse than ungrateful, not to waive all considerations of our relative positions, in affording monsieur the satisfaction he must undoubtedly require at my hands; and terminate the quarrel how it may, I feel, from my knowledge of his character, that it will be no interruption to our friendship, or his advancement."

This speech was uttered with more mannerism than usual with De

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Retz, whose style of converse was in general adroit, easy, and polished. It brought colour to the cheeks of the secretary, arising both from the feelings of the high consideration in which he had been treated, and of the erroneous ideas entertained by the prelate with respect to his connexion with the De Broussel family.

He hastened to assure monseigneur that he was deeply penetrated by these marks of kindness and condescension, but that it was impossible he could place himself in the honourable position alluded to by the prelate. He had no claim on the Coadjutor, inasmuch as he had no interest or sympathy with the family, save such as would naturally arise from the distress brought on a young maiden by the gratuitous error of Jocoso.

"Is it indeed so?" exclaimed De Retz. St. Maur, in reply, related how unsought on his part had been the office of *preux chevalier* on the occasion. He felt pity for the maiden, and his sympathies were excited when he had once entered on the service, which would, he thought, be feelingly appreciated by a brother Frondeur, and do no harm to the cause. But there terminated the matter so far as he was concerned—though he was much surprised at the discovery, that the very Mlle. De Broussel, who had been carried off, was the same lady who had excited the admiration of monseigneur.

"And whom I advised you to seek in marriage, you would say!" cried the prelate, "and which I still advise, and would therefore recommend Monsieur St. Maur to reflect ere he foregoes his claim at my hands. I foresee the delicacy in which he will find his honour placed, if he should hereafter prosecute his suit."

The youth again thanked the Coadjutor, and assured him it was impossible he could entertain any affection for the lady; he must, therefore, respectfully decline the prelate's offer.

"Then our business is concluded," cried De Retz, extending his hand. He added, after a pause, "Du Plessis, then, is still triumphant —but I fear lost for ever."

St. Maur blushed deeply, whilst the Coadjutor, who observed the effect, proceeded in his usual, half-serious, half jocular mode, to inform him that Noirmoutier, gained over by De Chevreuse's epistles, had just deserted from St. Cloud, and arrived safely in Paris. From a conversation with this gentleman, the prelate had ascertained that Du Plessis' influence over Queen and Cardinal was gone—that she, herself, had quitted the court, and it was currently reported, that chagrin at losing the royal favour, had induced her to take the veil in a convent in one of the provinces.

St. Maur heard this in deathly silence; he felt that the despair of his heart must be visible in his face, still he behaved with apparent composure, afraid to ask questions, yet anxious not to lose a particle of the narration. Nothing certain was known by the Coadjutor of the place of her retreat, or whether she had actually taken the veil, or was only performing her noviciate; the news had been communicated by Noirmoutier, as matter of court-gossip, and the incident of her taking the veil, ill-naturedly commented on at St. Cloud, as the usual refuge of despairing fair ones disgraced at court, and hopeless of regaining influence, or of forming a matrimonial alliance.

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The prelate continued retailing Noirmoutier's budget of news, but observing the blanched cheeks of St. Maur, changed the subject, and reverting to the De Broussel family, reiterated his thanks, assuring the youth that although his untamed spirit led him into admiration of mademoiselle, and would possibly—if for no other motive than spite to De Chevreuse—have engaged him in a wild adventure, ill befitting his profession, still he was innocent of Jocoso's attempt. He, however, felt it incumbent to assume the responsibility, as the artful rogue had been a confidant of his love-fit, and was his companion in watching the maiden in the church. He doubtless thought, added De Retz, that he was doing important service, and expected a large reward for extra diligence and promptitude.

"I see by your indignant looks," continued the prelate, "your notion, that he pays me a very bad, though perhaps deserved, compliment to my morality."

It was now St. Maur's turn to change the discourse, which he effected by requiring a pass for his servant, which the Coadjutor immediately complied with, smiling very mysteriously and archly, as he handed the document. He then pressed upon the youth, in spite of his reluctance to receive the present, an enamelled miniature, studded with diamonds, of Lorenzo de Medici, the gift of that wise prince to an ancestor of De Retz, whose family were of Italian origin; their original name of De Gondi being now merged in the territorial appellation of De Retz.

On retiring, the prelate requested that as soon as he had dispatched his own private affairs, he would repair to the Hôtel de Chevreuse, as there were matters of moment to be discussed.

St. Maur returned to his chamber with a heavy heart—even the polite offer of De Retz to measure swords with him, could not excite a smile. He was annoyed at not finding Jules, who at length making his appearance, did not seem much inclined to account for the delay in his absence. The youth, careless of the matter, hastened to provide him with money, arms, and the pass. He had, as he bitterly reflected, additional cause for hurrying off the man, and reiterated his instructions, that affairs of state required a knowledge of Madame Du Plessis' present abode, and what communication, if any, now existed between her and the court. He then saw his trusty aide-de-camp safe beyond the barriers, and recommending a circuitous route to avoid the scouts of Turenne's army, repaired to the domicile of the Duchess de Chevreuse.

It was the fashion of the age for the queen to receive her ministers, officers of state, and other functionaries, in her bedchamber, which at a certain hour of the morning, after breakfast, was usually crowded. Whether the custom originated in indolence, or not, we cannot say, but it involved no breach of decorum, and the morning levee in the bedchamber was as fully attended as a meeting in the council-room. Our readers will readily call to mind many pictures and engravings representing similar scenes; the sovereign apparently decorated for the occasion, and partially covered by the gorgeous coverlet of the bed; if a queen, attended by several ladies of honour, whilst around are grouped privy-counsellors of civilian aspect, intermixed with bluff

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militaires—here and there, a page, disposed according to the taste and skill of the artist.

The mode prevailed with Madame la Duchesse, or Madame la Comtesse, as the case might be, who, in imitation of courtly authority, received the train of flatterers and admirers—artists, poets seeking a patroness—and even the minor world of dancing and music-masters. Many of the comedies of La Molière have been recited by their author to an admiring group circled round the couch of some languishing duchess, dissipating the fatigues of the previous evening with *café noir*, that she might be in a condition to listen to the poet's scenes.

Our readers must not, therefore, be startled on finding that St. Maur, on his arrival at the Hôtel de Chevreuse, was ushered into the bedchamber of the duchess, where were assembled, De Retz, Beaufort, and other Frondeurs of quality, both gentlemen and of the fair sex. It was in fact a cabinet-council of the Fronde.

The chamber was on the principal floor, at the termination of a suite of reception-rooms—spacious in its proportions, carpeted, the walls wainscoted, and divided into richly-bordered panels, on which the artist had exercised his skill in depicting mythologic groups. The hangings and coverlet of the bed were of maroon velvet fringed with lace, and the linings of white satin, whilst the posts were surmounted with plumes of ostrich feathers. An open door—for on these occasions everything was adapted for display, not privacy—disclosed a dressing-closet, and magnificent toilet-table, the costly appendages of which cannot be better described than by our own Pope, making due allowance for several newly-invented articles of luxury, unknown to the Duchess de Chevreuse:—

> And now unveil'd the toilet stands display'd,
> Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
> Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
> The various offerings of the world appear.
> This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
> And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
> The tortoise here and elephant unite,
> Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
> Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
> Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.

The duchess, as may be supposed, had received the usual care at the hands of her tire-women, and appeared to St. Maur still more interesting and engaging, as she reclined against the soft pillows disposed so as to allow of her turning to address her friends standing or sitting on both sides the bed, than when moving majestically through the saloon or along the gay parterre. One, or both hands, of which she was justly very proud, were occasionally, with pardonable vanity, stretched over the velvet coverlet; and, as in the case of returning the salutation of the youth, drew attention to the slender jewelled fingers of the high-born dame.

The dark-featured Noirmoutier, a handsome man about forty years of age, her latest triumph, whom she had enticed from the court of

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her rival, Anne of Austria, was the hero of the hour, engaging most of her attention, as he sat by the bedside. St. Maur looked around for Isabelle de Chevreuse, but she was absent.

He soon discovered, that there was, as De Retz had informed him, important affairs to discuss. The duchess, as well as the Fronde generally, had found by experience, that as long as they remained cooped up in Paris, and the open country was in possession of the king's army, they could do nothing effectual with the court, and ran great risk the while of dissensions in their own body, which might cause a dissolution of the faction.

The duchess, who had much at stake in the success of the Fronde, had of late become much chagrined at the protracted nature of the contest; her hopes, in the commencement, rested in the expectation that the court would be forced into the demands of the Fronde, and that she should gain what she required for her family, as well as triumph over the queen.

Now that the prospect of accommodation appeared remote, she resolved to bring foreign aid to bear on the quarrel; and by her influence with the court of Spain, and with the Duke of Lorraine, she had, if the Fronde consented, induced the latter prince to march his well-disciplined army to Paris. There were, in addition, certain forces attached to the Prince of Condé,—his regiment of body-guards, and a large body of newly-raised, and half-disciplined, soldiers in the provinces, disposable at the service of the Fronde, raised chiefly on the prince's estates, and equipped at his expense. The city of Bourdeaux had also sent assurances of its adhesion to the Fronde, and other cities and towns in the south were disposed to follow the example; so that if a well-arranged plan of operations were attempted, it would have every chance of success.

A leader was required, a well-skilled and accomplished general to array and discipline the provincial army, and conduct it to Paris, to act in concert with the forces of the capital, and the expected foreign allies. The absence of the imprisoned Condé was severely felt, for his presence alone in Bourdeaux, or other cities of the provinces in his government, would be sufficient to raise an army.

The debate that ensued, though vitally interesting to the personages concerned, would have but little attraction for our readers; it is sufficient, therefore, for us to say, that after much discussion, Beaufort was declared on the whole the best fitted for the post of general; he had shown considerable ability in conducting the war raging round the capital, and he could be spared, as De Retz possessed equal influence with the various classes of citizens.

The question of accepting or rejecting the proffered foreign aid was not so easily disposed of; and it was remarked that St. Maur, who seldom joined in the debates—confining himself almost wholly to the duties of registering the proceedings of their various meetings—on this occasion spoke out openly and warmly against having recourse to a measure which would be the means of introducing foreign mercenaries into the kingdom, who would pillage their lands and houses, without consideration of party—making no distinction between Frondeur

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and Mazarinian—doing the work of Spain, the common enemy of France, and undoing all the glorious victories obtained by his royal highness over their ancient and inveterate foe.

The reasoning was good and patriotic, and met with sympathy from De Retz, Gourville, and the others; but the fear of losing all the promised spoil they had toiled for, and the chance even of being deprived, if the court were successful, of their present possessions, prevailed over patriotism; and that reasoning was held strongest, which promised the strongest aid.

The conditions of their future operations were at length definitively settled by the Duke of Beaufort accepting the commission of general of all the forces which were, or could be, raised out of Paris; the instructions were to conduct his levies to the capital without risking a battle with the royal army.

The Duchess De Chevreuse also gained her point in being allowed to write to the Duke of Lorraine, that his army should be permitted to enter the city of Paris, provided he did not make his appearance before the return of De Beaufort with the native forces. This last proviso was the fruit of De Retz's sagacity, who had an eye to the parliament, and knew from the trouble he had already experienced in his dealings with that corps, that the introduction of forces would be a sore subject, and difficult to reconcile to precedent. Gourville had produced a commission signed in blank by the Prince of Condé, conferring the command on whomsoever was designated of all the forces raised in his name, or under his sway. This had been filled up with the titles of the grandson of the fourth Henry, and De Retz considered that when he returned with the army raised in the south, the parliament, being then under the protection of their own countrymen, would have less scruple in permitting the approach of foreigners. It would be also a guarantee of security to all the Fronde; for no citizen, or Frenchman, could view, without at least some alarm, the capital partially occupied by armed strangers.

The duchess was playfully chiding St. Maur on his audacity in venturing to thwart her plans with the Duke of Lorraine, regretting the want of gallantry displayed in his first attempt to influence the Fronde, when their discourse was interrupted by the entrance of one of the tire-women, who spoke to madame in a whisper.

The duchess changed colour, but continued the conversation on the departure of the woman; a few moments only elapsed, and the same person returned, speaking as before, in a very low voice. De Chevreuse started in alarm, and turning to her friends, entreated their indulgence, as mademoiselle her daughter had been taken suddenly dangerously ill.

This communication immediately broke up the cabinet-council, and her friends briefly condoling with madame's distress, retired. De Retz, after requesting the secretary not to quit the hotel, left him to make inquiries after the health of Isabelle de Chevreuse.

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TO THE MEMORY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI.

Not for thy vain scholastic subtilties,
Industrious trifles which the unwiser prize,
The brood of self-will, eager to submit
The lore Above to Man's presumptuous wit,—
Of false-styled *doctors*, daring to decide
The limits of that mercy spreading far and wide;
Culling the sacred garden's fruit to feed
Their own proud hearts, and false distinctions breed,
Endless distinctions, which the weak mislead;—
Not for thy skill, wherewith thou didst assign
Motions and causes for Decree Divine,—
From the far shores of younger Time to me
Dear are the echoes of Thy Memory!
Vain hope, O Dante! *now*, or *then*, to sound
The unfathomed deeps of Mercy's love profound!
Or then, or now, vain hope that Man resolve
The solemn Discord, and the Concord solve.
Impious desire, counsel far worse than *vain*,
The All-Perfect Will and Justice to profane,
And God's wide Laws with Man's self-will constrain.
No,—in Thy song the voice of Truth I greet,
Of Wisdom eloquent the accent sweet:
The Thought and Feeling of thy *nobler* page
Breathes forth a Spirit mightier than its Age;
A soul that bowed not to the Churchman's throne,
When the full Heart the nobler Creed would own,
Aroused by Heaven-born impulse to defend
The cause of Conscious Truth, which Churchmen wrench
and bend.

And bright the ardour of thy Spirit's flame,
When glows thy verse with Freedom's sacred Name:
The *inward* Freedom didst thou vindicate,—
The love-born power of the Soul elate
To soar on wing sublime above the storms of Fate!

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ODDS AND ENDS.

BY R. M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

No. XIV.

DISCOURSE ON THE PASSION OF LOVE.

(AN INEDITED FRAGMENT, BY BLAISE PASCAL.)

MAN is born to think, and, in truth, at no moment of his existence is he without thought: but those pure trains of thought which, could he always sustain them, would make him happy, fatigue, and at last exhaust him. There is a uniformity in them to which he cannot accommodate himself. He requires excitement and activity; that is to say, it is necessary for him to be occasionally agitated by those passions, of whose deep and living fountains his heart is so conscious.

The passions most in accordance with man's nature, and which comprehend many others, are love and ambition: they have scarcely anything in common, and yet they are not unfrequently found in combination; but they mutually weaken, nay more, it may almost be said that they cancel each other.

Whatever may be the extent of man's intellectual powers, he is capable of but one ruling passion; it is for this reason, that when love and ambition are combined, their empire extends but to the half of what either, separately, would attain. Age sets limits neither to the commencement nor to the extinction of these two passions; they are born with man's earliest years, and not unfrequently accompany him to the grave. Nevertheless, as they demand much fire, the young are more apt for them, and it seems that they should abate with age: this, however, is very rarely the case.

Man's life is miserably short. It is usually calculated from the time of his first entrance into the world; for my part, I should take no account of it until he begins to be disquieted by his reason, and this seldom happens until he has attained the age of twenty. Before that epoch, he is a child: and a child is not yet a man.

Happy is the life which begins with love, and terminates with ambition! Had I to choose my own course of existence, this would be my choice. So long as one's fire lasts, one is capable of inspiring love; but that fire burns out and disappears: then, how fair and noble is the place left for ambition! A stirring life is suited to high intellects only, those of a lower class find no pleasure in it; everywhere their action is mechanical. It is for this reason that a life, commencing with love and ending with ambition, is the happiest state of which human nature is capable.

In proportion as the intellect is greater, the passions are stronger; because, the passions being nothing else than sentiments and thoughts which are peculiarly the province of the mind, although they are occasioned by the body, it is evident that they are nothing but the

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mind itself, and that thus they absorb its entire powers. I speak only of the more violent passions; for, with regard to the others, they are frequently jumbled together until they form a most unmanageable chaos: but this never is the case in highly intellectual people. In a great soul, everything is great.

It is asked—ought we to love? This is a question that should not be asked; the reply must be intuitively felt. We do not deliberate upon it, we are urged to it involuntarily, and we do but delude ourselves when we reason upon it.

Clearness of intellect produces a corresponding distinctness in the passion; this is why a great and clear intellect loves ardently, and is distinctly aware of what it loves.

There are two species of intellect; the one geometrical, the other what may be termed analytical.

The perceptions of the former are slow, hard, and inflexible; but there is a subtlety or ductility in the thoughts of the latter, which enables it to apply them at the same time to the different component parts of the object beloved. The eyes are the channel by which it penetrates to the heart, which, from external circumstances, becomes aware of its internal emotions.

To him who has these two kinds of intellect united, how pleasurable is love! For he possesses, at one and the same time, the strength and the flexibility of mind, which is indispensable *pour l'éloquence de deux personnes.**

We are born with a bias towards love in our hearts, the tendency of which increases in proportion as the mind advances towards perfection, and inclines to love what is to our eyes beautiful, without teaching from others. Who, then, can imagine that we are sent into the world for any other purpose than to love? In short, disguise it as we will from ourselves, we always love; even in those relations from which love is apparently a thing apart, it may still be found lurking in ambush, and man's existence is impossible for a single moment without it. Man is not made to dwell within himself; he loves; it cannot be, then, but that he must seek, without, an object for his love. He finds it nowhere but in the beautiful; and as he is himself the most beautiful of created beings, it is in himself that he must seek the type of that beauty which he requires in another. Every one may observe the first dawning of it in his own mind, and, according as he perceives that external objects resemble or differ from it, he forms his conceptions of the attractive and of the repulsive in all things. Nevertheless, although man seeks wherewith to fill the great void which he has occasioned by issuing out of himself, at the same time every sort of object is not capable of satisfying him. His heart is too vast; he requires the counterpart of himself, or, at least, something that resembles him as nearly as possible. It is for this reason that the beauty, which can satisfy man, consists not only in suitableness, but in resemblance to himself. It must combine identity in nature with opposition in sex.

Nature has so fully imprinted this truth on our minds, that we find ourselves naturally disposed to receive it, without either art or study

* M. Cousin declares the word *éloquence* to be an error of the transcriber of the M.S. This being the case, I leave the phrase without attempting to translate it.

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on our part; it would even seem as though we have a place left in our hearts to be filled, and which, of necessity, must be filled. But this is more easily felt than expressed.

Although this general idea of beauty is deeply engraven on our hearts, in ineffaceable characters, it fails not to undergo considerable modifications in its particular application; but this is only in the view we take of what is pleasing. For we do not wish for mere beauty, but require in it a thousand peculiarities which depend upon our individual disposition: and it is in this sense that every one may be said to possess within himself an original of beauty, of which he roams through the world seeking a copy.

Nevertheless, woman frequently modifies that original. As she possesses absolute power over the mind of man, she imprints upon it those features of beauty which she possesses, or those which she values; and superadds, by this means, what pleases herself to his original idea of the beautiful. This is why there is a century of blondes, another of brunettes; and the difference of taste, amongst women, in the appreciation of the one or the other, causes the difference of taste amongst men also, at the same epoch, with regard to the one or the other.

Even fashion and difference of country in many cases regulate what beauty is. It is strange that habit should have so strong an influence on our passions. Notwithstanding this, every one has his own standard of beauty, by which he assays others, and with which he compares them; it is on this principle that a lover considers his mistress the perfection of beauty, and sets her up as a model.

Beauty may assume a thousand different forms; but for man, its most suitable exponent is woman. When she has talent, she animates and sets it off wonderfully. If a woman desires to please, and possesses the advantages of perfect, or, at least, of partial beauty, she will succeed; and, if men pay but the slightest homage to it, will make herself beloved by them, without effort on her side. There is an unoccupied place in their hearts; she is its natural tenant.

Man is born for pleasure; he feels that it is so; no other proof is necessary. Consequently he acts reasonably in providing pleasure for himself. But very frequently he feels passion in his heart, without knowing by what means it was kindled.

A real or a false pleasure may equally absorb the mind. For, what matters it that the pleasure be false if we be persuaded that it is true? By dint of discoursing on love, we become subject to its empire: nothing is so easy. It is man's most natural passion.

Love has no age; it is a constant succession of new births. The poets tell us so; and it is for this reason that they represent him to us under the figure of a child. We do not question nor argue upon it; we feel it intuitively.

Love inspires talent, and supports itself upon talent. Love is full of contrivances. Day by day, we exhaust the means of pleasing; nevertheless, make ourselves agreeable we must, and we do make ourselves agreeable.

We are, by nature, prone to that species of self-flattery, which represents us to ourselves as capable of interesting others: this is what causes our great satisfaction in being loved. As we desire it ardently,

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so we detect it very quickly, and read it in the eyes of those who love us. For the eyes are the interpreters of the heart; although he only who has an interest there can understand their language.

Man, by himself, is an imperfect being; his happiness depends on his finding the complement of himself. He generally seeks her in his own rank, because liberty and opportunity for revealing himself are there most easily met with. Nevertheless, he sometimes seeks her in a rank more elevated than his own, and feels his flame gain head without daring to confess it to her who is its cause.

When love is accompanied by inequality of condition, ambition may mingle with its first stage; but, in a short time, love takes the first place. It is a tyrant which brooks no rival: it would reign alone; every passion must obey and bow down before it.

A lofty attachment fills the heart of man far more completely than a common and equal one; trifles float in its immensity; that only which is great takes root and grows there.

How many things are written which can only be proved by forcing those for whom they were written to reflect upon themselves, and thus discover the truth of what is proclaimed. To this test let what I say be subjected.

When a man has any delicacy of mind, he is fastidious in love. For as he must be moved by some object foreign to himself, if there be in it anything repugnant to his ideas, he detects and flees from it. This delicacy is the measure of the purity, the nobleness, the sublimity of the reason. Thus a man may consider himself delicate, without being so in reality, and others may justly condemn him; whilst, as regards beauty, every individual has his own sovereign law, independent of all others. At the same time, it must be allowed that there is a medium between the perfection of refinement, and the total want of it; whenever we wish to be delicate we are not far from being so, absolutely. Women love to see delicacy in men, and this, in my opinion, is the most irresistible weapon wherewith to assail them. They are flattered by perceiving that a thousand others are valueless, and that they alone are held to be beyond price.

The qualities of the mind cannot be acquired by habit, although it may ripen them. From this, it is easy to perceive that mental refinement is a gift of nature, not a fruit of study.

In proportion as we have more talent, we find more original beauties, but that this may be so, we must not be in love; for then we are impressionable but to one only beauty.

May we not, then, suppose, that as often as a woman issues forth from herself to imprint her image on the heart of another, she leaves a place open for him in her own? Yet I know some who deny the truth of this. But can it be regarded as inexact? Is it not natural to render back as much as we have received?

A constant dwelling on a single idea fatigues and weakens the human mind. For this reason, it is sometimes advantageous to the durability and (a word omitted) of the delights of love, to forget our passion for a while; and in this we are guilty of no infidelity, inasmuch as we do not change the object of our love. We do this without being aware of it; the mind takes this direction spontaneously; nature orders it

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so—will have it so. It must, however, be allowed that this is a degrading consequence of our human nature, and that our happiness would be greater were we not forced to vary our thoughts; but it is irremediable.

If the love which dares not disclose itself has its tortures, it has its consolations also. How transported are we so to regulate all the actions of our life as to make them acceptable to a person for whom we entertain boundless esteem! We examine ourselves, day by day, to discover means of displaying ourselves to advantage, and spend as much time in this study as though we could hope to communicate our thoughts to her whom we love. Our eyes are bright and dim at the same moment, and although we see not clearly that she who causes all this disorder deigns to remark it, we enjoy a high satisfaction in all the emotions we experience for a person so worthy of them; we would fain have a hundred tongues to make our sentiments known; but as speech is forbidden us, our only resource is in the eloquence of action.

Thus far, we are never without enjoyment; our thoughts are in constant exercise; consequently we are happy. For the secret of keeping up a constant passion is, never to allow any void to exist in our mind, never to let it wander from the object which so agreeably affects it. But when it is in the state I have just described, it cannot long continue there, because, being the single actor in a passion in which two are indispensable, it can scarcely avoid exhausting, in a short time, all the emotions of which it is capable.

Although it still remains the same passion, it must have new phases; the mind delights in such; and he who knows how to create them, knows how to make himself beloved.

After having reached the culminating point, this fulness sometimes diminishes, and, receiving no aid for the source of inspiration, wanes miserably, whilst the contrary passion takes possession of the heart, which they tear into a thousand pieces. Nevertheless, a single breath of hope, however faint, will cause the flame to burst forth as high as before. This is a game which women delight to play; but sometimes, in putting on a semblance of compassion, they yield to it in reality. Happy he who is such a case!

A strong and durable love always begins with the eloquence of action; the eyes are the principal actors. Nevertheless, much must be guessed and interpreted by conjecture.

When two persons entertain the same sentiment, they do not guess, or, at least, only one guesses what the other would say, without that other understanding it, or daring to understand it.

When we love, we seem to ourselves entirely changed from what we previously were. For instance, we imagine that all the world is aware of it; and yet, nothing is more untrue. But, because our reason is clouded by passion, we are discouraged, we are continually distrustful both of ourselves and of others.

When we love, we are persuaded that we should discover the passion in another; consequently, we are apprehensive lest others should discover it in us.

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The longer the road of love is, the more pleasure does a delicate mind experience.

There are certain minds which must, for a long time, be fed on hopes; these are delicate minds. There are others which cannot long persevere against obstacles; these are minds of a coarser order. The first love longer, and with a better grace; the others more instantaneously, and with greater licence; but their love soon ceases.

The first effect of love is to inspire deep respect; we reverence what we love. What is more natural than this? We recognise nothing in the world as its equal.

Authors but ill describe to us the feelings with which love inspired their heroes: in order to depict them well, they must themselves be heroes.

The error of loving several objects is as capital a defect of the mind as injustice.

In love, silence is greater than speech. It is good to be tongue-tied: there is an eloquence in silence that penetrates deeper than words can ever reach. A lover is never so persuasive with his mistress as when his thoughts are too big for utterance—provided that, in other circumstances, he have talent. However great his vivacity, in certain conjunctures it is good that it be subdued. For all these niceties, rules and study are of no avail; the mind must be inspired by the exigencies of the case, and act impromptu.

We often adore an object which has no suspicion of our adoration, and fail not to preserve towards it an inviolable fidelity, in spite of its unconsciousness; but, for this to be the case, the love must be very pure and very refined.

We are acquainted with the mental qualities of men, and, consequently, with their passions, by the comparisons we draw between ourselves and them. I am of his opinion who said, "In love we forget fortune, parents, friends:" to such lengths can a strong attachment lead us. The reason that we are capable of such excesses in love is, that we cannot conceive the possibility of our needing anything beyond the object of our love. The mind is full; there is no longer room either for care or for disquietude. Passion cannot exist without excess; hence it happens that we become indifferent to the opinion of the world, which ought not, we feel assured, to condemn our conduct, since it is the result of reason. When the flood of passion is at its height, reflection is at its lowest ebb.

It is rather a law of nature than the force of custom which prompts man's advances to gain the love of woman.

This forgetfulness of self, which love causes, and this attachment to what we love, give birth to qualities of which we were previously unconscious; those become magnificent who before were mean.

Even a miser, who loves, becomes generous, and forgets that he was ever habitually the reverse. The reason will be found in the fact that there are certain passions which close up the heart and render it apathetic, whilst there are others which enlarge and expand it. The name of reason has very improperly been stolen from love, and the one has been contradistinguished from the other on very insuffi-

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cient grounds; for love and reason are one and the same thing: love is a precipitation of reason in a single direction, without sufficient caution, but it is still reason, and we should not and cannot wish it otherwise; it would reduce us to the condition of mechanical agents, of a very disagreeable class. Let us not, then, exclude reason from love, since the one is inseparable from the other. The poets were in error when they painted Love blind. We must unbind his fillet, and restore to him, henceforth, the blessing of sight. Souls fitted for love require a life of action, which glitters with a succession of new incidents. As the interior is in constant movement, so also must the exterior be, and this mode of existence is a wonderful furtherance to the passion. It is for this reason the frequenters of the court are more favoured in love than the denizens of the city, because the former are all fire, whilst the latter lead a uniform life, devoid of any striking features. A stirring career strikes, astonishes, and interests.

It would seem that there is a real difference between a soul that loves and a soul that is insensible to love: we rise, by the influence of this passion, until all our ideas are surrounded by a halo of grandeur; everything must be in proportion; the absence of such proportion ruffles, to a certain extent, our mental enjoyment.

The agreeable and the beautiful are essentially the same; this is the universally-received notion; it is of moral beauty that I would be understood to speak, which consists of words and actions; there is, no doubt, a law which determines the agreeable, a certain conformation of body is essential to it, however, and this cannot be acquired. Man has deluded himself by imagining a standard of the agreeable so perfect that no one can attain to it. Let us be more reasonable, and confess that it is the genuine, combined with an ease and liveliness which take us by surprise. In love these two qualities are indispensable; there must be nothing forced, and, at the same time, no trace of faint-heartedness. Practice supplies the rest.

Respect and love should be so equally proportioned that each may strengthen the other. Respect should rather stimulate than overpower love.

Noble minds are not those which love most frequently—that is, with violent passion. A flood of passion is required to destroy their equilibrium and to overwhelm them. But when they do love, their love is far more precious.

It is said that some nations are more impressionable to love than others. The expression is incorrect; or, at least, it is not true in every sense. As love is strictly an ideal attachment, it is clear that it must be the same in all countries. At the same time, as it results in other functions than the ideal, climate may augment it in some degree; but only in its material sense.

It is with love as with good sense. When a man believes that he is equally talented with another, he persuades himself that he is capable of loving in the same manner. Nevertheless, he that has most penetration discovers and loves many things which are hidden from the eyes of his rival. It requires considerable tact to draw this distinction.

It is scarcely possible to feign love, without being almost a lover, either of her whom we would deceive, or of some other person. For

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such feigning requires that we possess the thoughts and feelings peculiar to love. Without this, how can we express them? The truth of the passions is more difficult to counterfeit than the truths of philosophy. Fire, activity, a prompt and easy tact, are indispensable to the former; the latter may lurk under an appearance of dulness and pliancy: and this is more easily assumed.

When absent from her we love, we plan many things that we will say or do; but in her presence, our resolution fails us. Whence comes this? It is because when absent our reason is in a state of equilibrium, which is unaccountably shaken in the presence of the beloved object. Now, in resolution, firmness is a necessary ingredient; all is lost by vacillation.

In love, we dare run no risks, because we are in dread of losing all: yet we must go forward; but who can determine to what point? We are in constant tremor until that point is reached: and when reached, it is beyond the power of prudence itself to ensure the stability of our position.

There is nothing so embarrassing to a lover as to observe some favourable symptom, which he dares not credit. He vacillates between hope and fear, but the latter carries the day ultimately.

For him who loves deeply, there is always novelty in each meeting with his mistress. A momentary absence has left a void in his heart. With what joy does he again find himself in her presence! His mind is relieved of a heavy burthen of uneasiness.

In this state of the passion, however, considerable progress must have been made; for when it is budding, and we have made no progress, although there be a relief from one uneasiness, it is replaced by others.

But whilst heart-aches thus succeed each other, we cease not to long for the presence of our mistress, in the hope of suffering less. And yet, when we see her, we fancy our suffering greater than ever. By-gone aches no longer affect us; the actual ones rack us, and it is upon them that we form our judgment. Is not a lover, in this stage of the passion, worthy of commiseration?

NO. XV.

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING ESSAY, BY M. COUSIN.

Of all the discoveries, great or small, which I have lately made concerning Pascal, this is unquestionably the most unexpected. We have not to do here with a mystical letter or two addressed to his sisters or to Mademoiselle Roannez, nor with scattered materials for his great work, *Les Pensées*, nor with sketches of a new *Provinciale*, nor, in short, with any work of the last epoch of Pascal's life, of that portion of it now so familiar to every one, and abounding in memorials, all impressed with the same stamp, that, namely, of a devotion oscillating between the sublime and the ridiculous; a devotion which repudiates reason, rejects the natural distinction between good and evil, between the just and the unjust; which plays at pitch-and-toss for the

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existence of God, reduces us to the level of brutes in order that we may have faith, and looks upon marriage as Deicide. It has been my fortune to throw light upon a very different period of that life, which was so soon cut short; to save from oblivion a writing of quite another character, the subject of which would seem to have been borrowed rather from the Hotel de Rambouillet than from Port Royal.

What, then, is this subject?—Love.

Yes, love; and love not divine, but human, with its train of grandeur and littleness, at once sublime and grovelling, appealing now to the soul and now to the body. Such, in truth, is the subject which has elicited from Pascal a discourse after the manner of those of the *Banquet*, but in which Platonism is greatly softened down, a discourse written with the freedom which becomes a philosopher and a man of the world, and with that deep acquaintance with the passion which cannot be taught by books.

Yet more; this singular work unfolds an Art of Love, very different, it is true, from that of Ovid, but which, from its very subtlety, demonstrates an experience of no common order.

I know not whether I deceive myself, but in more than one passage I fancy that I feel the throbbings of a still troubled heart, and that in the chaste and tender emotion with which the author depicts the secret charm of what he terms *a lofty attachment*, I catch the involuntary echo and the mysterious disclosure of an affection which Pascal must have entertained for some woman of the world. A man does not write thus of the innermost feelings of the heart until he has experienced their power. Besides, is it conceivable that a person of serious pursuits, like Pascal, would amuse himself with dissertations on love to make parade of wit and cleverness? Pascal never wrote unless under the influence of irrepressible feelings, which he soothed by giving utterance to them. In him, it is the *man* that arouses and sustains the *writer*. Either I am greatly deceived, or this discourse reveals some mystery in the private life of Pascal, which will never, perhaps, be entirely cleared up.

You are greatly surprised; nor was I less so, when, amidst a collection of obscure manuscripts, I lighted upon this brilliant fragment. I felt as though I were in a dream; I asked myself whether these pages were really from the pen of M. Singlin's penitent, the author of the *Pensées* and the *Provinciales*. But could I entertain a doubt of the fact? Have we not before us his ardent and lofty style—here his genius, there his passion—his powerful and subtle phraseology—his tone, which I should recognise among a thousand? This guarded and piquant phrase would incline you to suspect that La Bruyère was the author, until the energy and grandeur of the context oblige you to abandon any such idea. The subject in itself precludes our attributing it to Bossuet. There remains only Descartes; but, as I have elsewhere said, in Descartes, the art of composition was not given in proportion to his genius. To Pascal, then, must we adjudge this fragment; every line of it is signed with his name.

Again, this is not a mere conjecture of my own. Others before me, in the seventeenth century, persons connected with Port Royal, who were acquainted with Pascal and his family—the Benedictines I

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mean—attributed the fragment to him. This brings me to inform you where and how I discovered it.

There is a heap of MSS. in the *Bibliothèque Royale*, almost unknown; a mine rich indeed, but little worked, brought from the abbey of *St. Germain-des-Prés*, which, having been collected, as it would seem, after all the other MSS. of that learned abbey had been verified and classed, has received the somewhat strange title of *Résidu de St. Germain*. This residue contains some choice pieces. Guided by an excellent catalogue, I there met with a manuscript of the seventeenth century, in quarto, No. 74, inscribed, "Nicole on Grace;" another work in MS. In the first page is a table of the contents of this quarto volume: 1. M. Nicole's System of Grace. 2. Whether the dispute concerning Universal Grace be not a mere dispute about words. 3. A Discourse on the Passion of Love, by M. Pascal. 4. M. de St. Evremond's Letters upon False Devotion. 5. Preparation for the Pulpit. On catching sight of this title, "Discourse on the Passion of Love, by M. Pascal," I turned at once, as you will readily imagine, to the middle of the volume; I there found the same title, with this slight variation, "*attributed* to M. Pascal."

My curiosity was greatly excited. This discourse occupied about twenty pages; if authentic, it was the most important of all the inedited pieces by Pascal I had as yet met with. Add to this the unusual interest of the subject! At the very first phrase I recognised Pascal, and my conviction was strengthened as I proceeded. Any one acquainted with the *Pensées* will discover proof upon proof. The discourse is unfinished, and as the manuscript of the Abbey of St. Germain is not an autograph, but merely a copy, there are two or three phrases, probably ill-transcribed, which are defective. It is probable, also, that this essay was not intended for publication, and that the author had not put the finishing touches to it; but, from beginning to end, we trace the pen of Pascal, the geometrical spirit which never leaves him, his favourite expressions, his habitual phrases, his distinction, so truly established, between reason and understanding, and other innumerable peculiarities of the same sort, which occur in every page of the *Pensées*.

If proofs more positive still are required, we have them here. There occurs in the fragment the following phrase: "There are two species of intellect, the one geometrical, the other what may be termed analytical." Is not this the idea which is developed in paragraph 2 of article X., in the first part of Bossuet's edition of the *Pensées?* And again: "In proportion as we have more talent, we find more original beauties." This is the same remark upon beauty which is made concerning men in general, in paragraph 1 of the same article X.

The same thoughts, the same phrases, the same spirit, the same manner. I will carry the demonstration no further. This fragment is Pascal's, beyond a doubt. It was believed to be his at St. Germain, the internal evidence is conclusive; it is not a probable supposition, it is an unquestionable fact. It remains to be shown how this fact is possible. Where do we find in Pascal's life the circumstances under which his heart and mind could have produced such a discourse? This is the problem we have to solve.

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We are scarcely acquainted with Pascal, except under two characters:—the young student exhausting himself in abstruse and immortal labours, and the recluse of Port-Royal, composing the *Provinciales* and preparing the *Pensées*. But there is still a third:—the man of the world, who, without rushing into excesses, lived the common life of the world, followed its ordinary path, shared in its tastes, its passions, its errors. Something of all this has been hinted at, in late times, and it may be proved beyond possibility of question.

Pascal, a gentleman by birth, brought up in the best principles, surrounded by the best examples, possessed, in common with all the respectable people of his day, a fund of religious feeling, which sometimes slumbered, but was never entirely extinguished. At Rouen, at the age of four-and-twenty, in 1646, under the influence of M. Guillebert, Pascal, who up to that time had devoted himself to the study of mathematics, fell ill, and became a devotee of religion. He was converted, according to the phrase of the day, and, with that enthusiasm which characterised every circumstance of his life, aided by the influence which he already possessed, converted all his family; his two sisters, Gilberte and Jacqueline, and even his father, Etienne Pascal. This fervor of religion endured and constantly increased in Jacqueline, but in Pascal himself it burned out, little by little, and seemed indeed to be completely extinguished, when, in 1652, after his father's death, having entire control over his conduct and his fortune, he entered into the gay world of Paris. He did so, at first, in obedience to the advice of his physicians, who had forbidden study of every sort; afterwards, and by degrees, he acquired a taste for this new course of life, and plunged into it deeper and deeper, until the end of the year 1654, when, all at once, he fled with disgust from the dissipations in which he had wasted several years, and retired to Port-Royal, there to devote himself entirely to the service of God. This is what is called the second and last conversion of Pascal. This second fit of devotion, which brought forth fruits very different from the first, inasmuch as it sprung from a far deeper experience of human life, continued day by day to increase, and terminated only with his life, in 1662. It is clear that there was an interval of several years, from 1652 to the end of 1654, during which Pascal was a man of the world. What were his pursuits during these three years? We know not *them*, but we know *Pascal;* we know that he did nothing by halves, and we may conclude that having once become a worldling, his ardent, curious, insatiable character would lead him, if not to license, at least to the utmost bounds of liberty.

Madame Périer, in her Memoir of her brother's life, throws a pious veil over these years of dissipation; she speaks of them in these ambiguous terms: "The physicians were of opinion that, in order to the entire re-establishment of his health, it was necessary that he should renounce study of every kind, and seek all possible opportunities of diverting his mind. My brother yielded unwilling obedience to this advice, but at last complied with it. He flattered himself that innocent amusement could do him no harm, and entered into society. But, although by the blessing of God, he kept himself free from vice,

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nevertheless, as Providence had fitted him for purer and better things, it did not leave him long exposed to the temptations of the world."

Such is the language of his excellent sister: and we have another account, from the pen of a man well acquainted with the matter, the accurate author of the notice upon Pascal, forming part of the 'Recueil de plusieurs pièces pour servir à l'histoire de Port-Royal, Utrecht, 1740:' "M. Blaise Pascal had no taste for the retirement of his sister (Jacqueline), for his character was greatly changed. As he had been forbidden to study, he entered gradually into general society, and passed his time in gaming and amusement. He did so, at first, with moderation, but latterly he gave himself up entirely to vanity, frivolity, and pleasure. His father's death increased his means and opportunities for pursuing this course of life; but when he was on the point of contracting indissoluble engagements with the world, of marrying and accepting civil employment, God touched his heart." In the same notice: "His sister, the recluse of Port-Royal, was deeply grieved at seeing him who had taught her to know the nothingness of the world, absorbed more and more by its vanities, until he had almost entangled himself with it by ties which could not be broken."

It would seem that Pascal indulged in habits of considerable luxury and ostentation, for, when the Neuilly adventure happened to him, he was "in a carriage drawn by four or six horses," says the memoir already cited, "and such was his custom."

Since Pascal had thoughts of marriage, we may naturally suppose that he paid attention to women, and sought their society. He belonged to a good family, long ennobled, was in possession of a handsome fortune, had considerable reputation as a man of talent, and was in every way well-connected. His noble countenance remains to us in his portrait; his eyes were large and brilliant; and in those days of romantic gallantry, *à la Scudery* and *à la Corneille*, Pascal, young, handsome, languid from ill-health and ardent by temperament, impetuous and sensible, proud and melancholy, could scarcely fail to appear in an interesting and original character. This was in the busy times of the Fronde. Wit, intrigue, and love, concentrated into one focus every thing that was most distinguished. From the scattered remains of the Hôtel de Rambouillet were collected the Hôtel d'Albret, the Hôtel de Richelieu, and many other circles equally celebrated. In 1652, Madame de Sablé, Madame de la Suze, Madame de Lafayette, Madame Scarron, Madame de Coulanges, Madame de Sévigné, and in a sphere still higher, but not far removed, Madame de Longueville, Madame de Guémenée, La Palatine, Madame de Lesdiguières, were some of them in the prime of their youth, the rest still very beautiful, and all passionate in their admiration for talent of every description. It is very possible that in this brilliant society, into which Pascal was admitted and welcomed, he may have encountered some person, of a rank superior to his own, for whom he may have conceived a strong attachment, which he kept shut up in his own heart, scarcely venturing to give it utterance to himself in the ardent but guarded language of this enigmatic treatise. Love was not, in those days,

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regarded as a weakness; it was the characteristic of great minds and bold hearts. Nothing, then, is more natural than that Pascal should have wanted both the will and the power to resist the tender passion, and that he too, like Descartes, should have worshipped the Blind God.

The taste for the world must have been strong indeed in Pascal, for him to have resisted so long his sister Jacqueline's warnings and entreaties. On the death of their father, she had retired to Port-Royal, at the age of six-and-twenty, and had there taken the veil, under the name of sister Euphemia. She conjured her brother, unceasingly, to burst his bonds, and give himself up to the service of God. At length, in 1654, he met with that shocking accident at Neuilly, by which he had nearly lost his life, on a fête-day, in the midst of his dissipations. Pascal must have been greatly shaken by it, yet not sufficiently so to be at once detached from worldly thoughts; he experienced, as yet, but some fleeting feelings of penitence. When Jacqueline, in a valuable letter, dated 25th January, 1655, (Recueil d'Utrecht, p. 263,) relates to her sister, Madame Périer, the history of their brother's conversion, the efforts which she had made, and which had for so long a time proved fruitless, the following words escape her: "He must, at that time, have been bound by some horrible ties to have resisted the grace which God vouchsafed him, and its secret workings within him." If we are not to understand in too tragic a sense these *horrible ties*, of which Jacqueline speaks with Jansenist exaggeration, we may at least suspect him of habits altogether worldly, although free from licentiousness; perhaps, even of some misplaced love, some chaste and lofty attachment.

No. XVI.

LES ILLUSTRES FOURREAUX.

The Charivari is always witty, but sometimes, perhaps—more witty than wise—inclined to sacrifice a good principle to a *bon mot*. The *sobriquet* which it has applied to Marshal Soult is one of the instances to which I allude. The satire it is intended to convey, reacts upon its author, inasmuch as the term, perfectly applicable as it is, redounds to the credit of the assailed, and gives one but a low opinion of the good sense of the assailant. The squib, after all, is but a squib, and we need hardly call out the fire-engines to extinguish so small a thing, but it furnishes a good argument for a chapter on peace and war, and as such it is pressed into the service.

It must have been a gratifying sight to witness the meeting of the two most illustrious Fourreaux in Europe, at the time of the queen's coronation. To see Soult and Wellington, who had last met in one of the most bloody and obstinately contested battles of modern times, exchanging friendly greetings, and, seated at the same board, as host and guest, pledging each other in convivial bumpers. With how much greater delight does the imagination dwell on such a scene as this, than on the so-called glorious fields of Waterloo or Toulouse! There

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men, created in the image of their Maker, were slain by thousands, generals by scores; whole regiments were mowed down by grape and round shot; heaps of dead and wounded served as ramparts to the combatants on either side; artillery, cavalry, rattled, galloped over a bed of human carcasses, and the thunder of a hundred pieces of cannon pealed uninterruptedly over the scene of slaughter. Here, men, foolishly misnamed natural foes, have laid aside their enmities: in place of "drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard," they have unbuckled and put off their arms; have clasped hands in token of amity and good-will; and, as they raise their glasses to their lips, wish happiness and prosperity each to the other's father-land. Honour to the brave who have done their duty in War; but double honour to the wise-as-brave, who for a quarter of a century have secured to us the blessings of Peace!

"Human wisdom has been manifested in nothing more conspicuously than in civil institutions for repressing war, retaliation, and passionate resort to force, among the citizens of the same state. But here it has stopped. Government, which is ever at work to restrain the citizen at home, often lets him loose, and arms him with fire and sword against other communities, sends out hosts for desolation and slaughter; and concentrates the whole energies of a people in the work of spreading misery and death. Government, the peace-officer at home, breathes war abroad, organises it into a science, reduces it into a system, makes it a trade, and applauds it as if it were the most honourable work of nations. Strange, that the wisdom which has so successfully put down the wars of individuals, has never been inspired and emboldened to engage in the task of bringing to an end the more gigantic crimes and miseries of public war! But this universal pacification, until of late, has hardly been thought of; and in reading history we are almost tempted to believe, that the chief end of government in promoting internal quiet, has been to accumulate greater resources for foreign hostilities. Bloodshed is the staple of history; and men have been butchered and countries ravaged, as if the human frame had been constructed with such exquisite skill only to be mangled, and the earth covered with fertility only to attract the spoiler."

Were any proof wanting to show how inconsistent is the spirit of the age,—this extolled nineteenth century,—with the true spirit of civilization, it might be found in the stars and ribbons of military knighthood, which are held to be the most honourable badges a subject can earn, or a sovereign bestow. The triumphs of mind are so lightly esteemed in comparison with the triumphs of physical force, that civic knighthood has come to be regarded rather in the light of a disgrace than of an honour. How poor a figure does a James Watt or an Isambert Brunel cut by the side of a Grand Cross of the Bath! and yet to which of the two is the human race the most beholden? which of the two has achieved the most durable at once, and most original victory? Another than Nelson might have gained the battle of Trafalgar, another than Wellington that of Waterloo, but to Watt alone was it given to discover the steam-engine, to Brunel alone to conceive the possibility of crossing the Thames at London by a sub-

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terranean passage. And yet, whilst we daily reap the benefits conferred upon us by these men and others, who have cultivated the arts of peace and useful industry, we reserve our chief applause and admiration—ungrateful that we are—for the fortunate soldier who has presided over the bloody butchery of a battle-field, destroyed cities, carried desolation into fruitful fields; who has scourged whole provinces with famine and with the sword; and changed thousands of happy families into mournful groups of widows and orphans. Our Christianity is strongly leavened with the old Paganism of our Teutonic ancestors; "one of the chief articles of whose creed it was, that a man dying on the field of battle, was transported at once to the hall of their god Odin, a terrible paradise, there to quaff for ever delicious draughts from the skulls of his enemies." We have had a better Evangel preached to us, but for any practical effect it has produced within us, the message might as well have remained untold. We no longer look to this *terrible paradise*, it is true, as the crowning reward of a career as terrible; but we act as though the only path to glory lay through the horrors of war; as though science, philosophy, piety, philanthropy, were but pale, ineffectual lights beside the baneful glare of military exploits.

"Language is called the garment of thought: however, it should rather be, language is the flesh-garment, the body of thought. I said that imagination wove this flesh-garment; and does she not? Metaphors are her stuff: examine language; what, if you except some few primitive elements (of natural sound), what is it all but metaphors, recognised as such, or no longer recognised; still fluid and florid, or now solid grown and colourless? If these same primitive elements are the osseous fixtures in the flesh-garment, language,—then are metaphors its muscles and tissues and living integuments. An unmetaphorical style you shall in vain seek for: is not your very *attention* a *stretching-to?*" May I not add that your *misunderstanding*, which has come to be synonymous with *quarrel*, is a want of capability to appreciate the words and acts of those with whom you have to do? The senseless jealousies and bitter enmities which divide nations, have their origin in this want of understanding each other; smothered at times, but still smouldering, they are easily fanned into a flame, when it serves the base purposes of statesmen or journalists to kindle them anew. Such phrases as "perfide Albion," or "insolent, presumptuous France," will run like wild-fire through a whole people: no one waits to consider in what consists the perfidy of the one, or the insolent presumption of the other: it is enough that the cry is uttered, for it to be caught up and re-echoed, as the watch-word which calls on every one who loves his country, to rage and storm in defence of the national dignity. Against such outbreaks as these reason has no weapons; the wisest ruler must bend to the gale for a time, until its first violence is spent. "L'homme est de glace aux vérités, il est de feu pour les mensonges," says La Fontaine; and what was true in his day, is equally true in our own: the wisest plan, then, is, to watch the conflagration, to remove every inflammable substance, as much as possible, from within its reach, to cut off its communications, and wait patiently whilst it burns itself out.

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The masses in every nation are easily acted upon for evil: their passions are strong and their reason weak. Incapable of reflection, ignorant of their real interests, they willingly submit to remain mere tools in the hands of unprincipled and self-seeking politicians. "It is so convenient to be under guardianship. If they have a book (or a newspaper) that has an understanding for them, they take no trouble themselves: they need not think, so long as others will undertake that toilsome business for them." Their faith and constancy are worthy of a better cause: they are the martyrs to a system of which the devisers shift all the responsibility from off their own shoulders; they hire themselves out to be shot, whilst their misleaders remain at home in safety. Truly was it said: "When princes weep, their people bleed." Rulers should remember that "tears are more easily staunched than wounds." God's justice will surely requite those princes and rulers who make an evil use of the power which has been entrusted to their hands: the reverence and obedience with which all people, by nature and education, are inclined to regard their superiors, will surely rise up against them, if, for their own selfish purpose, or their own private piques, they miscreate, from these elements, international envy, hatred, and uncharitableness.

There is yet another species of war, the actors in which are responsible, in their own persons, for all the evils which follow in its train. They would fain lay the blame at the door of public opinion, (and it cannot be sufficiently lamented that men, who should have been superior to such folly, have lent to it their sanction and authority,) but the Anti-duelling Association, which has been likened to three hundred and sixty Curtii, kneaded into one body, has shown that the chasm into which it would have thrown itself, is a complete delusion: it had nerved itself for a terrible leap, and found itself brought up, all standing, on solid ground. The phantasm of a gulf disappeared, so soon as it was steadily and courageously looked upon. Far be it from me to detract aught from the merit of such an association: it has done, by combination, what thousands, singly, would have failed to effect.

The insane practice of duelling has absorbed so much attention of late, and its absurdity has been so fully exposed, that any argument on such a subject, were superfluous and wearisome.

In conclusion, then, let me say, with Diogenes Teufelsdröckh:

"With respect to duels, indeed, I have my own ideas. Few things, in this so surprising world, strike me with more surprise. Two little visual spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the unfathomable, and to dissolve therein,—at any rate, very soon,—make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder; whirl round; and simultaneously, by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into dissolution; and off-hand become air and non-extant! Deuce on it (verdammt), the little spitfires!—Nay, I think with old Hugo von Trimberg: 'God must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be, to see his wondrous mannikins here below!'"

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THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"Once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated."—*Napier's Hist. of the Peninsular War.*

NOBLY he bore the fatal blow, his spirit did not languish,
And not one outward sign betray'd his soul's appalling anguish;
Still look'd he on with cheek unblanch'd, and eye of kindling fire,
Though conscious, in a little hour, he must from pain expire.
Death could not the young warrior scare, his duty he had done,
And though a short, a bright career, and glorious he had run;
But lo! his mother's mem'ry rose, then was his courage shaken
At the rude rending of the love he had so long partaken!
He breathed that tender mother's name, and then his strong voice falter'd,
Oh! what would be her feelings when she learnt her son was slaughter'd?
Conjecture durst not figurate her agony of mind,
"The most heroic, dearest loved, the bravest of mankind!"
In the sepulchre of her soul she'll bury it for ever,
Ah! futile thine attempt, O Death! those loving things to sever!
That son lives for his mother yet—and *now* for her alone,
The fears which tortured for his weal, and youthful flame are flown;
Within her *heart* he is inurned, affection's sacred tomb,
Round which the flow'rs of memory distil their sweet perfume,
Fair as the buds that know no blight, unfading still to last—
Until each tempest and each storm, for her, is overpast.
While in the hush of Sorrow's dream, his martial form shall rise,
And she shall drink, in fancy, from the well-spring of his eyes
The draught of love a mother quaffs, and yet which never slakes
(Though copious) the devouring thirst maternal fondness wakes.
Again melodious on her ear, his boyish laugh shall fall,
Or the farewell, which flung o'er joy an everlasting pall;
Breathed with the self-same voice that now his Maker doth adore—
So musical, it needed not one modulation more!
Then, when she too is call'd to die, though he is buried far,
Her spirit shall away to his, her Heaven-guiding star;
Where, sweetly standing side by side, before the Mercy-seat,
(While cherubim and seraphim the patient mourner greet,)
The Lord of Hosts distributes crowns to those who well have done,
Reserving the most *glorious* for that Mother and her Son!

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THE CARNIVAL AT COLOGNE.—1844.

BY W. A. G.

"THE carnival at Cologne! Who ever heard of a carnival at Cologne? In England we know nothing about your Cologne carnival."

"Well," said my friend, "the more the pity. But you will see. I have been at Rome and Naples on carnival days, but I have seen nothing equal to the carnival here."

"Indeed!" I replied; "it sounds curious enough—your cold northern blood, and then," said I interrogatively, "your police?"

"Only wait," he answered; "you will see we have some fun about us; and as for the police, we have no police on carnival days."

I hastened to inform him that I was not altogether a novice in such matters, and, with most inventive exaggeration, I detailed to him the wonders of a Spanish carnival at which I had been present in my younger days.

In 1832, namely, I was one of a party of wild young Englishmen which made itself particularly conspicuous at a carnival in the capital of one of the Spanish islands. Amongst other diversions, we pelted the passers-by so vigorously from our windows with half lemons and whole citrons, that our zeal provoked retaliation, and half the town gathered round our inn to pelt us in return. The contest was renewed the following day, and when every window in the house was broken, our adversaries treated us to ices and noyeau. In our masking sallies we outdanced the dancers; our harlequin and pantaloon were worth the whole of their fraternity there assembled put together; and if we showed any sense at all during the three days, it was in the ingenuity of our nonsense.

"I don't care," interrupted my friend; "you have not seen a Cologne carnival, so you have something to see yet. Wart' nur."

Just as it has been said, "He who would write a history of Germany must be prepared to write a history of Europe," so he who would seek to characterize the Germans will find that he has to do with twenty different people. This is why we meet with so many different estimates of German character. Follow them from the Alps to the Baltic, from the Carpathian mountains to the Rhine and Meuse, and it will be found that in language alone they are in a certain measure alike, in temperament and manners as different as are the opposite nations which border them. Add to this, too, that they are in general an imitative people, as allowed by their own writers, and very susceptible of impressions. In England they accommodate themselves easily to English customs and English bustle. In France they play a somewhat subordinate part, as they seek to acquire what nature alone can bestow, and, in their attempts to keep the quick and lively

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step of the French, they do but arrive at a sorry hobble. In the Rhine provinces, with which I have at present to do, they also parody the French, whom they seem not only to fear and respect, but also, spaniel-like, to love.

That they have some respect for the French is not to be wondered at, for they owe to them, or rather to their great leader, the free institutions which they alone of the king of Prussia's subjects enjoy. Much of the Code Napolienne is still in vogue, and gives them trial by jury, open courts, and exemption from the punishment of the lash. Before the inroads of the French, the Rhenish provinces were divided into small principalities, each having a different method of dispensing justice, whilst the doctors of distant universities were frequently applied to for verdicts, where precedents were wanting. When these provinces at last became Prussian, they received a guarantee of their new privileges being preserved to them inviolate, and the efforts which the present king of Prussia has lately made to violate his father's promises and his own, have not effected more as yet than to make him excessively unpopular, and to almost destroy that feeling of loyalty which his early speeches so thoroughly warmed into life. It is not, however, here alone that the French are respected, and I may say beloved. Throughout Germany this is more or less the case. Swept away as their fathers were by the armies of Napoleon, their hearths desolated and villages burnt, their country parcelled out afresh, and themselves dictated to as to whom they should serve, they still look with affectionate reverence upon their conquerors. It would be bad taste in the Germans to speak slightingly of the French, but there seems little to justify the warmth with which a defence of their national character will be found to be undertaken almost everywhere in Germany.

It is not at all wonderful that the English should be disliked in the Rhine provinces. To speak the truth, they find little, save always the beauties of nature, to praise, and they find very much to sneer at, if not to blame. Any comparisons they draw betwixt the domestic economy or the municipal arrangements of the Germans of these provinces and what they have left at home, must be too much in favour of the latter. Ill lighted and ill paved streets, without trottoirs; magnificent houses springing up in the very worst quarters of the town, and in contact with the abodes of poverty and filth; want of decency, or rather perpetrations of indecency, which meet the stranger's eye at every corner, all these shock his ideas of propriety. The rude familiarity of the German landlords, and the pertness of their tight-waisted subordinates, become wearisome at last, though at first they amuse him. He soon finds them to be treacherous, as he can easily discern that they are charged for in his bill. The nuisance of the hangers-on about the hotels is beyond all mention. Next he finds it necessary to bargain for the value of a dollar, just as much as if he were buying a horse; this is in the shops.* If he pays what is asked, he is not

* This most contemptible practice exists equally in France. In England the people have something better to do than to stand higgling about the price of a pair of gloves, and the custom of asking more than the shopkeeper intends to take has therefore been discontinued.

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only imposed upon, but laughed at. Moreover, the slowness and mismanagement which he notices everywhere, from the railway to the fiacre, and the difficulty he finds in getting his orders executed in his hotel, not only strictly, but at all—all these conspire to try his temper.

Cologne — which, by the by, is usually the first place where an Englishman begins to find that a knowledge of German would be most useful to him—presents all these peculiarities to the traveller. Wealthy, and with a population of seventy thousand inhabitants, Cologne can hardly boast a tolerable street, or a single continuous row of good houses. Notwithstanding the splendid fall which the river presents, the washy mud of the streets remains on them till evaporated by the air; the foot-goer is driven to the middle of the narrow street, to wade, in winter, ancle-deep in mud. The town is miserably lighted, and yet it can spend its thousands of dollars in the follies of a carnival.

The carnival of 1844 was introduced to public notice some five weeks before its celebration, at two well-attended meetings;—two, because the carnivalists had quarrelled amongst themselves and divided into two committees. It is needless to go into particulars as to who first named the day of the first meeting; suffice it that it was properly called and placarded, and attended by some five hundred people. I speak of the more popular party, of which I became a member. The admission to a single meeting, or comitè, as it is called, was one shilling, for which, however, a pint of wine was given. Townsfolk or strangers, poor or rich, all were equally welcome. The hall was well decorated and lighted, and furnished with foot-wide deal tables and forms to seat about six hundred people. A long raised table, with chairs for the president and officers, occupied one end of the room, and above it was the orchestra. At one end of the table, though not connected with it, stood a little house about the size of a Punch's theatre, with a window which would shut and open; at the other an imitation of a large goblet, raised to a similar height. From these the speakers delivered their orations. So much for the locale; I must now put the reader *au fait* as to the nature of the entertainment.

To get a good place at these preparatory meetings, it was necessary to go at least half-an-hour before the commencement of the proceedings, which were announced for five o'clock. On entering the hall, a small sheet of songs, written for the occasion, was put into each person's hand. The next thing was to doff the hat, and replace it with a parti-coloured fool's cap and bells. There would now be a great demand for lights for cigars, and a great many people would be busy filling their china or meerschaum pipes. Loud shouts for music would now arise from different quarters, or cries of "hats off," to greet the new-comers. The orchestra would at length answer the call, and play marches and gallopades, and as the majority of the instruments seemed to be drums and trombones, the musicians had it pretty well to themselves, save that now and then a few glasses were knocked against a few bottles by way of accompaniment.

(I find that, in these few words of description, I have already veered

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round from the indicative imperfect to the conditional present. The style adopted by the French is perhaps the best for these trifling matters, and I beg to be allowed to adopt it.)

The change of the cap for the hat is scarcely noticed; perhaps it is that the metamorphose is so very trifling. Most of the people present have been drinking coffee—at any rate, one can see that they have not been drinking wine. The German drinks so much coffee, that it may well cease to stimulate him. To speak plain out, most of the audience look somewhat miserable, considering their head-gear, and a great many watches are consulted as to the time. Meanwhile the room has become very crowded, and, as every one lights a cigar or pipe soon after coming in, by way of having something to do, a very considerable cloud is already gathering about the ceiling. At length the music is interrupted by a shout, re-echoed by every one present—a beef-eater is seen squeezing into the doorway, and the nodding plume of the president is therefore not far behind. Every one now cries "Marsch, marsch," and to a very noisy march the officers and select committee enter and make their way to the high table. After a momentary pause the president rises, tinkles his bell, and names the number of the song which is to be sung. The orchestra now plays the melody, and a leader of the singing mounts one of the tribunes to give the time. Five or six hundred voices join in the music, and a deafening din arises and continues till the song is concluded. After this expense of lung, a tolerable silence ensues, and the president has scarcely need to tinkle his bell to announce that "Professor—— hat das wort." Immense shouts of "Marsch" again arise, and to the tune of the march the professor makes his way to one of the pulpits.

It has often been a matter of dispute amongst linguists, whether or not the German language is well adapted to rhetorical display. The Germans themselves excuse their want of facility on the score of their want of practice. Few, however, profited by the opportunity of the carnival to supply the deficiency. Almost all that was delivered from the tribune was read from documents, and it is necessary to state that by far the greater number of papers had no reference whatever to the business of the carnival. There was a chapter upon pigtails, a chapter on tickets, as ball tickets, lottery tickets, &c. &c.; and all that was read had undergone the scrutiny of a literary committee.

These meetings lasted two or three hours, song succeeding speech, and speech succeeding song. At the conclusion, the president announced the state of the finances, and the company dispersed, to wander from coffee-house to coffee-house, to go to the theatre, or to play poule at the billiard-rooms. All these meetings were held on the Sundays—the last being on Sunday the 18th of February, the first of the three carnival days. The readers of papers were professors, doctors, and even masters of the town grammar-schools, whilst the audience consisted of people of every age, from the lad of fifteen to the hoary-headed sage.

In England, Ireland, and Scotland, men of education speak but one English; in Germany, however, it is very far otherwise with their

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language. Our universities, resorted to from every part of the country, are doubtless the means of preserving both the written and spoken language. In Germany, however, where there are universities at every end and corner, a confusion of tongues can hardly be avoided. In the Rhine provinces, the almost unintelligible patois of the lower orders is fondly imitated by their superiors, and may be heard alike in the alehouse and the drawing-room. The carnival is one of the means made use of to encourage the ingenuous youth in the corruption of their language, most of the immortal verse written for the occasion being in patois, and but few of the speakers delivering their sentiments in other. I shall endeavour to account for this at the close of this chapter.

One of the cleverest papers I heard read was "a chapter on asses," —on asses in general, and the German ass in particular. It was at the last meeting, and the hall was crowded to excess. The tables had been removed, and the pint bottles of wine had to be suspended round the neck by a string. About a thousand people, therefore, heard themselves compared to asses, and sanctioned the comparison by loud acclamations. I am inclined to lay some stress upon this, as perhaps exhibiting the character of the people in a striking light. Is there any country, save Germany, where in a hall open to strangers and aliens, a public speaker could delight an audience with a minute comparison of his countrymen to the ass? The paper was cleverly written and well delivered. Few of the foibles of the German character were left untouched. There was an amusing simplicity about the whole of it, and the similitude was well made out. Slowness of pace, patience under blows, come from whence they might; a back to bear burdens without repining; humility and contentedness; upon each of these there was a somewhat tediously-minute dissertation. I do not mean to say that the Englishman would attempt to compare himself to a horse or a lion; it is as far from an Englishman to boast of his national character as to seek to lower it; but I am pretty sure that scarce one would be found with affected magnanimity enough to venture to expose his countrymen to ridicule even by implication. I can hardly conceive a Frenchman writing such an essay, or a French audience applauding it! I fancy I see in it that want of proper respect which an absence of the feeling of nationality is likely rather to increase than to diminish.

It is gossiped that at a meeting of the kings of Prussia and Bavaria, the former monarch allowed himself to make some remarks singularly unpleasant to an author's ear, about the other's poetical endeavours—"My poetry," replied the king of Bavaria, "is at any rate more popular than any future speeches of yours can be; but I will abstain from poetizing if you will abstain from promising." The *Times*, in its articles upon the king of Prussia, need not confine itself to his conduct to aliens. The freedom of his own subjects is becoming daily more and more restricted, and it is already a most dangerous thing to speak a word against the powers that be in public company. A secret police is already organised, and only the other day a peasant in this town was incarcerated for giving the king a nickname.

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Notwithstanding this, the carnivalists indulged now and then in political *double entendres*, and when these were understood they never failed to excite applause. Except once, viz. on the last day of meeting, when the authorities of the town, accompanied by the commander of the forces of the district, and other magnificos, honoured the carnivalists with their presence. On this occasion a speaker read out something about a free press, but waited in vain for the usual acclamations—on the contrary, when the president proposed the health of the king, who I verily believe had not a friend in the room, the whole assembly stood up and cheered. The toast was accompanied by the expression of a hope that the innocent amusements of the citizens would not give offence to royalty. This and other sentiments of an equally loyal nature, were answered by two of the great men. The one stimulated the burgesses to confidence in the "powers that be," and he drank "to the confidence that the government was entitled to at the hands of the people." The other praised what he called the fine tact of the Cologne carnivalists, in knowing how to avoid anything that might be unpleasant to the higher powers. Both the speakers were vastly cheered, and it was certainly not for the style in which they acquitted themselves. Some friends of mine explained this to me afterwards. The carnival, they said, would be otherwise put a stop to, as had already been the case in Dusseldorf.

I have often heard the remark, that the Germans in these provinces seek after "equality" more than they long for "liberty;"—a peasant in a blue smock-frock may be seen taking his cup of coffee in the company of the first men of the town, in the first-rate coffee-house. I pointed out an instance of this to a friend, and was at once answered with "equality, equality." "Well," said I, "yonder gentleman in the smock-frock is so well off at present, at any rate, as regards society, that I see no inducement he can have to wish to raise himself."—"O," replied my friend, "those are your English ideas." The president of the carnival was a living witness to this "equality" system. He was a broken-down tradesman, who had been four times a bankrupt, yet he held the office of president whilst the wealthiest merchants of the town served under him in the select committees. To his credit it must be said, that he filled the post well, showing a good deal of tact in cases of some difficulty.

It is not necessary to dwell long upon the usual accompaniments of a carnival, namely, the public processions and masquerades. Of the first there were four, one of them being by torchlight. Some of the characters were well sustained, and some of the combinations successful. On one carriage came a huge snail, on the back of which sat a jockey spurring with all his might, but of course not succeeding in hastening its pace. Another carriage was to typify the march of improvement: it had imitations of steam engines, balloons, and railway carriages, but its wheels were continually being locked by numerous attendants. Every house of entertainment furnished music and dance in the evenings, and the principal balls were attended by five and six thousand people. Dancing was out of the question. It was work enough to squeeze through the rooms. It must not be forgotten that

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the streets were continually crowded, all the population of Cologne being out of doors, and the neighbouring villages having emptied themselves into the town. So much for the *ad spectandum* of the carnival.

I was making my way through one of these motley crowds with a little lady on my arm, whose temporary possession many envied me, (it was at a ball in the Gürzenich, or Trade-hall,) when I felt my partner beginning to disengage her arm, and heard her the next moment address an approaching mask with a very familiar "How dost thou do, William?" (Masks always speak in the second person singular.) "I am well, fair mask," was the answer, "wilt thou walk with me?" Alas! the lady's little hand had already disengaged itself, and was on the arm of the stranger before the almost forgotten apology for leaving me could be uttered. My partner was a pretty little milliner; but William, my rival, was Prince William of Prussia, the king's uncle.

Before I inquire what is the practical benefit of the carnival, I may as well give a sample of a song written for one of the weekly entertainments, as it pretty clearly expresses what the carnivalists conceive to be the carnival's principal recommendation, viz. that it confounds classes.

After touching upon the different sights of the carnival, the song goes on—

"O no, not these with all their pride,
The carnival proclaim,
It is not these which far and wide
Have blazoned forth its fame;
'Tis carnival when thrown away
Are birth and rank and caste;
And clad alike in fool's array,
The first is as the last.

"'Tis carnival when all as one
Partake a general glee;
When great and little, old and young,
Fools to become agree.
In searching thus for mirth and joy,
Is found the wise man's stone;
It's glitter nothing shall destroy
The diamond of Cologne!"

It has been remarked, that no country boasting really free institutions, continues to celebrate a carnival. Perhaps it is because where the citizen can put in his word about the management of affairs, he does not like to risk lowering himself by partaking in so very equalizing an amusement; but more probably, because a vent of this sort is not required, publicity enough being to be gained by more creditable endeavours. My good friends of Cologne, in whose dearly beloved town I am now writing, are very angry with me when I press them upon the point of the utility of their carnival; for whilst they are actually engaged in building a public hall for its still more glorious celebration

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another year, they may well not like to hear such a question even mooted. But the question is a very fair one, for Cologne stands nearly alone in its glory, as far as its carnival is concerned; and why, if its utility is so great, is its example not universally followed, not only on "the banks of Rhine," but everywhere else? It is said to be an ancient relic of the town's alliance with Italy; it is then an imitation, and I must say a sorry one in spirit, though perhaps a handsome one in point of outward and expensive show. But the fact is, that it is but a revival of old times, the present year being only the twenty-first since it again came to life. An annual recollection of years without number might not want an excuse; but an extravagance born in the nineteenth century, and every year growing brighter and brighter, its colours becoming with every new one more and more glaring, must seek its parentage in the spirit of the present times, and not claim the sanction of reverend antiquity. But indeed the good people of Cologne do not trouble themselves to justify it. To them it recommends itself, and they are willing to say with some obscure poet, whose verses I quote from memory,

> "No lack of license need distress,
> No precedent their needs;
> If crime there be in feast like this,
> We'll call it on our heads."

The leading Cologne journal, in summing up the wonders of the carnival, says, "There has been a great deal of money put into circulation, but this is not all, a desire for publicity (*oeffentlichkeit*) has been encouraged, and people of every rank have been mixed together and brought for a time to a level." In other words, a great many good folks have been tempted out of their houses, and induced to say "*guten morgen*" to a great many people who they would otherwise have never thought of greeting, and thus these "people of every rank" have been put in a false position by means as unnatural as were the false noses and false beards put on (according to the paper) especially for this purpose. The excuse of money being put into circulation is common to all public or private expenditures, wise or foolish. The famous feast of Versailles, with its "Oh! Richard, oh! mon roi!" and the masquerade at St. James's, where Edward and Philippa recently held their state, at a time when the country were suffering under universal distress, might both have claimed a like apology.

The quest after "equality" can hardly be a laudable one—its tendency must surely be downward. The good, the noble, are not to be found on the dead level; and it must be remarked, that the ladder of improvement is not to be ascended by gigantic steps. It is in apparent trifles that the first steps are to be made. The man who is anxious to better his condition, will seek to speak a purer language, to wear a better dress; and when he has once set forth, where is the level which when once gained, must not be left behind? It is easy for the well-educated man to reach the level of the peasant, by imitating him in his vulgarities of language and manner; but will the peasant meet him half way, and where is the half way? as in doing this the peasant has to ascend, and in so doing to struggle with difficulties, it is more than

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probable that the meeting will not take place exactly when it is calculated that it should, and the level, if arrived at, will therefore be found to be an exceedingly low one. The English chartist, who would willingly see a division of property, is not so blind as to suppose that the result would be equality; and I am therefore inclined to suppose that the cry of "equality" is raised by the subjects of a king who is becoming daily more despotic, in order to turn each other's attention from those roads to eminence which a constraint of action forbids them all alike to pursue. It is not the cry of a free people confident in their individual strength, and asking for "a fair stage and no favour" on which to demonstrate their abilities and their truthfulness.

To an Englishman, a carnival like this of Cologne must present a sorry spectacle. He will see reckless expenditure without practical good; he will see dissipation without encouragement of art or science. He will behold the poor imitating the rich, not in wisdom, but in folly; and the rich imitating the poor, not in frugality and modest virtue, but in low immorality, coarseness of dialect, and carelessness of public opinion. He will hear that, to enjoy the carnival, the workman has pawned his tools, and he will see proof enough that the poor have wasted their little hoard in the same pursuit; and when all is over, what can he suppose are the recollections of these people—of spectacles which they themselves would not have patience to behold a second time; of drunken jests, whose point was in the liquor which prompted them. It is, indeed, a sorry spectacle, a spending of time and money for that which is not bread; a confession, by implication, that pleasure is chiefly to be found in folly, and that the greater the buffoon, the more amiable the citizen.

But the Englishman will also see enough to quell any fears which may have arisen within his breast, that a people who on any account whatever, or on any occasion whatever, can waste so much time and money in a way like this, and applaud such unrelieved folly, can ever enter the lists with him successfully in the field of public competition.

SONNET,

TO MEMORY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Come, pensive spirit, moonlight of the mind,
Hallowing the things of earth with touch refined,
Unfold thine ample page, and let me dwell
Upon the days that were: I love thy spell,
And own thee mistress of the magic art
That breathes a fresh existence o'er the heart.
Come, then, enchantress! with thy scenic power,
Illume the dullness of the passing hour;
Act o'er again what time has swept away,
And give me back each smiling former day;
Call up the rosy hours that danced along,
Gay as my spirit, joyous as my song,
When youth and health and golden hopes were mine,
Heaping with od'rous gifts home's hallow'd shrine.

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CONFESSIONS OF AN ILLEGIBLE WRITER.

BY MRS. ANDY.

"My good fellow," said my school-fellow George Gordon to me one morning in the play-ground of Somerton Academy, "why do you not pay a little attention to your hand-writing? Your characters appear to be traced rather with a skewer than a pen; your i's are guiltless of a dot, and I only wish I may go through the world as free from a cross as your t's. Your capital M's are a decided failure, your H's are below criticism, and no one, even with the aid of a microscope, could detect the difference between your a's and your u's."

Now I considered this speech of George Gordon's to be rather vain-glorious, inasmuch as he had just completed that elaborate and laborious performance denominated "a school piece," which had not only gained him the prize for writing, but had elicited a sovereign from his maiden aunt, accompanied by an observation that "one could hardly tell it from copperplate;" in fact, Miss Ronalda Gordon evidently considered it the finest work of art that had ever astonished the world since the completion of her own school sampler, forty years ago.

"Perhaps, Gordon," I replied, "you will remember who carried off the prizes for classics and mathematics; I am not without a few laurels to rest upon, and need not very much covet that skill in penmanship in which I may be rivalled by a charity boy."

"True," he replied mildly; "I submit to your superior genius, Seyton; but remember, the elephant, which can lift a heavy weight with its trunk, does not disdain to pick up a pin. I do not want you to excel in penmanship, but only to write a legible hand; depend upon it, if you do not improve, your scrawl will involve you in serious difficulties all through your life."

"What kind of difficulties?"

"Suppose you write for the press; how curiously your effusions may be misrepresented."

"O, I can correct the press."

"Would it not be easier to correct your own bad habit while you have yet time to do it?"

"It is a mark of a little mind to affix so much importance to the hand-writing."

"Such opinions are not confined to little minds; Hannah More says that 'to speak so low that nobody can hear, and to write a hand which nobody can read, may be classed among the minor immoralities.'"

"Now you come to quotation, I must put an end to the conversation; it is bad enough to listen to your own wisdom, but I cannot be overwhelmed with lectures at second-hand."

George Gordon, although only a schoolboy, had attained a command over himself which many men pass through life without acquiring; he could occasionally allow an antagonist to have the "last

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word;" he did so to me in the present instance, and the conversation dropped. I was fifteen at that time, I am now thirty, and had George Gordon possessed the power of predicting future events boasted by some of his second-sighted countrymen, he could not more correctly have prophesied the evils in store for me from my atrocious hand-writing.

I might fill a novel, containing the prescribed allowance of a thousand pages, were I to recount all my disasters;—but alas! why do I talk of writing a novel of a thousand pages—how should I ever get it brought before the public? Even if the bookseller's "reader" were in so peculiarly beneficent and amiable a mood as to recommend what he was unable to decypher, it could never go through the press—there would be a general strike and mutiny in the printing office! I will therefore confine myself to three leading events of my life, and as I know that every body likes love stories, especially when they have an unfortunate termination, I will relate the manner in which I thrice lost the lady of my love by the bad management, not of my suit, but of my pen.

Most young men fall foolishly in love for the first time, and I believe I might once have entertained a slight predilection for my sister's drawing mistress, but it soon passed off, and my first real love was chosen with such prudence, that admiring fathers held me up as an example to their sons, and wary uncles told their nephews to follow in my steps.

Miss Hartopp was an orphan heiress, very pretty, and twenty years of age; she lived with a guardian, and he, like the guardians in comedies and farces, had a son whom he wished her to marry; but I had engaged the affections of the lady, and purchased the good will of the abigail; a year, at all events, would soon pass away, and I had already settled how delightful a country villa I would procure, and how stylish a curricle I would drive, when I became a happy Benedict. The guardian, Mr. Crofton, had a country house at Richmond, and removed thither with his ward in the middle of May. The day after their departure, I received a note from a friend residing at the same place, asking me to dine with him on the ensuing Thursday. I accepted the invitation, determined to quit him at an early hour, and wrote to Miss Hartopp, under cover to Davison, the abigail, imploring her, at ten o'clock on the ensuing Thursday evening, to contrive to meet me on a smooth grass walk upon which the garden-gate of her guardian opened. She returned a favourable answer to me, assuring me that she would meet me on the appointed evening, and I considered my fortune made for life. Now, one of the atrocities of my hand-writing was, that I always wrote Thursday in a way that looked exactly like Tuesday, and this mistake led to the events afterwards detailed to me by Davison, and which I will immediately lay before my readers.

At ten o'clock on Tuesday night, Miss Hartopp, accompanied by the faithful Davison, stole down the garden, unlocked the gate, and emerged on the grass walk, which happened to be exceedingly damp and dewy. Poets are accused of telling many untruths; they never tell more than when they write about the delightful month of May. Its bright warm mornings and soft balmy evenings are generally

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visions of the imagination. May is, no doubt, very charming in Italy; but in England, I constantly associate an evening ramble in that month with a tooth-ache and a flannel wrapper!

The wind blew coldly; Miss Hartopp was picturesquely arrayed after the fashion of Lucy Bertram, in the opera of Guy Mannering, in a hat and feathers, and a floating scarf; she arrived at the spot just two minutes after the clock had struck ten, and fully expected to find me in waiting for her. She was doomed, however, to be disappointed; and wrapping her scarf closely round her, paced up and down the green walk as rapidly as she could, hoping to warm herself by exercise; but alas! at every turn, the thick dew of the grass saturated more thoroughly the sole of her delicate satin slipper. It was now a quarter past ten, and a small drizzling rain began to fall; neither Miss Hartopp nor Davison had thought of providing against such a casualty, nobody requires parasols at ten o'clock at night, and who would think of conveying an umbrella to an assignation? The feathers in Miss Hartopp's hat began gradually to droop and bend, and the bows of ribbon in Davison's straw bonnet assumed a sympathetic depression; no lover appeared on the walk, but in his stead came several large frogs, visitants for whom both mistress and maid felt the most unqualified terror and detestation. After waiting half an hour longer, they returned home, cold, wet, and desponding, Davison entertaining the belief that I had fallen into the river, and been drowned for want of assistance; and Miss Hartopp leaning to the opinion that James Crofton had way-laid and murdered me.

The next morning Miss Hartopp had a severe cold, and was not able to leave her bed till the middle of the day; she found her guardian's son, who had just arrived from London, alone in the drawing-room. Her first impulse was to shrink from him in horror; her second to elicit confession from him by a sudden question, or at all events to entrap him into some sort of demonstration of his guilt; she entered the room, leaning on Davison's arm, and kept tight hold of her, that she might cite her hereafter as a witness in a court of justice.

"When did you see William Seyton last?" interrogated the heiress in a deep tone.

"Last night," replied young Crofton, very readily.

"At what hour?" pursued Miss Hartopp, fixing her eyes on him with searching earnestness.

"About half-past nine," returned the supposed assassin.

"How guilt betrays itself!" mentally moralized the heiress.

"Name the spot on which you encountered him," she continued, in a Siddonian accent.

"My dear Anne," said the young man, looking up with some surprise, "do you imagine that I have been fighting a duel with Seyton?"

"No, I do not," she answered in measured and mysterious tones.

"I will give you every particular of our interview most willingly," said James Crofton. "Yesterday evening I was caught in a shower of rain in the Strand; and as at that moment I rested my eyes on a bill announcing that a celebrated conjuror (or illusionist, I believe, is

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the fashionable term) was exhibiting his trickeries, I was tempted to walk in, principally to procure shelter, but was really very well amused. I had not been long there when Seyton arrived, and took the vacant place by my side; he told me, that having an idle evening on his hands, he thought that he would come and see if he could penetrate into the mysteries of legerdemain; we conversed together very amicably and pleasantly, and even held a piece of tape between us, which the man of magic, after cutting through the middle, succeeded in re-uniting. I never saw Seyton in better spirits; and I assure you that I neither said nor did anything to depress them."

The frank good-natured openness of the young man carried conviction with it; Miss Hartopp's fear was converted into indignation; in her "mind's eye" she saw on one side her own blighted hopes, slighted affections, ruined feathers, and soaked slippers; and on the other the conjuror, the crowded audience, and the laughing false one who had so cruelly sported with her feelings.

"I do not take the slightest interest in Mr. Seyton," she said, tossing her head; "I think him the least agreeable young man I ever saw in my life."

"Not quite so bad as that," said James Crofton, smiling with infinite delight; "but upon my word, you show great judgment in your opinion of him; he is not at all deserving of the attention of so fair a lady."

"Davison, you may go," said Miss Hartopp, sinking languidly on a sofa.

The conversation between the young people lasted for an hour; when Mr. Crofton entered the drawing-room, his handsome son advanced to meet him, looking, as the Persians say, "as brilliant as the sun, and as placid as the moon;" and Miss Hartopp ran up stairs, and communicated to Davison that she had just accepted James Crofton. Davison instantly wrote to me an account of the affair; she put her letter in the post that evening, and it reached me on Thursday, in sufficient time to prevent me from feeling any inclination to go and dine with my friend at Richmond.

I wrote to Miss Hartopp under cover to Davison, explaining the circumstances, and (forgetting for the time my bad writing) imploring her to refer to my letter, when she would find that I had requested her to meet me two evenings later than the one which she had concluded me to name. She *did* refer to my letter, found what any jury in the world would have unanimously decided to be an unquestionable Tuesday, and enclosed it to me in a blank cover with the word scored under! A month afterwards she was Mrs. James Crofton.

Two years elapsed before I fell in love again. Emily Brooks was, like my first love, an orphan, but she was three-and-twenty, and emancipated from the control of guardians; her fortune was ten thousand pounds, and she resided with a family of friends in a country town, where I first became acquainted with her while staying on a visit in the neighbourhood. She received my attentions favourably. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, her friends, had fortunately no unmarried son; and although the young doctor of the town was evidently much smitten with herself or her ten thousand pounds, she decidedly gave the preference to me.

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I was suddenly called up to London on business, but promised to return in a fortnight. I felt anxious to write to Emily, but was afraid she would deem it a liberty; fortunately, however, she was a subscriber to a public charity, and I resolved to write to her to solicit her vote for a *protégé* of my friend George Gordon's. I bought some beautiful French paper and a box of silver wafers for the purpose; took a newly-made pen, and achieved a much more decently written letter than usual. Before I put it in the post, I resolved to call on Emily's uncle, Mr. Drewett, a wealthy merchant in the city, with whom I had some acquaintance. I met him, however, in St. Paul's Churchyard; he stopped and accosted me in a very friendly manner, and was evidently in high spirits.

Mr. Drewett was one of those men who seem born to good luck; he had a handsome wife, pretty children, pleasant friends, and a flourishing business; he had only one ungratified wish, and this he had for years had sense enough to bury in his own bosom, and never revealed it to any one till the time of its fulfilment. That time had now come,—Mr. Drewett was a baronet,—and when he informed me of his new honours, I was quite delighted to think that I should be able to send the news to Emily, who was much attached to her uncle. Before I reached home, I met at least a dozen people, all of whom had seen the new baronet that morning, and been informed by him of his dignities; and, with the exception of a few sarcastic inuendoes respecting "the restless ambition of some people," they really bore it better than people generally bear the good fortune of a neighbour.

I found that I was later than I imagined, and had scarcely time to save the post, consequently I only added in a postscript—"have you heard of the baronetcy of your uncle Drewett? it has created quite a sensation in the city;" and remembering George Gordon's remark that it was impossible to distinguish my *a*'s from my *u*'s, I took especial care, for the first time in my life, that the *a* following the *b* in baronetcy should be exceedingly distinct and clear.

I will now, as I did on a former occasion, acquaint my reader immediately with circumstances that only came to my own knowledge at a subsequent period. Emily received and read my communication; the substance of a lady's letter is said to be contained in the postscript; how truly did that observation apply in the present instance to the postscript of a gentleman! What was the horror of Emily to read an inquiry whether she had heard of the *bankruptcy* of her uncle Drewett! She gave one loud shriek, which brought the whole house to her assistance, and then went into violent hysterics. Lest Emily's sensibility should be thought by my readers to be rather greater than the occasion demanded, I will explain to them the reason which made her peculiarly sensitive in regard to the commercial prosperity of her uncle. When she came of age, she took possession of her property of ten thousand pounds, but on consulting Mr. Drewett respecting the permanent investment of it, he advised her to entrust it to him to employ in his business, promising to pay her much better interest than she would gain in the funds; the ruin of her uncle, therefore, involved her own. Mrs. Williamson called for burnt feathers, hartshorn, and *eau de cologne*, sent for the young doctor, and then took up the letter,

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no doubt imputing the hysterics of her young friend to a disappointment in love. She found, however, that the case was much worse than she had surmised; Emily had confided to her, (and through her means the whole town had become aware of it,) that she had placed her fortune in the hands of her uncle, and when the poor girl revived to consciousness, she found her affectionate friend sitting by her with the letter in her hand, and kindly advising her "not to give way so, but to remember that she had received an excellent education, and that it was no disgrace to anybody to earn their own maintenance!" Just then the young doctor hastened into the room on the wings of love, having preferred trusting to his own speed, rather than wait till an elderly, wheezing, ragged-looking horse, who could not walk half so fast as himself, was harnessed to his gig. He entered the room while Mrs. Williamson was expressing her fears that Mr. Drewett must have been very speculative and improvident, and a few questions put him in possession of the facts of the case.

"Miss Brooks must not agitate herself," he said, "nothing is so bad for the health as depression of the spirits."

Mrs. Williamson rejoined that it was extremely wrong in any one to suffer their spirits to be depressed, related some anecdotes of the cheerfulness with which the French emigrants bore their misfortunes, and instanced the case of a fascinating countess in particular, who had been reduced from a magnificent château at Versailles, to live upon fifteen pounds a-year in an attic in St. Martin's Lane, and was always the life of every society in which she moved!

Just then the young doctor jumped up, vehemently struck his forehead, and declared he had that moment remembered that Mrs. Goodwin, who lived five miles off, and was the most anxious nervous mother in the world, had feared the day before that her six children were sickening with scarlatina, and, no doubt, was accusing him of great neglect and unkindness in not calling to inquire after them; therefore, as his friend Miss Brooks was doing so exceedingly well, he must run home without delay, and order his horse to be harnessed. Accordingly he disappeared, not having, as was his wont, ordered three pale pink draughts a day for his patient, probably because he thought that the means of payment for needless luxuries might not in future be very abundant in the exchequer of his beloved.

Poor Emily was completely overcome by the coolness and *nonchalance* of her friends, who, although born and bred in a little third-rate country-town, exhibited, it must be admitted, all the worldliness of St. James's; she requested that a postchaise might be immediately sent for, as she was anxious to go to London, and mingle her tears with those of her uncle and his family. Mrs. Williamson paused for a moment, but remembering that Emily had asked for change for a twenty-pound note the day before, and that her quarter's board was always paid in advance, could not foresee any ill consequences from indulging her desire, and even graciously commended her for it.

"Perhaps something may yet be saved out of the wreck, my dear," she said, "and it is well to be on the spot, to see what is doing; besides, people in trouble always get on best in the society of each other."

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"They indeed seem to be very unwelcome inmates in the abodes of the happy," sighed Emily, as alone, unprotected, and sorrowful, she ascended the steps of the postchaise which was to bear her to London.

She was a kind, warm-hearted girl, and although deeply deploring her own misfortune, she also acutely felt for her honourable and respectable uncle, no longer able to take his station among the good and safe men of commerce, and likewise for her aunt, losing the luxuries which long habit must have made her regard as necessaries, and for the poor children, some of whom were old enough to value the advantages of affluence, and to feel the deprivations of poverty. A few hours brought Emily to London, and the chaise drove up to her uncle's house, in Russell Square, at about half-past six o'clock. Sir David and Lady Drewett were on that day entertaining a party of friends, whom the baronet had invited to dinner for the purpose of celebrating his new honours; they were all assembled in the drawing-room, and waiting the announcement of dinner, when Emily, pale, weeping, and wearied, rushed into the room, disregarding all the efforts of one servant to announce her, and of another to disencumber her of her cloak. About a dozen portly, comfortable-looking lords of the creation, and the same number of gaily-dressed, perhaps rather over-dressed ladies, occupied the drawing-room; the lights were blazing brilliantly. Lady Drewett, in a new corn-flower blue satin dress, and an elaborate cap with long blonde streamers, sat placidly smiling on her visitors, the picture of good-humour, health, and affluence. Her children were arrayed in all the perfection of crisp book-muslin frocks, and exquisitely shining hair, and the new baronet was talking to a little knot of friends, and laughing louder and looking happier than he had ever done in his life. Emily's appearance excited great astonishment. Lady Drewett advanced to meet her, perfectly horrified at her dusty travelling dress and straw cottage bonnet.

"My dear Emily, what has happened?" she asked.

"O my dear aunt!" replied Emily, "you know too well what has happened. How can you bear the restraint of company in your present unhappy situation?"

"What are you talking about, Emily?" said her uncle, who had broken from his companions as soon as he recognised her. "All my good friends have met at my house to-day to congratulate me on my good fortune."

"Good fortune!" sighed the mystified, bewildered girl, thinking of the wreck of her ten thousand pounds. "I am acquainted with everything, uncle; I have come not to reproach, but to console you. This morning I was made aware of your failure in business."

Sir David burst into a loud laugh, and repeated the words of his niece to several of his friends; in a moment, however, he knit his brows, and looked very angry. "Some rascal has been spreading slanderous rumours about me, to injure my credit," he exclaimed; "you will, doubtless, give me up his name, Emily?"

"Willingly," replied his niece.

She had deposited my letter in a black velvet reticule, which, unlike the generality of ladies, she had not left by mistake on the seat of the

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post-chaise; it was hanging over her arm, and she speedily presented her uncle with the "document," as a lawyer in company called it, which identified the "slanderous rascal" in question with my unfortunate self!

Dinner was just then announced, Emily retired to another room, to compose her spirits and arrange her curls, and my letter was handed round at the dessert, in company with the sliced pine-apple and preserved ginger.

"It is the clearest case of defamation I ever knew in my life," said the lawyer. "Here is the signature and address of the slandering party, and also the date of the month and year; the letter is addressed to Miss Brooks, you are characterised as her uncle Drewett. There is not a mere obscure insinuation as to any possible involvement of your circumstances, but there is a distinct statement of your bankruptcy, with the accompanying comment that it makes quite a sensation in the city. The matter *must* be taken up; it is a duty to society to do so."

"To be sure, to be sure," chorussed three or four of the "fat friends" of the master of the house; "such a thing might happen to any of ourselves; an example ought to be made of this young fellow."

"May not Mr. Seyton's assertion be what the aristocracy call a hoax?" asked a little quiet man, who sat deliberately peeling an orange, and had not hitherto spoken.

"Sir," replied the new baronet, "there is no intermediate path, in my opinion, between truth and falsehood, and I shall always hold it the true aristocracy to hold to the first, and despise the last."

So excellent a sentiment, from a gentleman in his own house, could not be allowed to pass unnoticed, and there was a great knocking of hands upon the table, and shuffling of feet beneath it, accompanied by sundry exclamations of "Well done, Sir David—spoken like a man and a Briton."

The next day, instead of being favoured, as I had hoped, with an answer from Emily, I received, to my great surprise and annoyance, a lawyer's letter, informing me that an action for defamation was to be instituted against me at the suit of Sir David Drewett, I having asserted his bankruptcy in a written communication to his niece, Emily Brooks. I saw in a moment the source of the mistake, and determined to call on Sir David Drewett without delay, and explain the circumstances to him. I took with me George Gordon, who I felt would be a valuable witness in my favour on two accounts; first, because he could depose to the early and hopeless wretchedness of my hand-writing, and, secondly, because he had passed the preceding evening at my house, and I had told him that I had written to Miss Brooks, to ask her vote for the child in whose case he was interested, and that I had informed her of the baronetcy of her uncle, with which I had that morning become acquainted. Sir David received my explanation, and acquitted me of all evil intentions, but told me, with some stiffness and sternness, that my mistake might have occasioned the most disastrous consequences, and that he considered my want of skill in one of the most necessary and important attainments for a young man, who had his way to make in the world, as a serious cala-

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mity. I wrote to Emily the next day, apologising for the uneasiness I had unwarily caused her, and entreating her permission to call upon her. She never answered my letter. She did not return to Mrs. Williamson's, but staid with her uncle till she could select another home. Nor was she long in making that selection. The lawyer to whom I have before alluded was intimate at the house of Sir David, and as he was neither fat nor elderly, appeared to some advantage by the side of the other friends of the family; he was disappointed in not being permitted to conduct an action for defamation against me, but recompensed himself by making love to Emily. In three months after her melo-dramatic entrance into the drawing-room of Russell Square, she became the bride of her Chancery Lane adorer. My affections were not speedily transferred to another. I remained heart-whole for two years and a half, when I became enamoured with my third love, who was far more dear to me than either of her predecessors had been.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY NEW-YORK.

EARTH A GRAVE-YARD.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT, AUTHOR OF "THE PRICE OF FAME."

"Hearts are tombs
Where secret loves are buried out of sight."
J. WESTLAND MARSTON.

If human hearts indeed are tombs
Where secret loves are buried out of sight,
O! then I wist the earth one grave-yard is
All fill'd with sepulchres, pale, cold, and white;
And not less sad, because conceal'd by flowers bright!

Low, sweet laughter haunteth every place,
And beauty meets the eye where'er it turns.
Spell-bound we view earth's glittering coronals,
Nor dream that they can hide sad funeral urns,
Wherein a life-consuming fire for ever burns.

But oh! a loving faith shall still be ours—
That no where all is gloom!
Each pining heart a rest shall surely find,—
The sunshine gild the tomb!
And hopes, kept green by tears, more brightly bloom!

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A PRETTY PREDICAMENT.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

"The Church? Shall I enter the Church? It is not pleasant always to be dressed in black, and the clerical cut is anything but becoming; and yet, pale lavender gloves, and the whitest of white linen, and the finest of French cambric kerchiefs, do set off a black coat, especially if it be extra superfine, and made by a first-rater. And then, too, black does well with a fair complexion and this sort of rich, auburn, fine, shiny, silky, satiny sort of hair." And as Horace Harvey spoke, of course, to himself, and quite confidentially, he passed his delicate white fingers through the aforesaid hair, and looked at himself in his glass in something of the Narcissus style, quite affectionately and approvingly. "Well, after all, these heavy masses of curls do give dignity to a countenance, and a chaste style of dress, such as superlative black and superlative white, divested as much as possible of the clerical cut, and worn easily, gracefully, and elegantly, is better taste, quite as a matter of taste, than a dashy, flashy, splashy, swaggering sort of thing. Of course I should never sport a broad brim, as even when I am a dean I must manage to curtail the fair proportions of the *chapeau* into something not quite disgraceful and discreditable. I wonder at what time of life a man gets to care nothing about his appearance. Somewhere about fifty, I should imagine. As for women, they care their life long, if one may judge from the finery and furbelows which crowd the shop windows, and with which they load their poor persons like cart-horses. Silly things, to imagine that when Nature turns upon her heel, carrying away all the loves and graces, and packing up in her luggage all the rosy rouge, and the sparklings of the eye, and the dimples and smiles, and the red poutings of the lips, and the white pearliness of the teeth, and the gloss of the hair;—what simpletons, I say, are they, to think that anything is left that can please men. What an audacity to imagine that any botching, and patching, and cobbling, can make an old thing pass for new! And then, forsooth, catching at straws, they talk about—ha! ha! ha!—they talk about mind! *Mind!* As if men ever wanted mind in women, or, if they did, as if they could get it! Why, botching up a mind is worse than botching up a body. To boast of intellect is about as bad as to boast of the plague, and quite as sufficient to make every creature run away from them. An intellectual woman! Ha! ha! ha! Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand the creature is an impostor, and the thousandth is something like the musk-cat—one may like the scent bag, but hate the animal. The thing is altogether so disagreeable, that women are actually afraid of it, and men avoid it as something unnatural, and I don't even like to think of it. Schiller's dragon of Rhodes was altogether a fool of a monster compared to an intellectual woman.

"Pah! what makes me entertain disagreeable subjects? Why can't I think of myself? Well, the choice of a profession is

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really a serious matter. I should certainly have preferred to be military, but then the prospects of a black coat are far brighter than a red one, though it be the duller colour. The mess-table, and the gaming-table, and all the other sorts of table, don't harmonize with the table of arithmetic. I have neither money nor interest in that way. But I can be vicar of Ingledew, with three thousand a year. My godfather has promised me that, if I only take orders, and, ha! ha! ha! behave myself! do nothing to soil my gloves and discredit the sacred functions! Ay, this godpapa of mine is pretty straightlaced; a sort of gentleman who, having no natural flexibility, has become enamoured of his own stiffness, and turned into a sort of mental and moral petrifaction. The very hinges of his body have got rusty for want of use, and nobody shall oil them. Dear old soul! he just looks as if he had been dipped in cast iron, on purpose to be stuck up like Nelson, or Wellington, or the Duke of York, upon some monstrous high monument. The very sound of his name is like an east wind—makes one's teeth chatter in one's head, and gives one a cold shiver. I wonder how my dutiful parents could ever have dared to ask him to become responsible for my sins;—and yet it was a mighty good move for me, for, in consequence of that kind religious paternity, he has made himself chargeable with all the pounds, shillings, and pence affairs of my satchel days, and now promises to make me vicar of Ingledew when the present incumbent, a patriarch of some ninety-seven summers and winters, shall retire from the business of this life—that is, as I said to myself before, if I do nothing unworthy of my sacred functions—ha! ha! ha!—and read up to pass through the sifting process of his friend the bishop's examination sieve.

"Twelve o'clock! I declare I have grown as garrulous as a woman, with this difference, that a woman never talks to herself, but tells everything to everybody, whilst I hold that it is safest to trust one's self with one's own secrets, and never to tell them to any other human being. By-the-by, if one can't keep one's own secrets, how can one expect that another should keep them for us? But here it is twelve o'clock, and I am under orders to present myself and stand fire before my petrified sponsor at half-past. So I must *dress up*, or rather *dress down*, in pretty quick time, or I shall lose my character for punctuality. Pity to destroy these curls of mine, but needs must, or this good godpapa of mine will think I am not half rusty enough for the profession. Hasten now, you dear amiable vicar of Ingledew, that is to be; recollect that you are looking, and dressing, and politising, and diplomatising for nothing less than three thousand a year."

Horace Harvey dipped his hair-brush in water, and most ruthlessly dismissed the curling of his hair into the regions of departed charms, wherever that may be, trusting to be able, unlike many other charms, to recal them on some future day, and having hastily laid aside a certain glittering watch-guard, certain diamond studs, a certain flashing ring, and having put on a rusty, black, out-of-elbows coat, drawn on a pair of sober black gloves, and taken up a particularly time-worn hat, he sallied forth to keep his appointment with his aforesaid godpapa.

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Not a shade of flippancy, not a trait of *beauism*, not the slightest breath or zephyr of the *élégant*, not even the common requisites of the finish of a gentleman, could be discerned in the plain, staid, sober, calm, quiet, downcast, somewhat dull-looking young gentleman who made his bow in a certain old-fashioned library, in a certain old-fashioned house, in a certain old-fashioned street, in this our old-fashioned town of London. True it is that the moment you enter a house, you may pretty well tell the character of its owner: nay, even if one were blindfolded, we should inhale the knowledge with the atmosphere. Respectability was the order of the day in that particular dwelling. Now, respectability means order and opulence; that is, a strictness of method, and more money than is spent. Yes, we think that there must be a surplus capital essential to the condition. There must be no extravagance to scatter gold, and make it melt like a snow-storm, no particular taste in *virtu*, no prodigality of any kind or sort, but there must be a portion of surplus revenue. Horace Harvey knew perfectly well that such a state of things existed, and he made his bow accordingly, both to his godpapa and his godpapa's respectability.

"Well, Horace, well. How are you this morning, my good lad? Punctual as clock-work, eh. 'Tis a promising thing for a young man to know the value of time whilst his life is yet before him; besides, it shows a respect to those whom it has pleased Providence to place above him. It shows that a young man has learnt his catechism, and is not ashamed of practising it, eh, Horace? Shows that he has learnt to order himself lowly and reverently to all his betters, eh, Horace?

"It is my duty to do so, sir, to all, but especially, sir, to you."

"Well, I look upon you to be a very straightforward, right-intentioned, docile young man, Horace, and your sober and industrious habits are sure to get you on in the world. To be sure they will. And always be punctual, Horace. If you promise a thing, do it, and do it at once. Breaking your word is like dishonouring a bill; then it gets noted, and nobody knows what mischief follows. And people who break their word get noted too, ha! ha! ha! Pretty fair pun that, eh, Horace?"

Horace Harvey emitted a slight laugh, much as if he had never laughed before, and was almost afraid to try.

"Well, Horace, you are so mighty stiff, that I almost believe that you have not got a laugh in you. But there are plenty of giddy, thoughtless rattlepates in the world—I might, indeed, say reprobates—and it is the extraordinary gravity and steadiness of your character which makes me think you so well fitted for the cloth. Your being so very studious and steady first put it into my thoughts to devote you to the church, and your own natural inclinations and bent induce me to follow up the idea."

"My humble endeavours shall ever be exerted to the utmost in promoting the one great object, sir," said Horace, meaning, of course, the promoting his own interest.

"I don't doubt it, Horace, in the least. There never was a more orderly, steady, studious, grave, sedate young man in the world, and I

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say it to your face, because I'm not afraid of spoiling you. If you had been a mere ordinary youth, I should still have endeavoured to provide for you, but it would have been in a different way—some merchant's office, or something of that sort; but your own unexceptionable good behaviour makes me feel that you are worth something better. You have quite an inclination for the church, eh, Horace?"

"If I know my own heart;—but the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Horace Harvey need not have doubted in the least degree his inclination to be vicar of Ingledew, with three thousand a year.

"Well, well, I like to see you humble. We are all bad enough. People think me tightlaced, but you, Horace, are almost too rigid even for me. Take care, Horace, you don't fly to the opposite extreme. Don't be *over* strict, nor *over* careful. It does harm, Horace. It frightens people. It makes people think that to be *good* is to be *disagreeable*. And why are you so stingy, Horace, in your dress? Now, that hat, my good lad, that hat is positively too shabby for you. Why don't you discard it? Why won't you spend a little more money upon yourself?"

Horace Harvey took up his hat, stroked it affectionately, but so as to make its shabbiness more conspicuous, and answered submissively,

"Ah, sir, it would ill become one dependent on your bounty, and destined to a profession of humility and self-abasement, to expend too large a portion of this world's wealth on the self-adornment of his perishable person!" and again Horace Harvey affectionately stroked his beaver, apostrophizing it the while, in an under tone, "Good enough for me! good enough for me!"

"Come, now, Horace, I must insist on your doing things differently," said Mr. Sterndale, as he took out his cheque-book, and, dipping a pen, proceeded to impart a particular value to one of the scraps of paper by the formation of a few hieroglyphics—"there, Horace, if you have exhausted the exchequer, take that, and do give a few orders to your outfitters."

Horace Harvey pulled off a glove in which was a great hole, received the little scrap of paper with a reverend gesture, turned his eyes up and then down again, and said emphatically, "How can I thank you! The effort is vain. I can only endeavour to make a right use of your bounty!"

"Hark you, Horace, the right use will be this time to spend it upon yourself. When I like to be charitable, I can give my own money away myself. And besides, it is not for my credit to see you look so threadbare. Everybody will say what a miserly wretch I must be."

Horace Harvey felt that his tactics had got a little wrong.

"But, however, to have done with all this—nay, you need not look so mortified! Why, Horace, I did not mean to blame you. There are very few young men of your age who either would or could be so self-denying. Instead of spending too little, the general fault is spending too much. I am sure you must be a very uncommon young man, very uncommon indeed, to care so little for appearances. To be sure,

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being so deeply impressed with the high responsibilities of your intended vocation may make you perhaps a little righteous overmuch: 'tis a rare fault, and one on virtue's side, so I need not blame you for that. If I had not had the highest opinion of you, I should never have thought of making you vicar of Ingledew. It must be confessed that such a position in life is quite beyond your own and your parent's prospects; and it is nothing but my great desire to see worthy men in the church, men who may elevate it out of its present sordid selfishness of feeling, that induces me to put you into it. There, Horace, there's a compliment for you. I do really think you so eligible, so humble, so earnest, and so single-minded, that I am glad to use my influence, hoping that it may be for the interest of the church as well as for your own. I have long seen the evil of pushing in sprigs of nobility, young fellows who must be made to do something, for the sake of providing for them genteelly, and quite against their own natural inclinations. How can it be expected that effeminate young fellows, pampered with luxury and overflowing with levity, can enter into the interests of the church heart and hand? But now here are you, humbly born, humbly bred, poor, honest, industrious, studious, willing to devote heart and soul to the great cause—why what may not be expected from you? Yes, Horace, yes, you shall be vicar of Ingledew—that is, of course, if you behave yourself."

Now there was a great deal in this speech that Horace found a difficulty in gulping down, but the "drop of honey in the draught of gall," made him very well content to swallow the whole potion. He laid his hand upon his heart, bowed, and with a voice tremulous with emotion of some kind or other, murmured in broken accents, "*Gratitude—ceaseless endeavours—altogether unworthy—unprecedented generosity—never to be forgotten—till my dying hour.*"

"Enough, enough, Horace; there, compose yourself. I know you'll be an ornament to the church. I own I was a long while in making up my mind. I am afraid I have a little prejudice in favour of birth—but let that pass. The fishermen of Gallilee did not know much about pedigrees, eh, Horace, did they? To be sure there was a hard-working clergyman, with half-a-dozen children, that fags and fags from morning till night, that I did think of as the future vicar of Ingledew; but I never said anything about it to him, so I won't say anything more about it to you, eh, Horace? You have always conducted yourself so well, and shown such a decided call to the church, that I consider it quite my duty to pass over every other consideration, and forward your views as much as lies in my power."

Horace Harvey knew perfectly well that he felt the strongest possible calling in his own heart to be vicar of Ingledew, with three thousand a-year.

"Well, Horace, since we have decided on the end, now for the means. You have had a tolerably good education, but then it was intended to fit you for a more humble walk in life. I never meant to make you vicar of Ingledew, eh, Horace? but now something more must be done. You must study for the church—hard—hard—Horace. There must be no dilly-dallying—but I need not say that to you. I ought rather to urge you to rest a little, for you certainly do work too

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hard, too hard a great deal. So studious as you are, you will quite work yourself out. You will be grey-headed whilst you are a boy. All that I mean by telling you to work hard is, that I would have you confine your studies to examination topics. We must get you *past*. I shall speak to my good friend the bishop, and tell him what a good lad you are, not of course to bespeak his favour, but to make him understand that you deserve it. I know that you will go through with credit. And I'll tell you of what I'm thinking, Horace. I am sure that you look pale and haggard. and I know that it is with studying so deeply. Now do give it up to oblige me—relax for a few weeks. I see that we shall have you on the sick list else. Come now, Horace, promise me that you will not touch a book for a month—promise me!"

"O, my dear, dear sir, can the mind—*the soul*—live without its food any more than the body? Shall I not open even a pious book?"

"Well, well, Horace, of course I did not mean quite strictly and literally; I only wish you to relax, to amuse and enliven yourself. These grave studies pursued without mitigation would wear the strongest man out, and you, who are but slight and a stripling, must suffer from it. Don't shut yourself up so closely. Ramble about a little, and see the sights."

Horace gave a start as if he were recoiling from some profane idea, and then answered meekly but sorrowfully, "Ah, dear sir, it would ill become one with such a vocation before him, to mingle with the giddy world, and partake of its frivolities—its trivialities."

A slight confusion passed across the face of Mr. Sterndale, as though he felt himself reproved, and did not quite know whether he deserved it or not. Now we say that an undeserved reproof is a great injury, and one very difficult to be borne placably. There was a little struggle in the gentleman's countenance, and for a moment Horace Harvey thought that he had gone rather too far, that he had not calculated well; but Mr. Sterndale's was a generous nature, and you can always injure a generous person most safely. The cloud cleared away, the sunshine broke out afresh, and he said good humouredly, "Well, Horace, as you will. I was not advising you to be dissipated, but only to abstain from that severe course of study which is injuring your health. I believe and hope that I too am temperate in what I call my own pleasures, and yet I do take some pleasure sometimes. We are even now, however, for if I have been lecturing you, you have been preaching to me in your turn. All that I would now say is, that I hope that you will not be too severe upon yourself, and so adieu, my rigid elect vicar of Ingledew."

"I was a little severe upon that poor humble-minded godson of mine last night," said Mr. Sterndale to himself, as he sat with his single decanter before him, after a staid sober five o'clock dinner. "I scarcely know how it was, but I felt a sort of a something like irritation about me, and yet it was wrong in me, very wrong, to feel provoked with the youth for being over-good. I'm sure the fault is rare enough. Most boys of his age, for after all he is but a boy, are sadly over-bad; and if he errs on the side of strictness and self-denial,

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he certainly ought not to be checked and reproved for that. I wonder how I could ever feel irritated, much less show it. Poor fellow, he must have been sadly mortified. So humble, so patient, so modest, so studious as he is—caring nothing for the vanities of the world—yet even that vexed me, to see him so shabbily dressed, since it seemed like a reflection upon my liberality, that he should not make a more respectable appearance. Those who know the circumstances, will say that I do not make him an allowance sufficiently liberal to provide him with the requisite comforts of life; and yet I do give him considerable sums. If *he will* spend them on charity, and drain himself of every shilling, what can I do? It is rather provoking, that the more I give him the less he seems to have; and yet ought I—can I find it in my heart—to blame the boy for self-denial and benevolence—the very qualities which are so rare and so valuable? Who ever heard before of a youth wearing a shabby threadbare coat and a beaverless hat for the sake of being charitable? Blame him! what an unreasonable idea! Why these are the very qualities which make him so well suited to his vocation. These are the very merits which fit him to be vicar of Ingledew, and vicar of Ingledew he shall be!"

A glow of genuine satisfaction passed through the heart of the worthy sponsor. It was the gratitude which everybody feels for their own good deeds, and of which we are never disappointed. This, too, is the sweetness that brings on one kind action after another, each inducing a successor; so Mr. Sterndale having begun, resolved to go on.

"Yes, I mortified him sadly yesterday, I know I did; he had such a humble, sorrowful look, I don't know what I could be thinking of; but I must try to make him some amends, I must do something kind. Let me see, it would be too late to send for him here—I'll go to him myself—yes, that I will, I am determined."

Mr. Sterndale pushed aside his chair, cast rather a longing look at the decanter—rejected the idea of further indulgence—had rather a regretful feeling at leaving his creature comforts and the quiet repose of his domicile, banished the emotion with infinite magnanimity, grew particularly well pleased with himself, would not even wait for his plain dark-green chariot, or his sober-suited servants, but taking his hat, his gold-headed cane, and his gloves, departed briskly, vigorously, and alertly.

It was somewhere betwixt and between daylight and lamplight that Mr. Sterndale found himself approaching the locality of his godson's chambers. "How delighted the boy will be to see me!" said the kind credulous gentleman to himself. "I suppose I shall find him buried in books, with a single dip candle before him; up some two pair of stairs, quite a prophet's chamber, nothing but a bed, and a stool, and a table, and a little literary lumber—that's the sort of life that makes him look so haggard. I expect I shall find him in some fourth or fifth-rate street—all mediocrity. Oh! well that certainly is quite an opulent-looking pile of buildings—much better than I expected—must be mistaken—no—divided into chambers: well, he must be up in the attics—he's much too humble and too careful to be anywhere else—ah, here are the names—let me see. 'Ground floor,

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Alexander Dobson; second floor, Charles Griffith; third floor, Frederic Throgmorton:' none of these; let me see, I missed the first floor—here it is—' Horace Harvey.' So, so; not the garret, then, as I supposed. Good house. Better quarters than I anticipated. Must be mistaken. Here, you sir," addressing a man who was making his exit with an empty partitioned wine basket, " you sir, do you know a Mr. Harvey who seems to live here? A Mr. Horace Harvey?"

" Know him; yes to be sure, sir. One of our customers."

" Customers. Not a very good one, I should suppose?"

" Why as to that—small orders and often," said the man. " Only a dozen or two every time Mr. Harvey has a party."

" A party!"

" Yes, he's only a bachelor chap, sir. Young men that live in chambers never keep any cellar. It's all from hand to mouth work. Just an order off hand, to be sent in hot-foot. Mr. Harvey only ordered in this dozen that I've just been up with to-day, for present consumption; and I heard the first three corks drawn as I was coming down stairs. Quick work, sir. Just a party got up in a hurry. Smart, dashing, flashy, spicy young men, who are ready to enjoy themselves to your heart's content at any moment, and never stand upon a long invitation."

" But you don't mean to say that Mr. Harvey is one of them—Mr. Horace Harvey?"

" Why yes, I do. Don't birds of a feather always flock together? Isn't Mr. Harvey now sitting up stairs at the head of his own table as merry as a grig, and as if there was not such a thing as a tee-total-temperance in the whole country."

Mr. Sterndale gasped a moment for breath; when he found it he said, " I thank you for your information, friend. I will go up and satisfy myself."

Mr. Sterndale slowly ascended the stairs, with an expression of countenance that he did not of course see, not possessing a pocket-mirror, and with an impression of mind which he did not at all understand. His informer, however, the wine-merchant's official, as he stood with his empty basket leaning against the door-post below, had a much better view of the old gentleman's table of contents, his title-page, and index, than the said unconscious walking document, and he said to himself as he thus watched his progress, " Shouldn't wonder if I've made mischief. Stupid animal I must be not to think that I might be telling tales out of school! I hate peaching. Some old uncle or master, or some relation or another to the merry skylarkers up there. Catch them at their pranks as sure as they're born. Wish I could do anything to stop him. Shall I call out 'House on fire! Stop thief! Murder?' No; they'd all rush out at that. What shall I do? Why, nothing but march off. Nothing else to be done. It's a fatal case. Stay, there's somebody at one of the windows. Mr. Harvey himself, as I'm alive. Yes, sir! Yes, sir! No, I'm not gone, sir. Here, sir! here!"

" Here, you, my fine fellow, run back as fast as you can and fetch us half-a-dozen of your master's champagne. Quick, sharp, fly; an there's half-a-crown for yourself, if you only make haste!"

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"Sir! Mr. Harvey! Sir!" exclaimed the wine-merchant's sub., "Sir, Mr. Harvey, sir! there's an old gentleman, with a gold-headed cane and a brown coat and knee-breeches, coming up the stairs now at this moment, and asking for Mr. Horace Harvey. For you, sir! If you did not invite him, you'd better lock the door and say you're out through the keyhole, sir. That's all, sir; and quick's the word with you too as well as me, sir."

Horace Harvey turned deadly pale, and staggered from the window. His conscience knew but one Banquo, and dreaded only one ghost. As he faced round the interior of that room struck him with just the aspect it might be supposed it would appear to his uncle. It is odd enough that scenes familiar to us from daily habit often put on a changed appearance when some particularly proud or particularly orderly person beholds them. We seem at such times to see our customary objects with entirely changed eyes, and our household appendages appear to us as mean and disorderly as they can do to the stiffest of these individuals. This sort of transmission of sight came instantaneously over Mr. Horace Harvey. He looked round the room, saw what his patron must see, and felt what he must feel. Confusion and jollity reigned around. There, half-a-dozen or eight wild, disorderly, rollicking, riotous young man, with hair in frenzy and cravats unloosened, were grouped round the table in attitudes of some composite order of human architecture, made up of lolling, lounging, lying, some with half their bodies under the table, others with half of their corporeal upon it. Persons altogether innocent of the knowledge of contortions might have supposed that arms and legs had changed places, since some of those fundamental articles which the laws of nature and gravitation have commonly adjudicated to the ground, were now occupying the backs of chairs, and it appeared to be a most probable catastrophe that heads would eventually change places with feet. A large disorderly array of glasses of all sorts and sizes were scattered over the table in multitudinous confusion, a few stately decanters, perfectly emptied, had been placed upon the superannuated list, whilst a muster of the identical black bottles just imported, the reverberating music of whose uncorking had been heard by the unintentionable auditory below, were passing in quick succession from hand to hand along the ranks, each conscript or volunteer charging his glass, so as to expel the slightest gleam of daylight. Olives and dried fruits, and Rheims biscuits, were scattered profusely over the table, not in the slightest degree according to rule, but simply according to requisition and pleasure. About a dozen candles were lit, (this class of gentlemen are prudent enough to be shy of lamps, because the glasses are expensive,) though the daylight had not yet departed to the other side of the world, and the mingling of the glare of the artificial light with that of the natural, gave a disgusting bacchanalian expression to the whole scene. The mixture of odours that rose reeking round bore testimony to the olfactory nerves of the conviviality of the party, as well as did the objects from which they emanated testify it to the visual organs. The effluvias of wine, lemons, spirits, mingled with those of fish, flesh, and fowl, for on a side-table was crowded the remains of the feast, which their one attendant,

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bandied hither and thither, to supply the most capricious as well as the most multitudinous of wants, had not yet found leisure to remove. The remains of a turbot, the skeletons of chickens, the bone of a Westphalia ham, a tureen with the dregs of soup at the bottom, and all the fragments of unused and unappropriated bread thrown into it, the ruins of what once had been in its day of palmy pride a fine superstructure of a pigeon-pie, now nothing more than a cavernous excavation, the head, ears, and skewers of a hare, pyramids of dirty plates piled up in tottering heaps, with layers of knives, forks, spoons, bones, negligently intersecting, interlacing, and intertwining, so as to prevent all formality in the erection, the tablecloth crumpled, tumbled and rolled up, still retaining in its affectionate embraces and kind keeping sundry table-mats, cheese-plates, salt-cellars, and etceteras, which had received the command of "March! retire!" without the due allowance of time——But why attempt further to describe confusion worse confounded?

Horace Harvey turned staggering from the window with a face perfectly blanched. Visions of his godfather, his vicarage of Ingledew, and his three thousand a-year, flitted before his mental vision. "Lost and undone!" he ejaculated, "lost and undone! Fool! Idiot that I was not to wait till all was sure! Hear me, good fellows, friends, if ye are such, silence this confounded clamour and hear me!"

It was some moments before the master of the feast could gain a hearing from his guests, so uproarious was the joviality of bottles ringing and glasses jingling, and human voices shouting, singing, and declaiming; but when after a few moments, that seemed to him ages, he did force their attention to himself, a simultaneous burst of laughter followed the recognition of his frantic attitude, and a general vociferation of "Hear him! hear him!" went round the table. "Are you going to give us Othello, Macbeth, or Bluebeard? There, take the carving-knife for a dagger. 'Is this a dagger that I see before me?' Have a bowl of punch for a bowl of poison, and we'll all partake."

There came a hasty, impatient, bold, loud knock at the door.

"'Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Oh, wouldst thou couldst!'" exclaimed one of the convivials.

"King Duncan at the door! No, 'tis nobody but Harvey's matron, or nurse, or sister, or sweeper, or whatever else you call her, come to sweep his hearth; but we've burnt the broom, and we'll consume her after it if she venture in."

"Hear me! Hear me! I have something to say to you! Silence for one moment with this confounded clamour and hear me speak!"

"Hear him! Hear him!" again rang round the table, with a perfect bacchanalian roar. "Hear him! Hear him! Give a hearing to the giver of the feast! The giver of the feast and the fun."

"Ay, ay, hear him; but hear me first and him second. He's only the second-hand giver, the giver by proxy, the dinner almoner. Now, I propose the health of the real giver of the feast. The old governor who gave the gold. To be drunk with all honours. My lords and gentlemen,—for who is not a lord with a full glass in his hand?—no daylight now—my lords and gentlemen, I propose the health of the old governor who gave the gold."

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And " the old governor who gave the gold " was drunk standing, in the midst of tipping and touching and jingling of glasses, and roars of riotous laughter.

Another impatient knock at the door.

" Madmen ! you will ruin me ! I shall shoot myself !"

" Now, Mr. Sub., we'll drink your health. I say, Horace, go to your old governor again in a shabby coat, and see if he won't give you another twenty-pound bank-note to buy a new one, that you may bestow upon us another feast. Capital idea, wasn't it? You deserve that we should toast you."

" Hear me ! you, Badderly, of all this mad set, *will you* hear me ? It is a matter of life and death. Amidst all this horrible clamour do you not hear that knocking at the door ? Don't stay to answer me, I am on the brink of destruction. My every prospect of life is ruined if he who knocks comes in and sees me here ! That is he whose health you have been so madly drinking—the old governor, my patron, my godfather ! Do you understand me ? There is but a hair's breadth between me and ruin ! I see you understand me. Don't spend a moment or a breath in answering—take my vacant seat at the head of the table—bid him come in—let me get under the table—say that you don't know me—that I am not here—none of your acquaintance —say anything—everything—only help me to escape if you have one grain of friendship for me !"

Badderly kicked his own chair aside, and took the post of honour. The high-minded Horace Harvey, the future elect-vicar of Ingledew, crept under the table, the ample covering of which effectually concealed him from view.

There came again another louder, longer, more imperious, imperative summons, ratatatooed upon the door.

" Now, comrades, follow my cue and I'll show you sport," said Badderly. " Who knocks ?" exclaimed he. " Open the door and come in, whoever you may be."

The door did open, and an eager, angry, impatient, anxious, troubled face looked in.

" Mr. Harvey, Mr. Horace Harvey," said Mr. Sterndale, " I wish to see him—to speak to him."

" Man has many wishes in this world that cannot be gratified," said Badderly, sanctimoniously.

" Many !" responded the whole table with a groan.

" You are merry, gentlemen," said Mr. Sterndale, angrily ; " but my business with Mr. Horace Harvey is not one of sport."

" Merry !" repeated Badderly—with another groan. " Merry !— but it is a mistaking world."

" A mistaking world !" reiterated the table, and another chorus of groans went round.

" I desire not to disturb your wassailing," resumed Mr. Sterndale, severely, " so that Mr. Horace Harvey is not one of you."

" Our wassailing !" ejaculated Badderly. " Our wassailing ! as if our sober and sparing refreshment of body, and our meeting together for intellectual improvement and edification, deserved to be called by such a name ! Our wassailing ! Look around you, sir, and say if

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the temperate aspect of all things here might not befit a hermit in his cell?"

Mr. Sterndale did look around, with a glance of angry disgust.

"Your doings are your own, and concern me not, so that Horace Harvey be not one of your revelling. I ask again where is that young man? I am told that these are his rooms. Is it not so?"

"'Tis a world of misconceptions," replied Badderly, turning up his eyes. "One person says one thing, and another another! Nobody knows who's who, or what's what!"

"Nobody!" ejaculated the table, with another groan.

"I perceive that it is your purpose to deride me!" said Mr. Sterndale. "I will immediately relieve you from my presence if you will answer me this one question—Where is Horace Harvey?"

"'And echo answers where?'" said one of the corps.

"As if either a moralist or philosopher would compromise himself by presuming to answer," said Badderly. "Sir, I ask you in all gravity, can you tell where you may be five minutes hence? Can I tell? How then can I know where the grave, studious, never-to-be-enough-admired-and-commended gentleman of whom you speak may now be luxuriating himself?"

"Having not found him in the worst society, I may at least hope that he may be in some a trifling degree better," said Mr. Sterndale, severely.

"He may be star-gazing, he may be book-worming, he may be love-making, he may be play-going, he may be reading homilies, he may be writing tracts. It is all conjecture, sir. Everything is conjecture in this world, sir. I have arrived at that conclusion after a long course of observation on this whirligig world of ours, sir."

"And I have arrived at another, sir; and that is, that you are all a parcel of reprobates!"

And so saying, Mr. Sterndale turned round and descended the stairs, his head and heart in a sort of whirlwind, his retreating footsteps followed by peals of wild, insane, outrageous laughter.

SONNET.

IMAGINATION.

HAIL! holy mother of each high desire
For something better than life's little day;
Thou, who can'st wake man's soul to thoughts of fire,
Thoughts that aye burn, though all things else decay,
Throned in the mind, thou sit'st in majesty,
Bright Poetry stands smiling at thy side;
Thought's richest, fairest treasures round thee lie,
And Nature's storehouse throws its portals wide!
The stormy Passions thy behests obey,
Fair Memory's loveliest daughters own thy sway,
Round thee they dance and strew their wreaths of flowers,
Pluck'd from the bosoms of the rosy Hours,
E'en Grief feels calmer, more resigned at last,
As thy bright wand unbars the portals of the Past.

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THE LIFE OF GEORGE BRUMMELL, ESQ.*

We believe that it might with perfect truth be said, that not only every life, but every action of every life, might be made available to the world either as an example or a warning. No stronger exemplification of this truth could be found than in the biography of Beau Brummell. Whilst we find in his life the gayest comedy of which man could well be the actor, or of which our country has ever been the theatre, it is also the gravest of homilies. The reflections which its perusal suggests are illimitable; the moral which it elucidates incontrovertible.

We talk about *poetical justice*, but the phrase falls upon the ear only as a faint echo of the fulminated sentence of that *retributive legislation* which it has pleased the Supreme Governor that the life of man should evidence. He whose heart was capable of no stronger tie than the tie of his cravat, who loved a jest better than a friend, who deified trivialities and adored puerilities, he who desired only to be the high-priest of fashion, and who lived without being amenable to one sterling principle—the Sybarite of his day—this man, the intimate of princes, their rival and their model, died destitute and imbecile in an hospital!

For exquisite amusement and for powerful pathos it would be difficult to parallel this biography of Beau Brummell. His ascent to the towering pinnacle of his ambition is replete with a thousand varying reflections of mirthful fancy; his descent from that lofty elevation to the saddest depths of degraded and afflicted destitution, melancholy to the most sorrowful degree. The light and the shade of this narrative resemble the gayest sunshine of the butterfly, and the darkest gloom of the graveyard midnight.

There is a vulgar species of estimation current in the world which is prevalent from the absence of a capacity for higher appreciation. Thus the Dandy and the Fop of the present day offer no distinctive marks to an indiscriminating eye from those of the Beau of the past, though they differ in a superlative degree. Touching externals, the Coxcomb is altogether ignorant that to be *over drest* is to be *ill drest*. He estimates himself by the amount of labour, the amount of expense, the amount of time, the amount of thought, and the amount of material he may have cost. He knows not that in all these he may have only been heaping up evidence for his own condemnation. He never for a moment surmises it as possible that every gesture and every word may be bearing witness against himself. He may all the while be only accumulating vulgarisms. But the Beau is a different order of being. He desires to be distinguished by nothing extraordinary but an extraordinary degree of refinement. His dress is never an extravagant parade, but an endeavour to reach the *beau ideal* of immaculate perfection. This was Beau Brummell's ambition. No quaker

* The Life of George Brummell, Esq., commonly called Beau Brummell. By Captain Jesse, unattached, Author of "Notes of a Half-pay Officer in search of Health," &c. &c.

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could manifest a greater aversion to gaudy colours than did he. Violent contrasts were his abhorrence. Thus we find him in his banishment objecting to his biographer's black coat and white waistcoat, and telling him that he looked like a magpie. In fact, Brummell's taste was that of the painter, with the only difference that the one sought to adorn himself as the one only worthy object of his devotion, the other stamps upon canvass the effusions of his mind. Assuredly Brummell's passion was all outpoured upon himself. He was his own earthly idol, the god of his own idolatry, and never was such irreligious zeal more sadly or more powerfully reproved than in the corruption of his own divinityship. The sins of mental apostacy seem to rise into refinement when compared with the base body-worship which Brummell paid to his own frail corporeal part, and had his intellect retained its calculating power, the soul with which he had adored himself must have quailed confounded, as decay and loathsomeness debased the cherished idol. He who had been used to spend four hours out of every successive day in self-adornment, lived to be a gross offence to his neighbours; he who had thrown insult into the face of a sovereign was himself banished to the far-off corner of a miserable *table d'hôte*; he who had revelled in the luxury of clean linen three times a day, survived through the necessity of its purifying change once in the month; he whose approving nod gave currency to the daughter of a duke at Almack's, lived to be an imbecile driveller, shunned by the meanest hirelings. Ah, who shall say that the world is not under a most just and supreme government?

But our reflections have led us into wanderings. We were looking upon Brummell in his palmy days, when he and the Regent were the very York and Lancaster of fashion,—the very white rose and the red. In our estimation both were beaux, neither of them were fops. Both aimed at the immaculate of taste: yet certainly the Prince himself must have recognised Brummell as a master, since he used to sit at his toilette for hours to learn the witching skill of that necromantic neck tie. The Prince, who could not be content with the sovereignty of three kingdoms and a dominion on which the sun never sets, proposed it to be a higher ambition to reign in that elective monarchy to which the suffrages of the *élite* alone could raise him; a monarchy which, while apparently open to every competitor, has yet around it an impassable though invisible line of demarcation, exclusive to the last degree. The Prince and Brummell were for a time amicable competitors. Possibly the Beau achieved some triumphs, and grew arrogant on his successes. We suppose it to have been so, for carrying on our definition of the genuine characteristics of a beau from the body to the mind, and allowing that Brummell was distinguished by a refinement of taste which as a subordinate, though not as a reigning quality, is valuable in the highest degree, yet, when that taste which should only be the modifying attendant of higher attributes is elevated into the primary one, and when, instead of being the prime minister at court, it usurps the monarchy, Nero himself could not have committed greater acts of tyranny than did the Beau in wielding the sceptre of his dominion. And yet it would mark a want of the perceptive power to say that the

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Cæsar of the world of fashion was but an empty coxcomb. When we notice that, without birth, without connexions, without wealth, (for he had only competence,) he had not only achieved an *entrée* into the highest circles, but arbitrated to a prince whose very enemies admit him to have possessed refined taste, we must at once allow that Brummell had qualities which entitled him to his position. Denying this, we might as well deny that the man who had climbed a mountain had the use of his feet. True it is that, having reached the summit of his ambition, his head grew intoxicated with the giddy height. Hence emanated his excessive arrogance; hence that insulting effrontery which was meant to guarantee his title to authority. But even from the very submission with which this insane insolence was met, we find the evidence that Brummell's right to his post was admitted. Any other person saving and excepting the Beau, be his rank what it might, would have lost his caste in society, would have been blackballed, banished, for any one of the numerous browbeating impertinences which he lavished unsparingly and without mercy on every hand. Yet all ranks bore with him, submitted to him. His will, in every matter of taste and fashion, was supreme. There was no appeal from Cæsar. And to what could this deference be attributed, saving and excepting to the possession of properties which, if they are less valuable, are also more rare than the highest talents—a faultless taste, and the most perfect finish of a gentleman? These qualities he had to fall back upon, and these were those which supported him when he passed far, far beyond the boundary lines of good breeding. Beau Brummell was not only a high authority, but, when he pleased to be so, a most entertaining companion. His very effrontery gave a zest to his other qualities. His taste in all the elegancies of life was unassailable, unimpeachable. The exquisite purity of his cleanliness seemed almost to excuse the four hours of daily devotion which was crowned with so perfect a result, and the faultlessness of his attire had, at least, the justification of success for the pains and zeal which had obtained it. And yet, with all these qualifications, which are generally esteemed of such high price in the estimation of women, we might readily deduce a compliment to the sex from their general indifference to the Beau. He was certainly more popular with men than women. It might be that he infringed on the prerogative of the sex in his devotion solely to the elegancies of life; it might be that they missed the manliness of a masculine spirit, that they could not wholly pardon his effeminacy, or that they detected the utter heartlessness and selfishness of his whole being; but true it is that he never seems to have inspired a genuine affection; and this is certainly singular, since popularity has always been considered the high road to the female heart. We consider it, however, an honour to the sex that the Beau passed among them, but scathed them not. He might be their pet, their plaything, their companion, and their intimate, but it passed his power to win an entrance into woman's heart. We find no vestige of a real passion, a real affection, throughout the whole of these memoirs. But why need we wonder at this, or seek for further cause beyond the utter inability of Brummell to admit any other being into his own heart, already wholly occupied with his own image.

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Let slanderers say what they will, the higher minded of the one sex can only associate and assimilate in spirit with the high-minded of the other.

It would, however, be endless to trace out the various courses of reflection which this life of Beau Brummell opens. A work more copious in matter for thought, as well as more rich in amusement, it would be difficult to find. "The proper study of mankind is man;" and though he does "play such unseemly tricks before high heaven as maketh angels weep," and devils laugh, yet must the thinking mind be rivetted as leaf after leaf of life is unfolded for his contemplation. Captain Jesse's work is one that will fasten the attention. Most singularly and emphatically marked must have been the character of the Beau, since, whilst his life was not eminently distinguished by stirring adventure, yet is his own peculiar self so stamped upon every page, his own individuality so prominent, that, while he is surrounded by all the leading personages of his day, he alone carries our attention with him, with a feeling akin to his own old ascendency. Most decidedly he was not a copyist, not a mere shadow of some reflected idea, but an original, and a striking one. Self, as well as selfishness, was in every word and every action. He offered a perpetual oblation to himself, and the faint expiring light of a flickering existence was prolonged until all men might behold the crumbling corruption of such an idol.

We will give a few anecdotes of the Beau, which display him in the days of his vain glory.

"Brummell's intimacy with the Prince of Wales, and also with so many families of distinction, in addition to his social qualifications and perfect manners, soon made him sought and courted in society, and he was at length the vogue—no party was complete without him, and the morning papers, in giving the details of a rout, always placed his name first on the list of untitled guests. But his ambition was, not only to shine in the fashionable world, but to be its dictator, and to effect this object, he saw that he must be formidable; like Sylla, he must be feared. A quick perception of the folly and gullability of many of its members, enabled him to shape his course accordingly; and, being fully aware of the power of ridicule, and not inconvenienced by any undue proportion of feeling for the crowd, he used it freely. His disposition to satirize was, no doubt, unamiable; but there was an essential difference between exercising his sarcastic vein upon people who were perfectly indifferent to him, and making an ill-natured use of it in private circles. In cutting up individuals with whom he had no feelings in common, which was pretty often the case, he did no more than hundreds; but, having a most perfect tact in all matters appertaining to mien and conduct in society, he made the witty, satirical, and cynical points of his character tell with much more effect than they did theirs.

"How well he eventually succeeded in making his opinion valued or dreaded, the following anecdote will give an idea. 'Do you see that gentleman near the door?' said an experienced chaperon to her daughter, whom she had brought, for the first time, into the arena of Almacks, 'he is now speaking to Lord——.' 'Yes, I see him,' replied the light-hearted, and as yet unsophisticated girl; 'who is he?' 'A person, my dear, who will probably come and speak to us; and if he enters into conversation, be careful to give him a favourable impression of you, for,' she sunk her voice to a whisper, 'he is the celebrated Mr. Brummell.'

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"This is no fiction; the young Lady Louisa, who is now living, was the daughter of a duke, and her rank, wealth, and personal attractions, might well have been thought sufficient to secure her against the criticisms of any man. This, doubtless, was her mother's opinion; but such was Brummell's influence, and such his supposed ill-nature in the use of his powers of detraction, that she was obliged to warn her young débutante not unthinkingly to expose herself to them. It has been asserted that even Madame de Staël was haunted by a dread of his disapprobation, and that she considered her having failed to please him as the greatest 'malheur' that she experienced during her residence in London.

"It is said that, on one occasion, when Brummell was dining at a gentleman's house in Hampshire, where the champagne was very far from being good, he waited for a pause in the conversation, and then condemned it by raising his glass, and saying, loud enough to be heard by every one at the table, 'John, give me some more of that cider.'

"But although guilty of impertinences of this kind, he was seldom premeditatedly ill-natured or ill-tempered, and, amongst his own set, his impudence was not only permitted, but expected; and no one thought of noticing it any more than they would have done that of a court jester. The following are cases in point:—

"'Brummell, you were not here yesterday,' said one of his club friends; 'where did you dine?'

"'Dine! why with a person of the name of R——s. I believe he wishes me to notice him, hence the dinner; but, to give him his due, he desired that I would make up the party myself, so I asked Alvanly, Mills, Pierrepoint, and a few others, and I assure you the affair turned out quite unique; there was every delicacy in, or out of season: the sillery was perfect, and not a wish remained ungratified; but, my dear fellow, conceive my astonishment when I tell you, that Mr. R——s had the assurance to sit down and dine with us!'

"On another occasion, a wealthy young gentleman, then commencing life, and now a member for an eastern borough, being very anxious to be well placed in Brummell's world, asked him and a large party to dine; the Beau went, and a few minutes before they separated, he, addressing the company, requested to know who was to have the honour of taking him to Lady Jersey's that evening. 'I will,' said his host, delighted at the prospect of being seen to enter her ladyship's drawing-room in his company; 'wait till my guests are gone, and my carriage is quite at your service.' 'I thank you exceedingly,' replied Brummell, pretending to take the offer in a literal sense. 'Very kind of you indeed! But D——k,' and he assumed an air of great gravity, 'how are you to go? You surely would not like to get up behind? No, that would not be right; and yet it will scarcely do for *me* to be seen in the same company with *you*.' There was an involuntary roar from all present, in which Mr. D——k, with great good nature, joined heartily."

That Brummell sometimes condescended to practical jokes here is the witness.

"In one instance his victim was an old *émigré*, whom he met on a visit at Woburn or Chatsworth, into whose powder he managed, in concert with a certain noble friend, to introduce some finely powdered sugar; and the next morning Monsieur le Marquis, in perfect ignorance of the trick, after having been 'bien *sucré*,' descended as usual to the breakfast-table. He had, however, scarcely made his bow, and inserted his knife in the périgord-pie before him, when the flies, (for the heat was extreme,) already attracted to the table by the marmalade and honey-comb, began to transfer their attentions to his head: and before the segment of pie

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was finally detached, every fly at the table had settled on it. The carving-knife was relinquished, to drive them away with his pocket-handkerchief, but the attempt was futile; they rose for a second, but resettled instantly; a few, indeed, winged their way to the distant parts of the room, but only to return with a reinforcement of their friends, who were vainly seeking a livelihood on the windows.

"Murmurs of astonishment escaped from the company, as this new batch assailed Monsieur le Marquis; he fanned his head, but it was of no use; he shook it vehemently, but with no better success; at length, the sugar becoming dissolved by the heat, trickled in saccharine rivulets over his forehead, which was soon covered by his tormentors, buzzing and tickling so dreadfully, that even old *régime impassabilité* could stand it no longer. The unfortunate Frenchman started to his feet, and violently clasping his head with both his hands, rushed from the room, enveloped in a cloud of powder and flies; his tormentors, and the echoes of an uncontrollable burst of laughter, following him up the staircase. When he was gone, Brummell and his confederate, of course, expressed more surprise than any one else, that the flies should have taken such a violent fancy to the Frenchman's powder and pomatum."

And here we have Brummell as the superlative of Exquisites.

"An acquaintance having, in a morning call, bored him dreadfully about some tour he had made in the north of England, inquired with great pertinacity of his impatient listener which of the lakes he preferred? when Brummell, quite tired of the man's tedious raptures, turned his head imploringly towards his valet, who was arranging something in the room, and said, 'Robinson,'—'Sir,'—'which of the lakes do I admire?'—'Windermere, sir,' replied that distinguished individual. 'Ah, yes,—Windermere,' repeated Brummell, 'so it is,—Windermere.' A lady at dinner, observing that he did not take any vegetables, asked him whether such was his general habit, and if he never ate any? He replied, 'Yes, madam, I once ate a pea.'

"Having been asked by a sympathising friend how he happened to get such a severe cold? His reply was, 'Why, do you know, I left my carriage yesterday evening, on my way to town from the Pavilion, and the infidel of a landlord put me into a room with a damp stranger.'

"At an Ascot meeting, and early in the day, Brummell walked his horse up to Lady ——'s carriage, when she expressed her surprise at his throwing away his time on her, or thinking of running the risk of being seen talking to such a very quiet and unfashionable person. 'My dear Lady ——,' he replied, 'pray don't mention it; there is no one near us!'"

We doubt not that Brummell's vanity would have been in a most rejoicing state had his own statements which follow only been true.

"Brummell's vanity and honesty in love affairs were equally extraordinary. It is related of him that he came one morning into the library of a noble friend, at whose house he was a frequent visitor, and told him, with much warmth and sincerity of manner, that he was very sorry, very sorry indeed, but he must positively leave ——— Park that morning. 'Why, you were not to go till next month,' said the hospitable peer. 'True, true,' replied Brummell anxiously, 'but I must be off.' 'But what for?' 'Why the fact is—I am in love with your countess.' 'Well, my dear fellow, never mind that, so was I twenty years ago—is she in love with you?' The Beau hesitated, and after scrutinizing for a few seconds the white sheep-skin rug, said faintly, 'I—believe she is.' 'Oh! that alters the case entirely,' replied the earl; 'I will send for your post-horses immediately.'"

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But in his far-famed quarrel with the Regent the Beau certainly did out-Herod Herod, though Captain Jesse repudiates the often-told tale of "George, ring the bell."

"Whatever the cause of offence may have been that led to the quarrel, the Beau treated the affair with his usual assurance; and waging war upon his royal adversary, assailed him with ridicule in all quarters, and affected to say, that he had himself cut the connexion: it was in this spirit, no doubt, that he said to Colonel M'Mahon, 'I made him what he is, and I can unmake him.' Of course after this break the Regent determined to take advantage of the first opportunity that occurred, of showing the world that he was no longer anxious to continue the acquaintance. An occasion for his so doing presented itself not long after in a morning walk, when the Prince, leaning on Lord Moira's arm, met Brummell and Lord A—— coming in the opposite direction, and, probably with the intention of making the cut more evident, his Royal Highness stopped and spoke to his lordship without noticing the Beau — little thinking that he would resent it; great, therefore, must have been his surprise and annoyance, as each party turned to continue their promenade, to hear him say in a distinct tone, expressive of complete ignorance of his person, 'A——, who's your fat friend?' But Brummell was sometimes in a humour to adduce other reasons than the right one for the *fracas*, which led to his final rupture with the Regent, and the favourite fiction that he then palmed upon his most eager listeners was, that they had been rivals in a love affair, in which the Prince was of course the unsuccessful suitor."

That in everything Brummell sought to elevate himself is apparent in every action. He could not bestow a dole upon a beggar without pretending ignorance of the handling, or even knowledge of vulgar coin.

"Brummell's charitable donations is perfectly in character with the anecdote of his reply to the beggar who petitioned him for alms, even if it was only a halfpenny: 'Poor fellow,' said the Beau, in a tone of good-nature, 'I have heard of such a coin, but I never possessed one; there's a shilling for you!'"

Even after the gaming-table had enforced banishment, after extravagance had entailed difficulties, and after Brummell had won and lost his consulate at Caen, with poverty staring him in the face, he cut the plebeians at whose tables he had eaten, and patronised the legitimists.

"Louis-Philippe, whose conduct he had lauded at the public dinner to which he was invited by the préfect on his arrival, when he 'let off a neat little extempore speech to the commercial success of the two nations,' was now in his eyes a *parvenu*, his supporters of course the same; and, in his new character of a zealous Carlist, he thought it necessary to refuse an invitation to a ball given by the authorities in honour of the new sovereign, as he passed through on his way to Cherbourg. The fact was, a dinner was given also, to which he was not invited, possibly the real reason for his declining to attend the ball. The day after this fête one of his acquaintance, who happened to meet him in the street, inquired whether he had been to the ball given in honour of the king the night before. 'What king?' inquired Brummell, in a tone of feigned surprise and inquiry. 'The French king, to be sure; Louis-Philippe.' 'Oh! the Duke of Orleans, you mean; no I did not go, but I sent my servant.'"

But now the saddest sorrows of his life were darkening. No discipline could teach him prudence, nor could the kindest liberality of

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unforgetting friends meet his requirements. These doubtless had grown scantier, though they were never wholly withdrawn; yet some had gone on their own long journey, and the benevolence of others, though not exhausted, might abate. Paralysis and poverty possessed the Beau.

"Towards the end of April, 1834, poor Brummell was again attacked by paralysis: he was seized at the *table d'hôte;* and the circumstance that first made him conscious of the fact, was finding that his soup was trickling down his chin instead of going into his mouth. Instead of making any exclamation or gesture of surprise, he, with his usual presence of mind, immediately rose from the table, and quietly putting his napkin to his face, left the room with such perfect deliberation and self-possession, that none of the guests were at all aware of his misfortune, and they imagined that he had retired merely from some feeling of temporary indisposition.

"But before going to his room, the staircase leading to which was on the other side of the court-yard of the hotel, he went into one adjoining that in which the table d'hôte was held, and consulted the looking-glass over the mantel-piece. One glance was sufficient, for it showed him that his mouth was drawn up to his ear, and he hastily retreated to his apartment."

We had well nigh exclaimed upon the wonderful fortitude of vanity, but we presume not to judge; but now came a blow more severe than any he had yet suffered.

"Ten days after Brummell had penned this letter, he was visited by a misfortune infinitely more severe than any he had yet suffered. When the consulate at Caen was abolished, of course all hope of paying M. Leveux was at an end, unless, indeed, some other appointment should enable him to do so: this was improbable in the extreme; and as the chances of success in his endeavour to get one became more remote, and his health more indifferent, M. Leveux, or his partners, determined upon arresting him. The proceeding was rather a severe one; for he had strictly fulfilled the engagement he entered into on receiving the money in question from M. Leveux, until the government deprived him of the power of so doing.

"From this time, his creditors had no security, or shadow of one, and they probably calculated that if Brummell was once in jail, his friends would come forward and pay the debt. The preliminary steps, therefore, were taken, and early one morning in May, 1835, the Hotel d'Angleterre was surrounded by *gens d'armes*, who were unusually numerous for an occasion of the kind; certainly more so than was necessary to secure the person of a rheumatic and paralysed old man: some persons said it was intended as a compliment to the official situation he had formerly held; at all events, the French were agreed in thinking that no debtor in the town of Caen had ever been so handsomely arrested. While the subordinates lined the gateway and back entrance, and cut off all chance of escape, the *juge-de-paix*, taking a couple of them with him, ascended the staircase that led to Brummell's apartments; they then passed through the salon, entered his bedroom without giving him the slightest notice, and at once surrounded his bed.

"The poor Beau was asleep, but the rough grasp of one of the jack-booted gentlemen soon aroused him from his slumbers, and he awoke to find himself in the hands of justice. If at first he thought it was only a horrid dream, he was soon undeceived by the *huissier*, who produced a writ of arrest, at the suit of M. Leveux, for fifteen thousand francs, and bluntly informed him, that he must go to prison unless he could pay that

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sum. His agitation at this summons was extreme, and on the entrance of the waiter, who now made his appearance, he was totally overcome, and gave way to a burst of grief. The remainder of the scene was of the same distressing character. Being ordered to dress, he begged that he might be left alone, for a few minutes, to do so: but this favour was refused, and he was obliged to get out of bed, and slip on his clothes before the intruders. Those who knew Brummell, may imagine what an effect this must have had upon his vanity and refinement; but there was no help for it, and perhaps for the first time in his life, he was under the necessity of dressing in a hurry.

"In the mean time, the landlord had despatched a servant to several of his friends, to acquaint them of his arrest; but the sum was so large, that any kind intervention on their parts was impossible. This he was well aware of himself, and therefore sent for a coach to take him to prison, which he had not money enough in the house to pay for: he also requested the attendance of his landlady, and entreated her to take especial care of all his *papers*. 'They are,' said he, 'the only things I possess to which I attach particular value, they are of no use to any one else, *mais pour moi, Madame Fichet, ils sont un vrai trésor;* when I am gone, pray collect them, and lock them up with your own hands.' The *fiacre* was now announced, and two *gens d'arms* and the *huissier* having entered it with him, they were soon at their destination. On his arrival there, he was locked up in a place, it cannot be called a room, with the common prisoners, for there was no separate apartment to be had. The floor of this den was of stone, and the furniture consisted only of the three truckle-beds of his companions; as to chairs, there were none, but one was brought in for his use."

But as yet all hope had not deserted him. While feeling the poignancy of the *present*, he anticipated better things of the future, as will be seen from the following characteristic P.S. attached at this time to a letter which he wrote:—

"You will perceive the extremities to which I am reduced—I am about to seal to *you* with a wafer! Do not even whisper this indecorum, for perhaps I may again frequent the world."

The ruling passion rallied again even in a prison.

"Brummell had now been six weeks in prison, without a hope of release, and the time wore very heavily away; the greater part of each morning was consumed in making his toilette, in which he was roughly assisted by the *tambour*, Paul Lépine; the drummer, however, under his master's supervision, soon acquired great proficiency in the art of cleaning boots and brushing clothes; and at two o'clock Brummell descended into the debtor's court with his neckcloth as white and well tied, his hat smoothed to a hair, and his whole exterior as perfect as if he had been going to pay Mrs. B——'s morning visit."

The exertions of friends, still untired, released Brummell from his prison. He moved again in the circle of that little world with which he was surrounded, apparently forgetful alike of that woful habitation, and those who had released him from it. He was, indeed, eminently ungrateful. His downward course was now rapid. Mark the transition from his former state. Our limits will only allow us to snatch glimpses of him in his waning days:—

"Brummell also became totally indifferent to his personal appearance; not only were his clothes shabby and out of repair, but he was dirty. His tailor told me that, towards the close of his career, he had sometimes observed him in the street with his coat in holes under the arms, and his

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trousers torn. 'J'avais honte,' said Monsieur * * * *, assuming a dignified air, 'de voir un homme si célèbre et si distinqué, et qui s'était crée une place dans l'histoire, dans un état si malheureux;' and though I could not afford to give him clothes, I frequently requested him to send me his things, and mended them for nothing.' On such occasions poor Brummell was under the necessity of remaining in bed till his trousers were sent home by his friendly tailor, for he had only one pair. The waiter who usually brushed his clothes, said that he was without a second pair during the last two years and a half that he remained at the hotel; and that he had observed Brummell occupied in mending them at least a year before he became imbecile.

'Yet even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

"Though he had long given up his darling *vernis de Guiton*, nothing could induce him to forego *eau de Cologne*, oil for his wig, and *biscuits de Rheims* for his luncheon; and as he could not obtain credit for these coveted articles, for Mr. Armstrong declined paying for them, he used occasionally to beg them at the shops where he had occasionally dealt. As long as he could get out he went to a confectioner in front of the hotel every day at two o'clock, to eat two of his favourite biscuits, which were always flavoured with a glass of curaçoa, or maraschino: for some time, they were paid for with a bow, but this polite remuneration did not long satisfy Monsieur Magdelaine, and Brummell, to satisfy his penchant, now a passion, was obliged to sell or pawn the few articles he had left. For this purpose, and also to procure perfumery, he disposed of a handsome gold repeater to an Englishman of the name of Pitt, a tulle manufacturer of the town; it had originally cost eighty guineas, and was now sold for a very small sum.

"Some porcelain vases, another watch, seals, and a chain, and other articles of jewellery, were parted with in a like manner; and even his last silver snuff-box was pledged to Monsieur Magdelaine, to indulge his puerile passion for *biscuits de Rheims*.

"The man who had once been such an extraordinary example of personal neatness, and the '*arbiter elegantiarum*' of fashionable life, and who had, only three years before, hoped and begged that he might not die 'from filthiness,' was now approaching his end in that very condition; was an object, so loathsome and offensive, that admission into an hospital was the most desirable thing that could happen to him. If anything is wanting to complete this sketch of the wretched state that Brummell was at last reduced to, the following letter, written from Caen at this period, will afford the most painful illustration."

But for that letter we refer our readers to Captain Jesse's volumes, which, when once opened, will not permit themselves to be closed till the last page has been perused. This life of Brummell from his hands does indeed abound in attractions. Ease, manliness, perspicuity, and cheerfulness, characterize his style. The individuality of the Beau is everywhere preserved, and we say again, that he was a marked original. The course of his gay career also leads us through all those brilliant, talented, and aristocratic circles which so peculiarly mark the date of the Regency. Poets, statesmen, soldiers, and philosophers, starred the hemisphere of Beau Brummell's rising. One matter of justifying praise for our much-abused world, we ought not indeed to pass over, which this biography suggests. That world never deserted him, but was kind and generous to the last. Generous in despite of ingratitude, and kind for the sake of by-gone days. Never did life more powerfully inculcate the truth, that "they who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind." And let not men disregard the cha-

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racter because of its triviality—let them rather contemplate it for the sake of its rarity. There are even more Wellingtons than Brummells. The book is a powerful lesson as well as a fine study. Captain Jesse was highly fitted for his task. He intimately knew the man, and has commanded the most competent sources of information. He has depicted Brummell with a most masterly comprehensiveness, followed his rising steps, and tracked his downward course; and he has thus given to the world one of the most amusing as well as the most touching records of existence that life itself could furnish.

LYRIC LAMENT,

ON A DEFUNCT SPARROW!*

ALACK! alack the day when sped
The heedless stone,
That singled from its friends that fled,
And laid along with the cold dead
This little one:
No longer through the live-long day
On craggled trees
To flutter more from spray to spray
Or bound on buoyant wing away
Upon the breeze.
By little, tuneful loves caress'd,
No more to reign
The pretty favourite of the nest,
Planting in many a feather'd breast
The pleasing pain.
Mute warbler!—ah! how cold and still
Thy mellow throat:
How songless now that merry bill,
At morn so blithely wont to thrill
Its carol-note!

Thy kindred oft,—a timid train,
Disconsolate,
Haunt the dark spot where thou wert ta'en;
But o'er the widow'd nest—in vain—
Mourns thy mate.
Peace to thee, Care unruffled now:—
(For thou *had'st* care,
Apportion'd cares *we* cannot know!)
The tyrant, Man,—the witherer, Snow,
Touch thee not *there*;—
There in thy little shadowed grave,
Hung o'er the Deep,
Where, shelter'd from the wind and wave,
Tho' realms may rock and passion rave,
Thou wilt sleep.

If aught of thee to being clings—
Not mortal all—
To HIM it soared on sinless wings,
Who marks, amid the maze of things,
The Sparrow fall!

* The verdict was—"Killed by a random stone."

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TALES OF THE PUMP ROOM.[1]

No. VIII.

THE OPERA SINGER.

Baron Martinon, who in former times had owed Doctor Lange deep professional obligations, received him in the most friendly manner, and gave him the most satisfactory replies to all his queries regarding La Bianetti. Not only did he corroborate, word for word, her narrative, but broke out into the warmest eulogium on her character, and gladly undertook, whenever he should mix in society in Berlin, to make known his favourable opinion, and put down the idle rumours afloat to her disadvantage. And so nobly did he redeem his promise, so warmly did he advocate the cause of the innocent and oppressed, that, ere many days elapsed, the fickle public was metamorphosed, as by a magician's wand, from causeless detractors of the poor Italian, into her devoted admirers.

But we must return to the day when, after his interview with the baron, on the *bel étage* of the Hotel de Portugal, the doctor sought, among its upper regions, the unaristocratic domicile (No. 54) of the *Kapell Meister*, Boloni. As he stood up before the door to recover breath after climbing the steep garret stair, strange tones grated from within upon his ear. They seemed to proceed from some dreadfully suffering invalid; for now would deep groans and sighs, as if from the very bottom of the soul, give tokens of unendurable agony, and anon would impatience under it burst forth in mingled imprecations, in French and Italian, dying away at length in fresh groans and heart-rending sighs. The poor doctor was terribly shocked. Good heavens! thought he, has the touch of wildness I shuddered to observe in the poor musician broke out in utter derangement? or is he only at death's door from love and jealousy? His finger was already on the knocker to ascertain, when his eye rested on the number on the door. He saw it was 53! How nearly had he made a mistake, and intruded on an utter stranger! and yet, with the instinct of his profession, he was sorry to pass the sick man's door, and go on, as directed, to No. 54. Here, very different sounds saluted him. A deep, fine man's voice was singing, accompanied on the pianoforte, and the doctor was ushered in to the same person he had seen the day before at his patient's.

The room was strewed with music-books, guitars, violins, and other paraphernalia of the art, amid which stood the composer, in an ample sable dressing-gown, a fur cap on his head, and a roll of paper brandished, as before, in his hand—reminding the doctor, for all the world, (as he afterwards declared,) of Marius amid the ruins of Carthage.

The young man seemed, from the style of his reception, to remember the previous day, and bear the physician a grudge accordingly. The utmost extent of his urbanity went to shovel off a load of music from a stool, to afford sitting-room for his guest, while he himself

[1] Concluded from p. 31.

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still paced distractedly through the room, sweeping (not very superfluously) the dust from piles of rubbish, with the ample folds of his dressing-gown.

Without giving his visitor time to open his commission, he discourteously anticipated him by saying, or rather screaming,

"You come from her, I know. Are you not ashamed to bring dishonour on your gray hairs by such an embassy? I will hear no more of her; I have dug the grave of my soul's happiness, as you may see by my livery of woe. Let my sable apparel be a token to you, as to her, that the person you wot of is to me for ever dead. O Giuseppa! Giuseppa!"

"Dear sir," mildly interposed the doctor, "if you would only be kind enough to listen—"

"Listen! And what do you know of listening? Lend an ear to me, old man, and you shall hear something more expressive far than mere words. See! here you have woman as she is!"

So saying, he opened the piano, and played something, which the doctor, albeit no connoisseur, perceived to be highly original.

"Do you hear," asked the performer, "these soft, melting, fascinating tones? I see they could lap even you in elysium; yet mark how they subside in the fleeting, uncertain, characterless strains so descriptive of the being whose defects they pourtray! But listen again!" exclaimed he, with raised voice and sparkling eye, throwing back, as he spoke, the wide sleeves of his funereal garment—"when man is to be characterized, all is truth and boldness—nothing uncertain or equivocal, but strains majestic, lofty, resolute as him they typify!" And he suited the action to the words by punishing the poor piano so unmercifully, that the doctor felt equally inclined to call out for quarter on its account and his own.

But he was saved the trouble by a similar interposition from another quarter. A modest tap at the door was followed by the entrance of a little diminutive figure, which, with many obsequious bows, conveyed the request of the sick gentleman next door, that the Signor *Kapell Meister* would be pleased, in consideration of his weak health, and (added the emissary, half aside, as from himself,) evidently approaching dissolution, to moderate the ferocity of his attacks on the groaning and reeling instrument.

"Give my compliments to your master in return," said the young man impatiently, "and tell him he has my leave to depart as soon as he thinks proper. After murdering sleep for me all night with his groans and sighs, and worst of all, his horrible blasphemies, he has the modesty to ask me to forbear playing on the piano! as if the godless wretch of a Frenchman were to lord it here in a public hotel! But you may say to the poor devil, that if he'll indulge me by leaving off swearing, there's no saying what I may do."

"It won't be long, worthy gentleman," said the crooked little emissary," and you wouldn't like to disturb his last moments."

"Is he so very ill?" asked the doctor, with professional interest. "What ails him? who attends him? who is he?"

"Who he is, sir, I can't exactly say, for I am but the *valet de place;* but I think he calls himself Lorier, and comes from France.

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The day before yesterday he was in good health, though somewhat melancholy, and caring little for going out to see the sights in the town, but the very next morning I found him quite senseless in bed, and my belief is he must have had a stroke of some sort or other in the night. However, he won't so much as hear of a physician, and swears at me awfully when I talk of calling one, but keeps doctoring and bandaging at himself—for it seems an old campaining wound has broken out, and pains him so cruelly."

Here the patient was heard to send forth a corroborating cry, and to call hastily, with his wonted imprecations, for his attendant. The *valet de place* crossed himself hastily, and withdrew.

The good doctor applied himself once more to the well nigh hopeless task of obtaining a hearing from the deaf lover; and this time matters seemed to promise a little better. He still held in his hand, it is true, a manuscript song, which he kept humming, *sotto voce*, all the time, but in such subdued and softened tones, that the doctor hailed the omen, and began, by way of accompaniment, to narrate the singer's story. At first the *Kapell Meister* made as though he heard him not, and hummed away *con amore* at his composition, as if no one else were in the room. By degrees, however, he began to listen in spite of himself, and to leave off singing without knowing it. Now and then he would raise his eyes from the notes, and cast them inquiringly over the speaker's face, till at length he let the music paper drop, and rivetted them altogether on the countenance of the narrator. His interest now waxed keener and keener; he gradually drew closer and closer to the physician, grasped his arm unconsciously, and, at the close of his narrative, jumped up in uncontrollable agitation, and paced up and down the room.

"Ay!" he exclaimed, "it wears a face of truth on it—at least," in a saddened tone, "an air of probability! But, likely as it all seems, how am I to know it is not false as hell?"

"This is what, methinks, you musical people call a *decrescendo* with a witness! Signor *Kapell Meister*, from simple truth to pure fiction the descent is somewhat rapid! But if I were to produce you a surety for the truth of all I have said? *Maestro*, what then?"

Boloni gazed doubtingly on him.

"Ah! doctor, were this possible, gold were poor to requite the service; the very thought is worth a king's ransom. Ay! had I but an adequate voucher! But all is so dark—so involved in mystery—a hopeless labyrinth, and no clue of escape!"

"We'll get you out of it, nevertheless, my young friend," said the doctor, smiling—"that is, if you will lay aside both music and poetry, and just step down stairs with me to No. 6, in this same hotel, where the envoy with whom Giuseppa found refuge is at present lodging, who has promised to receive you, and clear up all your doubts."

The young man squeezed in deep emotion the worthy physician's hand, whom, in spite of his best efforts to abjure the romantic, he could not forbear styling, as they left the room together, his "guardian angel!"

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The reconciliation with her lover which followed, as a matter of course, his interview with the ambassador, seemed to do more for the recovery of the songstress than even the skill and kindness of her physician. No sooner was her health so far restored as to admit of her receiving visitors, than advantage was taken of it by the director of police, one of those lynx-eyed functionaries whom no distance or disguise could elude, and who had imbibed, from repeated conversations with Doctor Lange and Baron Martinon, a peculiar interest in the prosecution of the affair. Made aware by the latter, that in consequence of representations of his own in high quarters, the nefarious establishment of the Chevalier de Planto had, shortly after Giuseppa escaped from it, been put down by authority, and Paris made too hot for its vile master, the feigned story of his death thence acquired a double motive, and not a doubt remained on any one's mind that in him was to be sought the poor girl's attempted murderer. But to trace him out had hitherto baffled even the boasted Berlin police, whose very knowledge of the habits of the few foreigners it contained forbade any suspicion of such a deed, as far as they were concerned. Two means of discovery, the one slight, the other uncertain, alone seemed to hold out hope. The handkerchief before alluded to—a description of which was forwarded to every laundress and sempstress in Berlin—and the strong probability that, if lurking in the neighbourhood, the assassin would seek an early opportunity to complete his bloody work.

To the shame be it spoken of the venerable crafts of medicine and *espionage*, it was, after many fruitless consultations, to the woman's wit of Giuseppa that they owed a device not unlikely to hasten the *dénouement* of the drama, while perhaps a womanly, or rather, in her case, girlish love of excitement and adventure, mingled unconsciously in the proposal. It was, that being now pronounced well by the doctor, she should make her first appearance in public on the very scene of her last disastrous one—at the closing *Ridotto* of the carnival; where, surrounded by devoted friends, and specially escorted by disguised satellites of the police, she might afford, without personal risk, an opportunity, not likely to be neglected by so implacable an enemy, of betraying himself to justice while seeking the completion of his revenge. To facilitate her own recognition by him, and avert possible danger from females less fully protected, it was agreed she should go unmasked; so that, by a glance towards her well-known persecutor, she might in a moment point him out to the familiars in disguise, who were never for a moment to quit her side.

Now Babette, who during these arrangements had been at her old trick of eaves-dropping, no sooner understood that her mistress proposed, by a plan of her own, to inveigle the murderer into the toils of justice, than her conscience smote her, (rather tardily, it is true,) or rather her vanity and love of meddling whispered to her how much she had been to blame in withholding hitherto the clue afforded by her poor lady's dying exclamation. She sidled up to the director (as she had once before done to the doctor) when he was leaving the apartment, with looks full of importance and mystery, and, on being urged to speak out by one to whom the slightest link in a chain of evidence

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was always of consequence, informed the astonished functionary that, on first receiving the wound, her well-nigh expiring mistress had sighed out the name of "Bolnau!"

"What?" exclaimed the director angrily; "and this has been kept from me all this time—such a very material circumstance! Are you sure you heard aright the name of 'Bolnau?'"

"As sure as I stand here, sir," said the abigail; "and it was uttered in a tone of such agony that I never doubted it was the name of the murderer; but may I pray, sir, don't betray me to my mistress."

Now the director held as a professional principle, that no man, however hitherto irreproachable, was beyond the reach of temptation to crime; and though the ex-counsellor Bolnau (the only one, he believed, of the name in Berlin) passed for the most honest and harmless of men—he had known in his time many such quiet subjects come under the cognizance of his office, and the very facility and simplicity of the man might render him a meet tool for the Chevalier de Planto.

Amid these official cogitations, the director was pursuing his way towards the Breiten Strasse, which it occurred to him the counsellor was wont at that hour to perambulate, and where he hoped to be able unexpectedly to pounce upon, and accost him, when the object of his intended scrutiny at once appeared advancing; bowing, as usual, right and left on his way along the street, nodding to one, and talking to another, and smiling to himself as he went, apparently in high good humour. It was not till within a few paces of the director that he became suddenly aware of his approach; grew pale and tottered, and seemed bent on making his escape down a cross street. "Mighty suspicious this!" muttered the functionary, darting up to him, and by calling out his name, bringing him fairly to a stand still. The poor counsellor really did look like a convicted criminal; faltered out with difficulty a few words of greeting, and "grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile;" but a sudden cramp seemed to convulse his features, his knees shook under him, and his teeth chattered audibly in his head.

"Well met, Herr Bolnau!" said the director, detaining with ill-timed courtesy his unwilling *vis-à-vis*. "What can have become of you? It is many days since you passed my window as usual; and indeed now I look at you," (with a scrutinizing glance this was accompanied,) "you don't seem altogether well. Is anything the matter with you?"

"Oh! no, no—only a slight shivering fit on coming into the cold air. I *was* really unwell for some days lately, but thank God I am much better now."

"So! you have been unwell?" re-echoed the other—"I had no idea of that. Methought I had seen you in your usual health and spirits at the Ridotto!"

"Ay, true; but the very next day I had to take to my bed with one of my old attacks, though I have quite got over it again."

"Then no doubt we shall see you come forth at the next and last Ridotto of the season; it will be a very brilliant one of course. Adieu till then, Mr. Counsellor.

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"I shall be there without fail!" was the would-be jocund reply of one whose saddened aspect, when the director had passed on, savoured less of a ball than a funeral. "He suspects me," thought he to himself—"he has heard something of the singer's last word! And though, thank God, the poor girl has got round again, suspicion is meat and drink to one of his craft. The notion once in his head, as I see it is, his eye will never more be off me—his familiars will dog my steps, my idlest words will be caught up and reported, and I shall be set down for a suspicious, dangerous character, when God knows a more quiet harmless fellow never trod the streets either of Cassel or Berlin!"

Thus soliloquized the unfortunate Bolnau; nor did matters grow better when he came to ponder on the searching queries of the official regarding the approaching Ridotto. "He flatters himself I shall not venture to show my face there, at least to go near the singer; and that is just what I must make a point of doing, lest he should think I am kept away by his vile insinuations; and yet if, as is very likely, I take one of my shiverings in her unlucky neighbourhood, won't he set it down at once for a check of conscience?" So he went on tormenting himself with imaginary apprehensions till the day of the fête drew nigh, and he became aware that he must summon up his energies, and meet the danger like a man.

Not to march up to it, however, quite unprepared, he sent to a masquerade wardrobe for the magnificent dress of Ali Pasha of Yanina, put it on before the glass, and familiarized himself with so unwonted a costume; nay, went so far as to constitute his dressing gown, hung over a chair, the beautiful Signora Bianetti; and after three days' practice, succeeded in congratulating her on her recovery, with only the slightest perceptible quaver in his voice. The hardest part of the lesson, however, yet lay behind. In joint proof of innocence and urbanity, it was the settled purpose of his soul to proffer refreshments to his supposed victim; but many was the glass of water spilt, and china dish in jeopardy, ere he could pronounce, in the requisite tones of careless ball-room courtesy, the cabalistic words of "cake and negus!" They ceased, however, at last to stick in his throat—they came even at length glibly over his tongue; and Ali Pasha himself could not have cared less for cutting off some score of heads, than his representative for facing the Ridotto.

It was a pleasant duty which—in fulfilment of a long standing promise—the good Doctor Lange had to perform, in escorting his late youthful patient on her first re-appearance in public. And as the said Berlin public, which from palace halls to tavern taps had once agreed to run down the poor songstress, now, since ladies of rank had courted her society, and ambassadors broke lances in her behalf—united to exalt her into a goddess—not only was she by common consent hailed as the queen of the ball-room, with as deafening applause as was ever extorted by one of her finest *bravuras*, but the physician came in for a share of the general enthusiasm, and the whisper ran round, "There goes the skilful man to whom she owes her life."

La Bianetti was not insensible to these testimonies of public approbation; nay, she was in danger of losing sight, amid their sympathetic

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tribute, of the more serious object which led to her being present; had not the four attendant dominos who followed her like her shadow, and an occasional question from the doctor whether she spied anything like the piercing gray eyes of the chevalier, recalled her at times to its recollection. It had neither escaped herself nor the doctor that a thin tall Turkish mask, in the costume well known in Berlin as Ali Pasha's, continually hovered round her; and though casually separated by the pressure of the crowd, was ere long again to be found at her side. The songstress pressed the doctor's arm with a significant glance towards the mask—a responsive look assured her the circumstance had not passed unnoticed.

The Pasha meantime, though with timid uncertain steps, drew nearer to his object, who clung unconsciously faster to the doctor's protecting arm: he came now quite close, and mild looking gray eyes peered from out his mask, while a hollow voice stammered forth—"Allow me, mademoiselle, to express my satisfaction at seeing your complete restoration to health." The songstress drew back, visibly alarmed, and the seemingly disconcerted mask did the same, and disappeared amid the crowd. "Is it he?" said the physician in a low voice; "if so, be firm, dear lady, for self-possession will be required; but do you really believe it to be the man?" "I cannot be certain," was her whispered answer—"but methinks I should know those eyes."

The doctor gave the dominos a hint to keep a good look out after the Pasha, and passed on with his charge. Scarcely, however, had they taken a turn or two in the rooms, when the Turk reappeared; hovering at a greater distance, and seemingly in close observation of the signora.

The physician drew near with her to a refreshment table, to endeavour to calm her nerves by a welcome cup of tea; he looked up, and lo! there again stood the Turk! Armed with a little salver, on which stood a glass of negus and a plate of biscuits, he sidled up to the singer; his gray eyes twinkling, while the glass kept bobbing and ringing, under the influence of his tremor, on the tottering waiter—he presented it to her, saying, "May I be permitted, mademoiselle, to offer you this slight refreshment?"

The songstress gazed wildly on him, grew pale, and pushed back the salver, exclaiming, "Ha! the fearful one! 'tis he, 'tis he! he wants to poison me!"

The Pasha of Yanina stood dumb and motionless; every thought of escape seemed to have forsaken him, and not a shadow of resistance did he oppose to the four attendant dominos as they bore him in seeming unconsciousness away.

Nearly at the same moment the doctor felt a sharp tug at the dark cloak in which he was himself partially disguised; and on looking to see whence it proceeded, beheld before him the little *valet de place* from the Hotel de Portugal, pale, and as if beside himself: "In the name of mercy, sir," cried the trembling lacquey, "be pleased to come with me to No. 53, else the devil will fly away with the poor French gentleman."

"What infernal nonsense are you talking?" said the doctor, pushing him aside, and anxious to follow the removed prisoner to the nearest

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police station; "and what business is it of mine if Satan should really claim his own?"

"Oh! dear doctor," whined the good-natured little elf, "don't be hard-hearted, when perhaps you might save him yet! And besides, sir, consider that your post of city physician gives all foreigners taken ill in hotels a claim on your assistance."

The doctor swallowed another hasty word or two that was on the tip of his tongue, and seeing that this inconvenient call could not be got rid of, made signs to the nothing loth Kapell Meister Boloni, gave into his charge the signora, and accompanied his elfin guide to the Hotel de Portugal.

All was gloom and silence, when the doctor reached it, in the usually bustling hotel. Midnight had just chimed, the lamps in the passages and staircase burnt with a dim and expiring light, and he had need to summon all his professional *sang froid* while climbing to the lair of the solitary invalid; nor, when the door of the room was thrown open by the lacquai, was a less effort required to prevent his backing out of it again; for the very embodied form which had for days past haunted his fancy, rose up in hideous reality on the bed before him. There sat a tall thin elderly man, his face half buried in a huge conical woollen nightcap—his narrow chest and long lean sallow arms partially enveloped in flannel—while from beneath the cap looked out a long hooked nose, and a thin emaciated brownish yellow visage, which might easily have been mistaken for a death's head, but for the pair of gray piercing eyes, whose fiendish expression lent a sort of unnatural life to the whole. Lean, shrivelled, ghostly-looking fingers, protruding far beyond their scanty shrunk-up sleeves, were busied in the ominous picking of the bed-clothes, so familiar, as a sign of dissolution, from the days of Shakspeare downwards to the Mrs. Quicklys of the craft.

"Look! how he already digs his grave!" whispered the little valet; thus awaking the physician from the bewildered gaze, with which he recognized in the being before him every characteristic attributed by the singer to the Chevalier de Planto. And yet had he not, a few minutes before, witnessed that very chevalier's apprehension? Might not two men upon earth have gray peering eyes? and was it for a physician to wonder that a patient should look pale and emaciated? The doctor could fain have laughed himself out of his folly; and rubbing his hand across his forehead, as if to rid himself of the obnoxious fancy, addressed himself to the duties of his vocation. Yet never during a long lifetime had he found them so irksome and repulsive: he shuddered he scarce knew why, and involuntarily shrunk back from the unearthly touch of the cold damp hand as he felt, and some time in vain, for the feeble pulse.

"The silly fellow!" cried the sick man, in a shrill voice, and with a strange mixture of French, bad Italian, and broken German interlarding his speech—"the silly fellow, I verily believe, has brought me a doctor! I cry you mercy if I make light, as I have ever done, of your craft! The only thing on earth that can cure me is the baths

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of G——, and I have already told that brute to order me post horses, that I may go away to-night."

"You will go to-night sure enough!" muttered the appalled valet de place, "though you'll scarce need post horses; and it will be to the place where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth!"

The doctor's practised eye soon saw there was nothing to be done in the case; and read in the very restless impatience for change of place, a common symptom of a change more awful still. All he could do was to persuade the patient to lie quiet, and promise him a cooling draught.

"Lie quiet! quiet, do you say!" re-echoed the sick man with a horrid laugh—"when if I lie down I can't draw so much as a breath! No, I must sit up, sit up in the carriage and be off! What says the little wretch there? has he bespoken the horses? Apology for a man, hast thou packed up my trunk?

"Hear him, Father of mercy!" ejaculated the terrified laquais,—"thinking, misguided mortal, of his worldly goods, and never bestowing a thought on his load of sins, which would weigh down a coach and six! God help him! if a reckoning were kept in heaven of the oaths and godless speeches it has been my fate to hear since I waited on him!"

The physician once more compassionately took the poor wretch by the hand. "You had better," said he, "place some confidence in me, as it may be in my power yet to do you good. Your servant has told me you were suffering from an ill-closed wound—allow me to examine it."

The patient, still muttering, pointed with a bad grace to his breast, and the doctor, removing the rude bandage, discovered a knife-wound near the heart. Strange to say, it was precisely similar in size and in spot to that of the songstress!

"This is a recent injury—a stab with a pointed instrument," said the physician, with a suspicious glance,—"may I inquire how you came by it?"

"Oh! so you think I was fool enough to want to kill myself? No, no! but, as the devil would have it, I had a knife in my breast, and happening to fall down a flight of stairs, I gave myself a slight scratch."

"A slight scratch!" repeated Lange mentally,—"he talks thus, and yet of that 'slight scratch' he is about to die!"

In the meantime lemonade had been prepared, which he offered to the patient, who carried it with a trembling hand to his lips. It seemed for a moment to revive him, and he actually lay a few minutes quiet, till perceiving that a few drops had been spilt on the bed, he fell into one of his swearing fits, and called out for a handkerchief. The valet flew to a trunk and brought one forth—the doctor as he gazed on it felt a fearful misgiving—he looked again, and recognized the colour, the texture, and pattern of the one which had been found in the room of the singer. The little valet held it obsequiously to the sick man, but he pushed it back disdainfully in his face, exclaiming, "Go to the devil, beast! dolt that you are! how often must I tell you to scent it with *'eau d'Heliotrope?*"

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The rebuked attendant drew the cork from a phial, and sprinkled the handkerchief; a pleasing though peculiar perfume filled the room; it was the same which had struck the doctor from the corresponding one in the chamber of La Bianetti!

The physician now fairly trembled in every limb—for he could no longer for a moment doubt that before him was the assassin of the songstress, the unblest Chevalier de Planto! True, he lay helpless, sick,—nay, apparently dying on yonder bed,—yet the doctor could not divest himself of the idea that he might start up at any moment, and under the impulse of his undying malignity, make a grasp at his throat. So he caught up hat and stick, and got away as fast as he could from the fearful vicinity.

On the morning which followed this eventful night, a carriage stopped before the Hôtel de Portugal, out of which stepped a veiled lady and two elderly gentlemen, inquiring as they were ushered in, if the counsellor of justice Pfalle had not already arrived.

"Is it not a strange disposition of Providence," said one of the party, as if continuing a previous conversation, while they were going along, "that he should fall down stairs, and by wounding himself with his own dagger, render flight impossible,—and that you, Lange, of all men, should have been called in to attend him?"

"True," replied the lady, "but do not you trace a similar concatenation in the production of these two handkerchiefs? That the one should happen to be left in my room, and the other be brought out at the very moment when the doctor was by to identify it!"

"It was so ordered!" answered the second gentleman; "it is seldom we can trace so distinctly the finger of Providence! But in more important discoveries, one poor individual seems to have been lost sight of—the luckless Pasha of Yanina. The signora having obviously been mistaken in him, I presume you have long since set the poor devil at liberty."

"By no means," replied the party addressed; "on the contrary, having every reason to conclude him an accomplice of the chevalier's, of whom I have long been in quest, I have given orders to have him conveyed hither, and confronted with the murderer."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the lady,—"an accomplice!"

"Ay, ay!" replied he, smiling sarcastically, "I know a little more than I sometimes get credit for.—But, thank heaven! we have got up at last, and here is No. 53. Mademoiselle, will you have the goodness to step for a few minutes into No. 54, where the Kapell Meister Boloni, I have a notion, will esteem it an honour to be favoured with your company. When it comes to your turn to be examined, you shall have a summons."

It were superfluous to state that the three persons above alluded to were the songstress, the doctor, and the director of police, who came in his official capacity to criminate the Chevalier de Planto. The two gentlemen, on entering the apartment, found him sitting up, as on the previous night, in bed; but the light of day only enhanced the ghastliness of his features, and revealed more fearfully the expression of his wild and now wandering eyes, which rested with lack lustre gaze now on the doctor, now on his companion; but only seemed to convey

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some faint impression of what was going on in his chamber, when the criminal notary Pfelle, a florid, thickset young man, with round eyes and an air of importance, placed before him a thick quire of paper, and brandishing a pen as long as himself, prepared to take down the examination.

"Bête! what are these men here for?" cried the invalid, in a faint voice to his little valet; "thou knowest, or should'st know, I receive no visitors."

The director stepped suddenly up to the bed, looked its tenant full in the face, and said with marked emphasis, "Chevalier de Planto!"

"Qui vive?" screamed the sick man, mechanically attempting a military salute by raising his right-hand to his nightcap.

"I say, sir, you are no other than the Chevalier de Planto."

The gray eyes sent forth once more their fiendish twinkle, the sardonic grin strove again to play around the lips, as he answered with a shake of the head, "The chevalier has long been dead."

"Ay? and who then are you? I ask it in the king's name?"

The sick man laughed his frightful laugh as he answered, "My name is Lorier. Bête! hand the gentleman my passport!"

"And you, sir, be pleased to say if you know this handkerchief?"

"Know it! and why should I not, when you took it yourself from that very chair? But a truce to all these questions, and this scene—you annoy me, gentlemen, not a little."

"Stay," said Dr. Lange, "you are in a mistake about the handkerchiefs—the one you were using lies still where you laid it, on the chair. This in my hand was found by me in the house of a certain Signora Bianetti!"

The sick man cast a glance full of rage on his interrogators—clenched his fists and ground his teeth in impotent wrath, and not a word more could the director's utmost efforts screw out. On a sign from him to the physician, he went out and soon reappeared, ushering the singer, the Kapell Meister Boloni, and the —— ambassador, into the apartment.

"Baron von Martinon," said the director, turning towards him, "do you recognise this man for the same whom you knew in Paris as the Chevalier de Planto?"

"I do; and, moreover, repeat all the evidence against him of which I have already made affidavit."

"Giuseppa Bianetti! do you identify this man as the person who conveyed you from the house of your stepfather to his own in Paris, and as the author of an attempt upon your life?"

The songstress trembled at the very presence of this formidable being; she strove for an answer, but he spared her the exertion. He raised himself higher on the pillows, his very nightcap seemed towering aloft, yet though his hands would fain have clenched themselves once more in gestures of defiance, they seemed too stiff to second their master's fury, his voice rung feebly though sharply on the ear, and his very imprecations had sunk into a whisper.

"Art come to visit me, Scheppul?" asked he—"that is pretty of you! you must be right glad to see me again, child! Only I wish I had spared you, by a truer-aimed blow, the vexation I am sure you

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feel in seeing your uncle insulted before his departure by these brutes of Germans."

"What need we farther witness?" interrupted the director. "Herr Notary Pfalle, make out a warrant of committal."

"What would you do?" said the physician sternly; "do you not see that he is in the gripe of death already, and has not a quarter of an hour to live? If you have any questions to put, you had better do it briefly."

The director dispatched the little valet to bid the officers of justice bring forward their prisoner. The sick man meantime sank rapidly; his eyes began to set in his head, though now and then they were directed towards the singer, with a lingering expression of hate and revenge.

"Scheppul!" he hoarsely muttered, "thou wert the cause of my ruin, and therefore deserving of death; thou hast been the ruin of thy father, whom they sent to the gallies for selling thee to me; I swore to him to lay thee low, and curses on this craven hand which trembled to do his bidding!"

These fearful imprecations, beneath which Giuseppa shuddered, were happily interrupted by a new arrival. Two policemen brought in a man in a Turkish dress, the luckless Pasha of Yanina—in other words, the metamorphosed Counsellor Bolnau! All testified astonishment at the apparition, but none to the extent of the Kapell Meister Boloni; who, evidently perplexed, grew pale and red by turns, and hid his face from view.

"Monsieur de Planto, do you know this man?" asked the indefatigable director.

The invalid opened his eyes as if with difficulty, raised himself slowly on his elbow, and measuring with a yet scornful glance the travestied burgher, croaked out, "The devil fly away with every one of you! I never beheld him!"

The Turk gazed with rueful looks on the party assembled around him. "I knew full well," said he in a half weeping tone, "that it must come to this—I had my prophetic forebodings! But I did not think, Mademoiselle Bianetti, you would be hard-hearted enough to bring into such trouble an innocent man."

"What is all this about the gentleman?" asked the astonished singer—"I have not so much as the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"Signora!" said the director, with official formality, "at the bar of justice there is no room for connivance or respect of persons. You must be acquainted with this gentleman. He is the ex-counsellor Bolnau, whose name your own maid alleges you uttered, on receiving what might have been your death-blow."

"A pretty time"—muttered the pasha—"to choose for implicating an honest man in an attempt to commit murder."

The songstress seemed a moment lost in surprise; a deep crimson flush then passed over cheek and brow; then seizing with sudden impulse the hand of the Kapell Meister, "Carlo!" said she, "justice and duty to others now forbid me to be silent—Yes! herr director, I did utter, as has been said, that dearly-beloved name, but it was as borne by——"

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"Myself!" exclaimed the composer, stepping forward; "for, if my good father yonder will still acknowledge me as such—I am Carl Bolnau!"

"Carl! my music-mad returned prodigal!" cried the Turk, embracing him heartily, "thank you for the first sensible word you ever spoke in your life; it has got me out of an ugly scrape."

"From the turn which things have taken," said the director, bowing, "I need hardly, sir, inform you that you are free. It now only remains for us to deal with this unhappy Chevalier de Planto. But, as he turned to the bed, he found the good Doctor Lange in the act of composing for the last time the already cold hands of the departed, and closing with decent solemnity his wildly dilated eyes, "Director," said he, "he has gone from yours to a higher tribunal!"

All left the room in silence, and breathed more freely when they had adjourned to that of the Kapell Meister, the happy "returned prodigal" of the overjoyed Pasha. The songstress hid her glowing face on her lover's shoulder, and her tears flowed fast; but they were the last she was destined to shed; for the Pasha, after being in conference with the good physician, and big it would appear with some mighty resolve, stepped smilingly up to the blushing Giuseppa, and said—"Dear young lady! after the liberties you have taken with my unlucky name, I think you cannot do less than adopt it altogether. And though you declined, not many days back, to accept of a glass of negus from my hand, you will, perhaps, not give me a similar rebuff, when tendering for your acceptance the hand of my accomplished and musical son, Carl Bolnau."

The delight of the pair may be left to the imagination; but when the father, still smarting under the sense of his recent escape, and long anxieties, remarked to his friend Lange, "How little did I dream all was to end thus happily, when you frightened me out of my wits by telling me the little girl yonder had well-nigh gone out of the world with my name on her lips."

"And how do you know that it would have ended happily, had matters been ordained otherwise? There are three persons here at least who will never have cause to regret that the SINGER's last word was "BOLNAU!"

THE ARAB MOTHER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"In the march of a caravan, it is customary to bury the dead by the way-side, and I have known a poor mother carry the corpse of her infant for hours, loath to tell the secret which must entail a perpetual separation."—*Mr. F. Ainsworth's Tales of the East.*

SLOWLY and sadly o'er the desert wild
A wearied throng their languid way are keeping;
The mother to her bosom clasps her child,
How tranquilly the gentle babe is sleeping!

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All marvel when its eyelids shall unclose
Listing to hear its murmured accents breaking;
They see not in that infant's calm repose
The deep and dreamless sleep that knows not waking.

But she, the mother, *knows* that death is there,
And struggles not against the sad conviction:
How can she silently her trial bear?
How can she still the outbreak of affliction?

How can she light and careless speech command,
And veil her agony from each beholder,
Locking within her own the little hand,
That every moment in her grasp grows colder?

Oh! she can deck with mimic smiles her face,
Fearing lest force the child from her should sever;
The wayside grave—the desert resting-place—
These, these would tear her from her babe for ever.

And therefore doth she nerve her struggling powers,
Calling up pleasant images to cheer her
Of the fair shady tomb o'erspread with flowers,
Where she may still preserve her darling near her.

Deep is the fountain of a mother's love,
Ever within her tender bosom springing,
Yet must our chastened reason disapprove
The love to outward signs thus wildly clinging.

Dear though it be to seek a loved one's tomb,
There pouring forth affection's fond revealings,
This robs not death of its repelling gloom,
This hath not power to heal the wounded feelings.

But thou, O Christian Mother, need'st not fear
The trial, though the child of thy devotion
Should find a grave,—dark, fathomless, and drear,
Beneath the whelming billows of the ocean.

Or lay unknown, unwept, in foreign ground,
Amid conflicting scenes of war and danger,
Where wild weeds cluster o'er the sun-burnt mound,
Trampled beneath the footstep of the stranger.

Yet Faith shall in thy sorrow show to thee
A day when ocean and when earth shall tremble,
And from the plain, the cave, the field, the sea,
The Lord shall bid the slumbering dead assemble.

There shall He re-unite his severed ties,
There shall his people gaze upon each other,
And mid the rest thy dear one shall arise,
Greeting with smiles his fondly loving mother.

And proving that the lone and distant grave
Is but a brief and passing habitation,
That Death the body can alone enslave,
And souls endure no lasting separation!

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THE PALAIS ROYAL.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

CHAPTER XXI.

"If ever after times should hear
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps
The laws of conscience and of civil use
May justly blame us, yet when they but know
Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour."

FORD.

THE absence of mademoiselle from the levee of the duchess had been remarked by St. Maur as rather extraordinary, still not so much so as to lead to any inquiries. It might have been, he thought, out of pique against De Retz; but the alarm manifested by her mother on receiving the intelligence of her illness now led him to believe that, whatever might have been the original cause of staying away on an occasion in which it is natural to suppose she would have been desirous of assisting—whether it were slight indisposition, or jealous feeling—she was in a state of severe or dangerous illness.

Musing lonely in a picture-gallery which formed part of the suite of state chambers of the hôtel, his mind was occupied in contrasting its present solitude with the gay appearance it exhibited when filled with the visitors of madame. Often he thought of Isoline, of the disastrous news of Noirmoutier, and of the result awaiting Jules's inquiries; occasionally his thoughts strayed to De Retz, the influence exercised by Isabella de Chevreuse over the prelate, and how his spirits would be affected by her illness or death.

Finding solitude irksome, yet obliged to wait the pleasure of the Coadjutor, he made inquiry of the domestics respecting mademoiselle, and each report received was of more alarming import. She had, he learned, been seized with a strange and unaccountable illness, without warning or previous indication, and in a few moments, from a state of sound health, had been brought to the point of death. The skill of the physicians was baffled in accounting for the disease, and in attempting the cure; it was whispered through the hôtel that she had been given up.

De Retz was in the chamber, watching over the sufferer—no longer the gallant, gay ecclesiastic, but the minister of religion, praying for the repose of the parting soul, ministering the rites of the church, his own grief and despair subdued by the effort to afford spiritual assistance to the sufferer, consolation to the distracted mother.

St. Maur, whose own troubles were great, could not refuse sympathy to De Retz, and in this softened mood, viewed him as the victim of circumstances, placed in a false position, from which there was no extrication.

[1] Continued from page 53.

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He was the priest of a religion whose sacredness he felt in his heart, and who knew his nature and temperament wholly unfitted him for the duties of his office, yet had been forced into the vows by tyrannical relatives. Falling desperately in love with Isabelle, instead of deserved rebuke, he had met with encouragement from this uncontrolled fair one, and what was deserving of all blame, had been permitted the society of the damsel by her mother, who looked only to the worldly advantages derivable from the prelate's political power, and weighed not the evil and unhappiness which must be the fruit of hopeless affection, opposed both to religion and the morality of the world.

A terrible retribution had now fallen on the duchess, and she, blameable, culpable, was probably, as St. Maur reflected, becoming herself an object of pity. Deep silence reigned throughout the mansion—carriages were forbidden the street—the servants within walked on tiptoe and spoke in whispers—doors opened and closed noiselessly—and every face betrayed anxiety and gloom.

St. Maur felt himself forgotten by the Coadjutor, yet did not feel at liberty to leave the house, and felt still more delicacy in sending a message to the prelate whilst engaged at the bed-side of the dying girl. From this unpleasant predicament he was at length relieved, by a request from the Coadjutor that he would follow the messenger, a female upper servant of the household, as it was impossible he could wait on the secretary.

St. Maur obeyed in silence. The domestic opened and closed upon him the door of the sick chamber. On the bed, which stood opposite, lay Isabelle de Chevreuse, her pallid features rendered more ghastly by the white linen and drapery which surrounded her; the dark eye was still brilliant and restless, gleaming for a moment on the intruder, and turning coldly away as from a stranger. The duchess sat at the bed-side, regardless of St. Maur's entrance; two ladies, kinswomen, hovered about the couch, their attention divided between Isabelle and her more distressed mother. De Retz, in his canonicals, calm, tearless, yet pale as death, stood at the foot of the bed, watching the movements of the poor lady; his chaplain, who had assisted him in administering the extreme unction, stood apart, looking on in silence.

St. Maur paused, anxious not to attract attention by approaching nearer the bed, and as the Coadjutor came forward, he saw the damsel's eyes follow his steps. The youth, with pardonable presumption, if it were such, extended his hand, which the Coadjutor grasped in silence. Recovering himself in a few moments, he told St. Maur, in a low voice, that he saw them all in affliction; that he felt, for himself, that he deserved the retribution. He should not, he said, leave the hôtel till mademoiselle was either released from her sufferings, or, what he had scarce hope of, had passed the crisis of her fate. He should, therefore, make the secretary the depository of the keys of his treasure, that he might disburse what was essential to the daily craving interests of the Fronde and his own establishment; he would have also at his disposal the private papers and documents of the faction, that he might to a certain extent act in place of the Coadjutor. For himself, De Retz added that he could hear nothing of temporal con-

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cerns till the soul of Isabelle had fled, or that the family were blessed beyond their hopes.

"Monsieur de Retz," said the moribund, in a voice which startled them, "why have you forsaken me after so many vows?"

"Peace, Isabelle!" cried the prelate; "remember you have partaken of the last holy rites of the church—after them, there should be no thought of earth."

"But do you deny the vows?" rejoined the damsel, exhibiting somewhat of her former pertinacity.

"Sister Isabelle!" said the Coadjutor, "I will not forsake you till you fall asleep, and will watch over you sleeping—but if my presence recalls worldly thoughts, I must, for your soul's sake, quit the chamber."

The youth understood by the prelate's responses, if such evidence were wanting, that all hope of the damsel's recovery had been given up; the extreme unction having been administered, there remained only to compose the parting soul to meet death serenely; all worldly discourse, all interviews with parties tending to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of the approaching awful change, were forbidden by the discipline of the church. He saw that the task of the Coadjutor was hard and severe; feeling that each passing moment might carry on its wings the soul of her he loved, yet forced to assume a serenity and composure befitting his priestly functions.

Knowing that the only motive for his being admitted a witness of the sad scene was the reluctance of De Retz to entrust the keys of his archives to any third party, he was anxious to withdraw. The Coadjutor walked with him to the door; his hand was on the handle, when Isabelle, whose mind was far from being composed, cried, in a sepulchral tone which thrilled through his frame,

"Stay! It is St. Maur! I wish to talk with him."

A shade passed over the pale face of De Retz, he slightly knit his brows with vexation, but more in sorrow than in anger, and whispering to the youth that it was wrong to indulge her wandering fancy, yet beyond his nature to refuse, he led the secretary to the bedside.

Her large dark eye rested on him as she said slowly, and with a voice which seemed to be re-echoed in the still chamber,

"It used to be talked of and laughed at—but never by me—that you were in love with Madame du Plessis, and she returned your affection—was that the truth?"

This was a very plain question, and he felt all the awkwardness which a young man would naturally feel in being so questioned; but he could not bring himself to any equivocation with one in the state of the damsel, and answered that the report was true.

"And would you ever break faith with her?" inquired Isabelle.

This stroke was so unexpected, and came with such force, like a voice from the dead, that he was fairly staggered; his countenance became deadly pale, he trembled, and could not speak.

Isabelle rose from her pillow, crying, "Begone! begone!" then adding in a lower tone, as she sank back exhausted, "They are all alike!"

The Coadjutor, his eyes filled with tears, hurried the youth to the

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door, and bidding him act up to the spirit of the Fronde, as agreed in the morning conference, returned to the bed-side.

St. Maur quitted the hôtel, and found himself in his own chamber in the archiepiscopal palace ere he could recover his scattered thoughts, or shake off the horror of the scene. He had that very morning, in his own mind, sat in judgment on the actions of the Coadjutor, and judged him, in the true spirit of charity, leniently. He now stood himself judged, condemned, and was not disposed to urge the same leniency for himself as he had felt for his patron.

The words of the dying Isabelle haunted him; he tried to shake off the melancholy impression, but could not. They were, he told himself, again and again, but the wild thoughts of one who in her short earthly career had proved untameable, and who in dying could not be brought to throw off the consideration of her earthly affections, upon which she still lingered, and which was scarcely to be wondered at, as their object was ever in her presence. Still, with his weakened spirits, he was awed by the circumstance, which spoke to his fears most supernaturally. The long hours of a summer's day had slowly rolled away; night was at hand; he was restless, but could not sleep, and went to the library, intending to read, or watch through the darkness. He tried several books, but could not fix his attention long; he felt drowsy, but would not return to the chamber, and, placing the taper on a small table, reclined in the capacious library-chair, watching the flame stirred gently by the wind, till he fell asleep.

He knew not how long he slept, but waking with the cold, found his own taper burnt out, but was startled at beholding a stream of light issuing from the closet. As he approached, he heard a voice praying, and on reaching the closet, beheld the Coadjutor on his knees. The noise of St. Maur's footsteps was heard by the prelate; he sprang startled to his feet, as though he expected to confront something more than mortal.

"Ah! who is that?" he cried. "St. Maur!—your presence relieves me!

The secretary had not courage to inquire how fared Isabelle; he saw by the Coadjutor's looks that her earthly struggles were over, and felt regret in breaking upon his privacy. He was proceeding to explain the accident of his appearance, but was stopped short by De Retz, who told him that Isabelle de Chevreuse was no more.

The aspect and appearance of De Retz betrayed the deepest affliction; he could not have been himself aware of the depth of his passion for the deceased damsel. But it was not alone her life which he now bewailed; there was mixed with his grief remorse for the irregularities of a dissolute life. Her sudden death had awakened him to the reality of truths which he had often preached, but never felt. He experienced all the sinfulness of the passion, and upbraided himself for the recklessness of his career. Bitterly he reproached the memory of his father, and inveighed against the old archbishop, his uncle, now living secluded in a cloister.

"Had they not exercised this tyranny over me, St. Maur," exclaimed the prelate, "I should have run the usual course of wildness—fought, gambled, spilt my blood and my money, till riper years brought

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repentance and an orderly life! But what can purify me now? I have disgraced the priesthood!"

Continuing in this strain, it exceeded the art of St. Maur to afford consolation; he besought the Coadjutor to seek repose; it was now near morning; the ghastly white light of opening day peering through the shutters, so hateful to revellers and the solitary student, warned them to retire. In spite of his grief, De Retz could not avoid noticing the haggard, disordered look of St. Maur, and, smiling faintly, told him that he stood much more in need of the advice he proffered; and in commanding the secretary to retire, he spoke as his physician, not as the Coadjutor of Paris.

When St. Maur, after a few hours' repose, again met the Coadjutor, the prelate's grief was more serene, but the change it had worked in his character, and was still working, was yet more apparent than in the previous interview in the library.

It seemed to press heavily on his conscience that Isabelle had died—not, indeed, careless of the awful change awaiting her—but as one whose life had been so pure and innocent that preparation was unessential. To the very last moment, he could not bring her mind to dwell wholly on the contemplation of hopes beyond the present world; penitent and contrite she expressed herself, but her fancy ever wandered to the happiest scenes of her short life, and she continually—to the prelate's horror—querulously upbraided him that his affections were changed.

"She would have had me," continued De Retz, grasping the arm of St. Maur, and the youth felt him tremble violently as he spoke, "talk to her as I have done when she was in health, responding to her protestations of love—kneeling at her bedside, her ebbing, sinful soul drinking the sounds of earthly affection. This will be my life's sorrow, St. Maur! I, who ought to have been her guide, her adviser—"

His emotions were too powerful to control, and he burst from the secretary, unable to endure the weight of his reflections.

For some days after this event there was little alteration in the fortunes of the Fronde. Poor Isabelle had been consigned to her parent earth, and deep gloom reigned in the once gay Hôtel de Chevreuse. Beaufort had departed for the south, to array, discipline, and conduct the forces of Condé to Paris. The Coadjutor conducted the affairs of the faction with his usual skill; but the tenor of his private life was wholly changed; saving its political bias, it was pure, holy, and even austere, and his manners were chastened by a grief which was felt more than seen.

St. Maur, who had imbibed a portion of the Coadjutor's melancholy, was daily expecting the return of Jules, yet fearing that the delay arose from some mischance, and there were many to be apprehended, which might have befallen that eccentric personage.

With all his reserve, the secretary had been unable to escape the pressing hospitalities of De Broussel; the more pains he took to avoid contact with the president's family, the more chance or fate worked opposite to his wishes.

Jules came at length to terminate the fears of his patron. St.

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Maur found him in his chamber one morning, as he returned from a *sortie* made by the Parisian forces to cover the approach of a large supply of provisions, of which the city stood much in need.

St. Maur could not avoid expressing his wonder at the long absence of Jules, for St. Cloud was not many miles from Paris.

"So Josephine says," cried the man, "but if monsieur knew—"

"Josephine!" exclaimed St. Maur, in a tone of displeasure. "You went there before paying me a visit!"

Jules coloured in confusion, the first occasion on which St. Maur had ever witnessed him at fault; the absence of his servant previous to the journey, when he ought to have been waiting the youth's return to the palace, rushed to his memory, confirming his impression that this quondam barber would prove troublesome and impertinent.

It appeared to the secretary as though it was a very unintentional and annoying slip of his servant in suffering the visit to Josephine to escape his lips. Jules did not readily recover himself, and the account of his mission was at first confused and imperfect.

It appeared, according to his narration, that he had reached St. Cloud without being despoiled of his equipments by any of the roving troops of Turenne's army; and the time had been since spent in gaining access to the under servants of the court, picking up as well as he could, and from whatever quarter offered, all the information attainable from such sources. It would have been, he admitted, very incomplete and unsatisfactory, if chance had not thrown in his way the opportunity of performing some slight services to the Sieur Bartholin, whom, he discovered, had been *mâitre d'hôtel* to Madame du Plessis, and was now in the household of Mazarin.

At Mention of Bartholin's name, St. Maur felt that some credence might be attached to Jules's information, as the *mâitre d'hôtel*, suspected by Isoline to be placed in control over her household in the secret capacity of spy, would know the truth of the rumour respecting her.

Jules had been assured, he said, by the Sieur Bartholin, that Madame du Plessis had taken the veil at a convent in Avignon, whose abbess was a distant kinswoman; that a dispensation had been procured to dispense with the usual noviciate term.

With great effort, St. Maur mastered his emotions so as to listen to the recital of a history which was the death-blow of long-cherished hopes. He yet suspected artifice in Jules, and, telling the Dauphinese that the news he brought agreed not with intelligence received from other sources, and that if he were discovered to have played false his life should certainly pay the forfeit, but if he now confessed the design he should be forgiven, watched the effect upon Jules.

The man, however, solemnly assured St. Maur that he had received the news as he gave it, from Bartholin; and offered to wait in safe keeping in the Conciergerie, whilst the secretary despatched another envoy to the late *mâitre d'hôtel* of madame, to determine the veracity of the report.

This offer appeared so reasonable and convincing to St. Maur, that his judgment could no longer refuse assent to the honesty of the tale, and he dismissed his servant to brood in silence over his ruined hopes.

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CHAPTER XXII.

"Full little knowest thou that has not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent."

SPENSER.

The Coadjutor's regiment of horse, the first of the Corinthians, had taken part in the varied warfare of the Fronde, but the secretary, though holding the post of captain, was usually absent, being engaged in his more important civil duties. But now there was a marked change; he sought every opportunity of performing military service, even to neglect of the councils of the Fronde. And there was a rashness in his behaviour which, whilst it gained him the reputation of courage and daring with the Parisians, exposed, on more than one occasion, the regiment to severe loss, as well as his own life to the extremity of peril. At the bridge of Charenton, being ordered by Noirmoutier, general of the Fronde in the absence of Beaufort, to make a feint with three troops of the Coadjutor's regiment, he led this little force, a compact, well-mounted body of about two hundred troops, far beyond the line indicated, converting the intended feint of Noirmoutier into a real attack, and, by the impetuosity of the assault on the enemy's artillery, drove them from their cannon, two pieces of which were captured, though at the loss of many men and horses, slaughtered in the approach, and to the derangement of the general's plan of battle. His other military adventures were of the same character, conveying to the multitude an impression of valour, to the leaders of the faction the idea that he had become careless of life.

Meanwhile, as the warm summer months were rolling away, and autumn displayed its sadder livery, the entire nation had become engaged in the quarrel of the capital; cities, provinces, towns, and nobles taking part with the Fronde, or the court, as suited the ruling passion. The provincial parliaments sided with that of Paris, the large cities, as Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Orleans, Lyons, took up the quarrel in the light of a struggle for reduction of taxation, and equalization of imposts, and assisted Beaufort, in his efforts to raise an army, with supplies of men and money. Many of the governors of fortresses reduced their garrisons in order to increase the royal army in the field, and induced arrays of the provincial noblesse. The struggle grew deadlier every day.

The Marshal Turenne, second only to Condé in military genius, and more than his equal in experience, commanded the royal camp which occupied St. Cloud and its neighbourhood, in the palace of which name the court had been lodged since its forced flight from Paris. His army was not strong enough to besiege the capital in form, and though the troops were generally well-disciplined veterans, and had, as might be expected, the advantage over the raw Parisian levies, yet he could not reduce the place by famine—the area was too extensive to be strictly blockaded, and Noirmoutier, following Beaufort's plans, which were to confine his operations to a dashing fight to

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protect the convoys of provisions, succeeded equally as well as that eccentric nobleman in baffling the celebrated marshal.

De Retz was in the occasional receipt of intelligence from the imprisoned Condé, constantly urging the Coadjutor to attempt his rescue by escalade in a well-arranged sudden assault, taking care to find occupation for Turenne in an opposite quarter. The prelate had this event quite as much at heart as the prisoner, but he had not the quality of troops essential to the enterprize, and was obliged to defer the scheme till Beaufort should arrive from the south.

He was afraid, however, as he expressed himself to St. Maur, that the Prince would be removed to a distant and more secure fortress ere the Duke arrived. It was only pride in Turenne which induced the Marshal to the gratuitous task of keeping constant watch on Vincennes, that it might not be said he had removed Condé through inability to hold the fortress against the assaults of the *porte-cocheres*, and other citizen-troops.

Those who judged St. Maur reckless of life were not far from the mark. Isoline's irretrievable seclusion from the world, which he believed produced by his desertion, preyed on his mind, filling it with remorse and despair. The violence of these feelings, however, partially worked their own cure; it was advantageous to his future peace of mind that the hot raging war afforded unlicensed scope to the unnatural and forced love of danger, the passion became the sooner exhausted, and yielded much to time.

In the intervals of warfare, his society was courted by De Broussel, and as Monsieur du Tremblay was his companion in arms, often in his society, he could not always avoid accepting the constantly proffered hospitalities of the family. He may have perceived the tendency of these courtesies, but his spirits being broken, did not oppose it with his former resoluteness.

It added to his danger, that Louise saw in him a benefactor, to whom she owed thanks and gratitude, and thus their intercourse was more familiar than would otherwise have resulted from the shyness of St. Maur, and the maidenly reserve of the damsel.

Whilst all the family, with one exception, were apparently engaged in a confederation against the liberty of the secretary—the president by the smooth courtesy which became his station winning the youth to repeat his visits by attentions flattering from age to youth—Du Tremblay and his wife, probably more in accordance with De Broussel's wishes than from their own inclinations, following in the same strain—and Josephine and Jules Martin, in a different sphere, working to the same end, the former through her respect for the president's wishes, and partiality for St. Maur, and the latter, in the expectation that if his master married a heiress, the benefit of such an alliance would be very tangibly felt by himself—there remained only the fair Louise, who exhibited an indifference to, or, to speak more precisely, an unconsciousness of, cultivating aught beyond a sisterly regard and fondness for the youth.

But it was this very artlessness which proved perilous to the secretary; he felt, or at least dreaded not the danger, so long as the maiden herself exhibited no allurement or coquetry. Had she been enticing,

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he might have been wise and fled. He took no account of the invisible miracles worked by time; was gradually led on, till becoming conscious by his own emotions that youth cannot stand for ever proof against beauty and innocence, he had not the courage to analyse his state of mind. One thing was certain, that he felt not the repugnance he had once entertained to visiting the family of the president; it required not so much pressing on the part of Du Tremblay to draw him thither; he sought rather than avoided conversation with Louise in the family circle. These were symptoms which he could not trust himself to think of—though he did not take the only step, that of instant flight, to avoid the catastrophe which they too plainly indicated.

There might indeed arise in his mind some surprise, that the maiden held herself proof against the consequences of intercourse with so youthful a personage as the secretary. To say the truth, it looked a little mysterious, and if he had not been rather anxious to banish than encourage thought, would have afforded subject for reflection. She showed pleasure in his society; but it was not progressive—it was the same in their early meetings as now—its hue wore a semblance more gay than tender, whilst the feelings of the youth were gradually assimilating to the latter class. What was the magic charm or talisman she wore, which bore her apparently safe through dangers which St. Maur, as it might be supposed, better armed, was falling a prey to?

Not in the direct and positive manner which we have pointed out, was this wonderment expressed by the secretary, but so far as he was conscious of the maiden's indifference, he felt piqued at the circumstance. It was, indeed, the reverse of flattering; not palatable to a youth of St. Maur's pretensions, though very far from helping to extinguish the increasing warmth of his own feelings.

Such was the position of affairs, when St. Maur, returning from a skirmish in company with Du Tremblay, repaired with the latter to the house of the president.

The family being all assembled, the conversation naturally turned to the events of the day—the perils escaped by the two civic champions in the morning's campaign. Alluding to the constant necessity of *sorties* to convoy supplies of food and fuel, the president remarked, that not only the family, but all Paris, was deeply indebted to the warriors, who indeed worked very hard for their daily bread.

"For something more than our daily bread," said Madame du Tremblay significantly.

"Why, yes," rejoined the president smiling, "Du Tremblay is in expectation of the Bastille."

"I am quite certain of it, monsieur," cried Du Tremblay, "whichever way the war terminates—the only doubt is, whether I shall have a cell or the governor's house."

"Do not talk so frightfully, Phillipe," said Louise shuddering. "I would rather you were brought home wounded from battle, than imagine you a captive in that dismal place. What is Monsieur St. Maur to have when the war is over? I never hear him mention what he has been promised."

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"The Coadjutorship when De Retz's old uncle dies—it will suit his melancholy," said Du Tremblay.

"St. Maur, Louise," said the president, "is more disinterested than most of us. He fights only for ladies' love and minstrels' praise."

"I should be better thought of by the ladies," said St. Maur, "if I fought for what Du Tremblay has gained. Let the president see the trophy of his valour, madame," added the youth, turning to the wife of Du Tremblay.

The lady produced a massive gold chain, also a smaller chain of delicate workmanship, to which was appended a watch. As the glittering spoil was held up to the admiring view of the old man, Louise cried out, that she too had received a watch from Phillipe, which she produced; it was smaller than the one given by Du Tremblay to his wife.

Having first examined the costly articles, the future governor of the Bastille was requested by his father-in-law to relate the exploit which put him in possession of the treasure. There was but little romance in the history, which was as follows. He had wounded and taken prisoner a courtier of the Queen that morning, one holding a post in her household, and who had given him the articles in question and a large sum of gold, as ransom. The gold he had divided between the treasury of the Fronde and a municipal collection for the benefit of the poor and wounded of the city; the jewellery he had disposed of in the manner already related.

St. Maur was rallied on his want of good fortune; he had taken nothing of consequence, Du Tremblay asserted, since the attack on the cannon at Charenton; nothing worthy of a gift to a lady.

The secretary laughingly assented to the truth of the remark; the two pieces of cannon taken, were at the ladies' service; now gracing the court-yard of the palace, the Fronde being destitute of artillerymen. He promised, however, to have a quicker eye in future for the stray waifs of military fortune; and if he could but capture the Count de Nogent, or even the court-poet Voiture, or some unhappy chamberlain, whose war-horse, disdaining civilian control, had escaped from the ranks, the prisoner should not depart without a ransom outvying Du Tremblay's gifts to the ladies.

The system of prompt ransom in the case of capture had become very much the fashion during the Parisian war. Money was scarce on both sides, and it was a much more agreeable process to extract an immediate equivalent for the release of an unfortunate gentleman—or if he had not the gold or valuables on his person, take the *parole d'honneur*, for payment within one or more days—than conveying the prisoner to the camp, and awaiting the result of a tardy negotiation with his friends. Besides, as Gourville remarked to the council of the Fronde, if one took ransom of a gentleman on the spot, whether he gave present gold or his word of honour, the same party might be caught again in active warfare on the morrow, subjecting himself to the payment of a second ransom, which could not be the case if he were lying in duress till his relatives raised the money. As friends and kinsmen had in many instances taken opposite sides, there was

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much room for the interchange of courtesies, and exhibition of politeness towards opponents.

The president, who viewed the increasing partiality of St. Maur for the society of his daughter with more than complacency, took every possible pains of improving their intimacy. The social evenings were enlivened by the charms of Louise's singing, in which she was a proficient; opportunities were afforded of their being often left alone together, apparently the result of chance.

The evening amusements were usually terminated by a domestic concert, much in vogue then with Parisian families. The male servants were generally selected for their skill in instrumental music, as well as the usual qualities expected of the class.

In the president's establishment, the *maître d'hôtel* played well on the bass-viol; the principal *officier* in the department of the *écurie* was a tolerable performer on the flute, whilst several of the lacqueys acquitted themselves with satisfaction on the violin.

Of an evening, the band would take its station in the corridor outside the saloon, accompanying the voice of Louise or her sister; and during supper playing concerted pieces. In spite of the grim warrior Turenne, there was much mirth in the city, which promised to last so long as he could not stop the food which found its way to the mouths of the violin-players and their audience.

On the present occasion, the conversation during supper turned on the apathy of the Duke of Orleans, who, favourable to the views of the Fronde, yet stirred not in its behalf, but remained inactive at the palace of the Luxembourg. Two regiments of horse which he commanded, and which at the commencement of the troubles were encamped at Charenton, had retired by his orders to the city of Orleans. It was supposed that his intention was, if the disorder of the kingdom increased, to retire to that city for protection.

Du Tremblay said that if Noirmoutier had the service of these troops to keep Turenne in check, an assault might be made on Vincennes with every chance of success. The infantry of the Fronde were now excellent soldiers, and if the object were to liberate the prince, they would show themselves irresistible.

It was proposed that St. Maur, who had acquired notoriety by his embassy to Condé, should repair to the Luxembourg the next morning, and induce his royal highness to give to the Fronde the use of his cavalry.

"Excellent!" cried Louise; "and the two pieces of cannon will be of service in battering the walls of Vincennes. I shall be glad when the prince is liberated—he will make Mazarin and Turenne fly before him—and I shall have the delight of seeing our château once more."

"You will owe to St. Maur that delight," said Du Tremblay, "for he has often declared that the prince shall owe freedom to him."

"Mine ought to be the task," cried the secretary, "since I was the occasion of his imprisonment; and if I do succeed in capturing Vincennes, the governor's ransom shall be laid at the feet of mademoiselle."

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"The chance of seeing the château and our little lake again will be quite enough for me," rejoined Louise.

At this moment, Jules entered with the news that there was waiting one of the Coadjutor's people, with a request from monseigneur that St. Maur would instantly return to the palace. The request was couched so pressingly, that the secretary was forced to comply, and taking leave of his friends, returned with Jules and the messenger.

He found Gourville and Noirmoutier closeted with De Retz; the former had just arrived from Antwerp, whither he had been to negotiate a loan, and some papers were required of which the secretary had the custody. Gourville had been successful, which was usually the case when employed in financial missions; and when St. Maur entered, was amusing the two Frondeurs with an account of his reception.

Palavicini, the banker at Antwerp, was reported to possess immense wealth and resources. He entertained the master of the horse sumptuously in his mansion, one of the best in the city; the furniture of the saloons, the wines, viands, and suite of servants, corresponded with his wealth; but to the Frenchman's astonishment, in discoursing of horses, the banker confessed that he had no carriage—at least no showy city equipage—a luxury in which the nobles and rich merchants of the continental cities indulged to a ruinous extent.

"I had no cause to complain," said Gourville, laughing, "for he hired a carriage to take me round the city to view its old churches—and call upon the friends of old El Dorado, but I could not help hinting at what I conceived an inconsistency in his *menage*."

"And I can well conceive," observed the handsome Noirmoutier, glancing at De Retz, "that where Monsieur Gourville saw a defect, he would not be afraid to notice it."

"He took my recommendation, as he ought to do, in very good part," rejoined the master of the horse; "but said that he really could not afford the expensive fashion of a coach and six horses, with all its train of boys and men, with their capacious stomachs and swaggering liveries. You look astonished, messieurs, but he spoke sincerely. He took me into his strong room, and showed me the worth of five hundred thousand crowns in bars of silver—'This,' says he, 'gives no interest at all!' Showing me his ledger, there was the same sum at the bank of Venice, paying only three per cent.—'That's not much thing, is it, Monsieur Gourville?' said Palavicini. Well, messieurs! he opened the book at another folio, and there pointed out, one million crowns lying at the bank of Genoa,—in which city, old Plutus said he was born,—and this did not pay so much as three per cent. He turned to other investments, at very poor interest, always saying,—'That is not much thing, is it, Monsieur Gourville?' And when he shut the clasps of the old book, said I might now understand why he could not afford an equipage."

"And so silenced you, Gourville!" said Noirmoutier.

"Far from it," said the master of the horse, with a smile of triumph, "I offered to take the silver bars at a rate of interest which alone should pay the cost and expense of the finest equipage in Europe."

"And how prospered the proposal?" asked De Retz.

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"Well—he looked at the jewel which fastens my cloak," replied the master of the horse, "and then down to my feet—my spurs, indeed, are of silver—but it was as though I carried security for the loan on my person. But it is bad policy to joke much with bankers—so I entered on business seriously, and when he saw the little, dark, Spanish agent, Don Josef de Illescas, produce the guarantee of Spain, I was at liberty to carry off the bars if I pleased."

Gourville then proceeded to deposit with the Coadjutor, copies of the documents which were executed on the occasion—the bullion was already safely stowed—remarking, in his dry, caustic manner, that he had submitted to a higher rate of interest than he would have done, if the Prince of Condé wanted the money—but—and he paused——

"But what?" cried De Retz. "Use the same freedom as you did with the banker."

"It will be a long time, in my opinion," said Gourville, "before the Fronde repays the money, or its bondsman the King of Spain either—and I make it a practice when I negotiate for money which I expect the owner will never see again, not to drive too hard a bargain for the interest, which perhaps—may come to hand."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Finissons la guerre civile;
Et que le pain quotidien
Revienne à Paris la grande ville.
CHANSON SUR LE BLOCUS DE PARIS.

Gourville's return with the silver, which Spain had guaranteed the repayment of, that she might foment to the utmost the civil disorders of her ancient enemy, was not the only news which awaited St. Maur. The Coadjutor had received letters from the Duke of Beaufort announcing the equipment of his levies, and that he was about marching to Paris; De Chevreuse also had received intelligence from the Duke of Lorraine that his army was on the frontiers, waiting the signal to approach.

There was every indication of a hot and sanguinary contest; the character of the war would, on the arrival of the auxiliaries, be entirely changed, and the Fronde find itself embarked in an adventure which would lead its chiefs to fortune or the scaffold. The spirit of Du Tremblay's remark, that he was certain of the Bastille in one shape or the other, was applicable to many a gentleman besides himself.

"There is only one thing which concerns me now," said De Retz; "I fear Turenne will remove the prince on the approach of our allies—if he do, it will be a long contest—if he do not, and pride hitherto has made the marshal refrain, we will certainly release his Royal Highness——"

The argument of the Coadjutor was here cut short by the entrance of a courier or messenger, who brought word that a heavy train of

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laden waggons, droves of oxen and flocks of sheep, attended by the drovers and peasants, were now lying concealed at the village of Brie-Comte-Robert, waiting escort. It was now an hour beyond nightfall, and if due diligence were used, the whole train might be safely convoyed before morning.

Noirmoutier ordered out all the cavalry, including the Coadjutor's Corinthians, and Gourville's *Porte Cocheres.* Constant skirmishing with the royal army had improved the forces of the Fronde into respectable soldiery; they had wiped off, with their blood, in repeated engagements, the point of sarcastic raillery and ridicule, once attached to their awkwardness and inexperience. Noirmoutier commanded the division in person, which included a body of light infantry.

The force was successful in reaching the village unperceived of the enemy; and the general, having arranged the order of march so as best to cover and protect, in case of surprise, the heavy laden waggons, ordered his forces homeward. Whilst returning, command was given to halt; Noirmoutier's scouts had brought intelligence that the village which lay in their march had been just invested and occupied by a body of Turenne's cavalry. After a short pause, a circuitous route was chosen, avoiding the village and the probable range of the enemy's patroles, orders being issued at the same time for the troops to hold themselves in readiness to act.

When the flank of the enemy's position was turned, the regiment of Corinthians, and a division of the *Porte Cocheres,* with Gourville in person, were ordered to the rear, as a corps of observation, to stand the brunt of the battle should the royal troops discover the march of the Frondeurs. This would afford a fair chance of the convoy reaching its destination safely. Gourville took a position sheltered by a wood on one side, and on the other by a high bank, waiting the report of his aide-de-camps, who were employed in watching both the location of the enemy, and the slow-moving train of his friends.

Men and horses were also benumbed by the chill air of an autumnal night, when intelligence was brought that the convoy had reached the nearest fauxbourg of the capital.

"Then we have earned to-morrow's dinner, gentlemen," cried Gourville, "and now for a little diversion!"

His object was to surprise the cavalry in the village, of which there was every chance of success; the spoil in horses, prisoners, and the equipments of the officers, as for instance drinking-cups and dinner-services of the precious metals—for the village inns afforded no accommodation or comfort, and luxury reigned in the camp as well as court—was doubtless, as St. Maur surmised, Gourville's object, rather than the reputation of the fray.

They marched towards the village with all secrecy, halting beyond view of the enemy's sentinels, whilst Gourville dispatched a scout to report the position of affairs, and where the attack could be best made. After waiting impatiently a long time in the cold, silence was at last broken by the noise of footsteps, and presently the scout came hurriedly in view, into the little hollow, where the Frondeurs were concealed. To Gourville's hasty questions of the posture and strength of the royalists, he replied, that knowing well the localities, he had pene-

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trated into the village as far as the inn, having thrown away his military equipments to prevent detection. Creeping into the stable-yard, he entered the stables, and began helping several peasants employed in cleaning the horses of the military; from these men, who believed he had been pressed into the service like themselves, he learned that the division more than doubly outnumbered that of Monsieur Gourville's, and was composed partly of household troops, the very *élite* of Turenne's army, and the brigade commanded by the Count de Nogent, then reposing at the inn. By the laxity of the patrolling, the scout inferred that no danger of surprise was dreaded—no very strict discipline was kept apparently, by the way in which the men were scattered, some sleeping outside the cottages, others within, some horses safely stabled, others at liberty.

Gourville decided on an immediate attack, inspiriting his troops with the hope of rich spoil, and that the suddenness of the assault, and the want of preparation on the part of the enemy, would compensate for the inequality of numbers.

It would have been doubtless an easy conquest, had not the pistol of one of the Corinthians been discharged by accident. It happened when they were close to the village, and the noise was sufficient to alarm the patroles, who immediately raised an alarm by discharging their pieces at the Frondeurs, and retiring under shelter of the cottages.

The master of the horse, fearing the enemy would muster too quickly for the safety of his little force, immediately gave orders to fire the barns, granaries, and cottages, and under cover of the confusion drive down on the mustering royalists, dispersing them wherever they showed force. His orders were promptly obeyed, while the drum beat to arms in the village; the conflagration spread rapidly, breaking out in twenty places at once in the rear of the dwellings of the poor peasants, whose distressing cries added to the confusion. Giving the order to charge, Gourville led his men quickly into the long winding irregular street formed by the clustering homesteads, striking down the royalist troopers as they escaped from the cottages, awakened by the conflagration and call to muster. It could scarcely be called an engagement, for the fire frighted the stabled horses of De Nogent's troops, and they could not be led out either by force or caresses, whilst the despairing dismounted troopers were cut down, and trodden under the hoofs of the Fronde cavalry. The route and disorder of the royalists were complete; and the booty—so much as could be saved from the flames—very great, exceeding even Gourville's expectations.

The Count De Nogent saved himself by flight, escaping with his horses, but his baggage became the prey of the Frondeurs. St. Maur entering with Gourville into the inn—the count's quarters—the master of the horse handed to the secretary two richly-chased gold goblets, embossed with the fleur-de-lis, the gift, as the youth recollected, of Anne of Austria to her favourite. These, with a handsome black mare, by its trappings belonging to an officer, were all that fell to the share of St. Maur, whose disposition was averse to the predatory habits

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of his companions; and who rather stood aloof, sympathising with the poor houseless peasantry, than joining in the slaughter of the retreating enemy, or in the more enticing pursuit of booty.

Collecting all he conveniently could, and bidding the villagers seize the remainder, as compensation for their losses, Gourville called off his men, and commenced a rapid march, ere daybreak, for Paris, laden with booty and prisoners, many of the latter, gentlemen, some of whom, on arrival at the fauxbourg, compounded with their captors for a consideration payable within a certain number of days; others, whose finances would not permit a similar promise or engagement of parole, were marched into Paris.

It was on the whole an affair, which though adding not to the laurels of Gourville as a general, for it was a surprise, not a victory, yet was of extreme service to the Fronde, and attended with disgrace and severe loss to Turenne. The Parisians were elated, and fancied they saw a retributive justice in the defeat of one who had been mainly instrumental in arresting their beloved prince, at the hands of Gourville and St. Maur, both attached personally to the imprisoned Condé.

The secretary was far from regretting the chance which fortune had so opportunely offered, of repaying the civilities of the count to himself—and as he examined the rich goblets, which Gourville had almost forced upon him, and which he now contemplated as a fitting present to the ladies of the De Broussel family, rivalling that of Du Tremblay's, he had less regret in the possession of treasure so acquired—being the loss of a mischief-making enemy—than if it had been rapt from the hands of an open-hearted gentleman and officer.

Hearing the knock of Jules at his chamber-door, he put aside the goblets, that the news of his intended gift should not travel quicker than he designed, which would certainly be the case if the Dauphinese saw the treasure, and should guess its destination.

Jules was ever ready at congratulating his master on a safe return from an engagement, praising his valour, and commenting on the glories of war, yet he never evinced the slightest inclination to partake in the secretary's reputation, or acquire renown in his own person, and managed very artfully, in his own idea, to shift the subject, on several occasions when St. Maur had offered him the arms and equipments of his corps.

On the present occasion, the servant who had seen the mare in the palace stables, was loud in praise of the beauty and value of the animal, and made several indirect inquiries as to its destination. His master was already so well mounted, his *ecurie* so well appointed and complete, that he felt certain, he said, that monsieur would avail himself of the fortune of war, to make court in some quarter or another, with so handsome a present. It would afford monsieur a happy occasion of paying a visit to the Hôtel de Chevreuse; the duchess, poor lady! had not been abroad since the interment of mademoiselle, but she might be tempted to ride, if monsieur should offer the mare. Or monseigneur, the Coadjutor, who had been very gloomy since the mournful obsequies of Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, would feel a desire

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of trying the paces of the beast—or there were other parties to whom monsieur might feel desirous of paying more than ordinary attention—, and Jules looked very significantly at his master.

"No! None of those you have named, Jules," said the youth. "I mean to bestow the mare elsewhere; that is, if she will be accepted on the conditions of the gift."

"May I ask monsieur to whom?" said the Dauphinese, making up a fit countenance to be the depositary of a secret.

"To yourself, Jules," replied St. Maur.

"*Moi, monsieur! moi!* I am delighted," exclaimed the man, "I rode in Daupheny, before I was a barber, often—that is, not very often—sometimes. But I can ride like a trooper."

"I am glad of it, Jules," rejoined the youth; "for the condition of the gift will in consequence prove very easy."

"Yes, monsieur, yes," said Jules, with less animation, and looking rather puzzled, "but what is the condition?"

"The Coadjutor," replied St. Maur, as colonel of my regiment, has often blamed me for permitting you, a strong-bodied, valiant civilian, to perform only household services, when the Fronde is so much in want of men, active and prompt like yourself. I have excused you hitherto, believing, as I told monseigneur, that you could not sit a war-horse. I find myself happily deceived, and will furnish you with the other equipments, so that you will be prepared to march with our next *sortie.*'

Jules' face had been gradually lengthening during the remarks of his master, and by the time he had concluded, stood with his nether-jaw drooping—his arms hanging by his sides—astonished, and very much perplexed.

"To be sure, I can ride," he said at length, recovering himself a little—"that is, I could ride twenty years ago, but I could not now sit a horse—the custom of shaving for so many years, has given me a very awkward habit of stooping, and holding my head awry. I would gladly prove my valour, but I could not bear to disgrace monsieur in the person of his confidential servant, for my mode of riding, *Jour de Dieu!* would be the laughter of his troop."

"But you will not refuse the handsome mare, then?" asked the secretary very gravely, dissembling his mirth.

"*Sacre!* No!—Yes!" uttered the Dauphinese; "pardon me, monsieur, I will retire and consider of it."

To be quiet and alone was St. Maur's object, for he was much fatigued, and very glad to get quiet of the Dauphinese, readily giving him permission to retire. It was now about ten o'clock in the morning; but he resolved to have a few hours' repose, that he might present himself with renewed spirits and freshness at the president's house—intending to take with him the two goblets, prize of his valour.

Excluding the sunlight, he threw himself on the bed, and fell quickly asleep. For awhile he slept soundly, for nature needed repose; but after several hours' sleep, dreams stole across the mind.

He found himself in an abbey church, spectator, with many thousands, of one of the imposing rites of the Catholic worship. A lady

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was about to take the veil; the altar was prepared for the occasion, many priests surrounding it. The noviciate, it was whispered, would soon make her appearance, and all eyes were turned to a distant door. She entered, habited in white, veiled, moving slowly through the aisles—no parents or weeping train of loving friends accompanied her—she was alone—alone save an aged priest, the superior canon of the abbey. Often she paused, looked round earnestly, seeking to recognize some one in the crowd, but in vain. The priest gently urged her progress—she reluctantly moved onward, but again paused, again looked through the assembled group, but with no success. She appeared distressed; her steps failed, and the aged canon was at her side to lend his support. The priests at the altar showed signs of impatience; and at a signal, the organ pealed forth its slowly swelling notes till the abbey was filled and permeated with the harmony. All hearts were thrilled with the beauty of the anthem; it inspired fresh courage in the noviciate; her step was firmer—she walked with calm dignity to the altar—the attendant priests divided, and she stood in the midst. The spectators near St. Maur, who had in simple ejaculations expressed their pity for the poor reluctant victim, now began to utter their remarks more freely. St. Maur's eyes were chained on the noviciate; he could not remove them, a deep spell was cast over his frame; he trembled, grieved, for he felt, he knew, that his own destiny was connected with that of the noviciate. She turned round to the people;—"It is her last gaze on the world!" said a female, standing close to the youth. "Poor lady! her fate must have been a hard one—she is reluctant, and yet resigned!" exclaimed another voice. An abbess with a train of nuns, now emerged from a door near the altar, the superior bearing the veil of the order. The canon assisted the noviciate in removing her white veil; St. Maur felt his heart palpitate violently—painfully—his breathing was suspended—the eyeballs were strained in gazing. She stood unveiled: it was Isoline; her face pale as the whitened monumental walls above her, where streamed in tatters, and in dust, the crusader's banner. She was ghastly pale, but looked round slowly, till her eyes rested on the spot where stood St. Maur. "I come! Isoline! I come! I forbid the ceremony!" gasped the youth, rushing forward, and thrusting aside the spectators. The priests bent on him an eye of anger; darkness obscured the abbey; he shivered and awoke.

Raising himself on his elbow, he saw the partially shaded light flickering on the polished floor; he felt relieved, and with reviving courage, laughed away the horror which beset the waking moment. It was but a dream! was it worse to experience than the sight of a village burning—women and children rushing distracted under the horses' feet, the men striving in vain to stay the flames? This he had seen—and shadows should not fright him.

His head again sought the pillow, and he lay looking at the distant dial, listening to the vibration of the pendulum, and the occasional street-cries, which ever and anon saluted the ear, till he again dropped off to sleep. His hardihood was again put to the test.

He dreamed that he was married to Louise de Broussel, and lived happily for a time; but she died, and their children all died, and in

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despair, he took holy vows. Years passed over his head, and in process of time, he became superior of the abbey. One night he was called to the bedside of a dying nun. She confessed, imploring his prayers for her sinful soul, which through the many years pilgrimage to the valley of death, had never shaken off its vain earthly feelings, but clung to them, even while assisting in the rites of the church. He prayed for her soul's repose, administered the last offices, and waited calmly the moment of dissolution. Suddenly she started up—fire gleamed in her eyes. "I cannot rest, holy father—Oh! absolve me from my thoughts!" cried the nun in agony. He entreated her history, that he might know how best to administer relief. She had, she said, loved; been forsaken for a while, and in pride and anger, forsook her lover; for a period he was disconsolate, she knew he was so, for she had emissaries who informed her of all he did; still she relented not, but remained hidden, dead to the world. He married; and then came remorse, and in despair and grief, she took the veil, but could find no quiet in the cloister, but fretted away in unavailing murmurs the years she had vowed to dedicate to holier purposes, and now, all too late, was alive to the impiety of her life. The prior, who listened in awe, and with suppressed emotion, inquired the name. Isoline du Plessis, it was—now Sister Isoline. The old man uttered a cry of horror—and St. Maur again woke.

He could not trust himself again to sleep, but springing in alarm from the couch, sought to dissipate his dark thoughts by pacing hastily the chamber. He stood for a moment before the dial. It was, he remembered, at the hour of one, as he lay gazing after his first sleep; a half hour only had elapsed—the dial now pointed midway between one and two, and in that little interval, he had undergone the experience of a life.

He felt a strange awe as he looked at the dial; but the import of the visions troubled him still more than the apparent miracles worked in so short a time. He knelt down before the little crucifix, which, as a good Catholic, was ever suspended in his chamber; he prayed for relief; that he might not be subjected to the temptations of evil spirits, or if his lot were so cast, that he should have strength to resist them.

He arose, believing himself refreshed, and set about preparing himself for once more entering the society of his friends, if possible with a composed spirit.

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SPRING, AND THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

The Spring! the Spring! O the joyous Spring!
It is coming again! I can feel its wing
On the green hill top, in the sylvan vale,
And it flushes the cheek that is wan and pale;
And the mother dreams, as she looks on her boy,
That flush is the herald of future joy;
And fancies she sees in his bright young eye
The promise so dear, that he will not die.
But the beautiful bloom that lights his cheek,
Is the fading fire of a flame so weak,
That the breath of Spring does but fan to consume,
And soon his cold ashes will rest in the tomb.

The Spring! the Spring! O the joyous Spring!
It brings life and death on its roseate wing;
And the pale consumptive must bow his head
To the green sod, that covers the lonely dead.
When the violet basks in the genial ray,
And the wild-bird sings on the leafy spray,
His bloom will be gone, and his voice will be hush'd,
And the heart of the mother lie lone and crush'd:
But a richer Spring will revive the bloom
Of that pale shrunk boy, in his timeless tomb,
And his soul will take flight on a brighter wing,
Than heralds the path of the golden Spring.

The Spring! the Spring! O the joyous Spring
Shall a thousand holy mem'ries bring,
Of the beautiful flow'rs that have pass'd away,
To bloom in the light of eternal day.
Oh! why should we mourn, when the young heart breaks,
Ere the guard of its virtues its post forsakes,
To let the wild passions of earth come in,
That stain the pure blossoms of youth with sin?
Then weep not, fond mother, his young life's close,
Though he fall in his bloom, like the first Spring rose:
Say, what can'st thou offer so fitly to heaven,
As the flow'r in the beauty with which it was given?

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CONFESSIONS OF AN ILLEGIBLE WRITER.[1]

BY MRS. ABDY.

Charlotte Easton had but a small fortune, and her connexions were exclusively among the middling classes; but she was beautiful, sensible, and amiable, and evidently regarded me with very favourable eyes. The only drawback to my happiness in her society arose from the evident disapprobation of my mother and sister to the attentions that I showed to her. They had no personal dislike to Charlotte—such a feeling would indeed have been impossible—but they thought, to use their own expression, that "I might do much better for myself;" in short, they gave their vote and interest to another lady in the neighbourhood, a meagre, peevish, middle-aged spinster, whom they advocated because she had fifteen thousand pounds, and could talk of "my brother the baronet."

These recommendations had no great force with me; my own income was sufficiently easy to support a wife in comfort, and I had a perfect horror of the title of baronet ever since my unfortunate blunder in regard to Sir David Drewett. While pondering on the expediency of immediately offering to Charlotte Easton, I was invited to spend a week with my old friend at Richmond, where, by-the-by, I had the daily pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. James Crofton in an elegant barouche, accompanied by a little fairy flaxen-haired boy of three years of age. My friend advised me by all means to propose immediately to Charlotte, and I wrote to her from Richmond, offering her my hand and heart, and telling her that I should return home on the evening of the following day. The next evening I reached home a little before eight, anxiously hoping to find a letter from Charlotte. I was welcomed in the passage by my mother and sister, and somewhat surprised at the extreme warmth and cordiality of their reception.

"Well, my dear William," said my mother, "you have not treated me as you ought to have done, in excluding me from your confidence in the important matter of the choice of a wife; but I am too well pleased with your taste to lecture you very severely on your reserve."

"Let me assure you," said my sister, "that I am equally well pleased with the prospect of so desirable a relative."

I looked from one to the other in astonishment. "I confess," I said, "that I have made an offer of marriage, and I have every reason to think it will be accepted; but how can you possibly know anything about it?"

"Why," said my mother," looking rather embarrassed, "to tell you the truth, William, a letter directed in a lady's hand was laid before me, and I opened it without looking very intently on the superscription; it was a very prettily worded acceptance of your offer."

"She has excellent sense," said my sister.

[1] Concluded from page 89.

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"Such a heart, such a temper, such eligible connexions," added my mother.

"Eligible connexions," I said to myself; "my mother has become surprisingly humble; Charlotte Easton's connexions are only eligible inasmuch as they are worthy and respectable people." However, my feelings were those of exceeding complacency towards my mother and sister, over whose prejudices I believed the graces and amiable qualities of my Charlotte to have obtained a complete conquest.

"And now," my dear William," pursued my mother, "I have an agreeable surprise in store for you."

"I have already been agreeably surprised," I said; "I think I can hardly be more so."

"When I had read the letter of my dear daughter-in-law elect," continued my mother, "I was so anxious to assure her of the affection with which I should welcome her into my family, that I immediately put on my bonnet, walked to Belvidere Place, confessed to her the mistake under which I had opened her letter, and obtained her consent to come and drink tea here this evening; now are you not surprised?"

"Very much so indeed," I replied, wishing that my mother had not been quite so officious and prompt in her movements, although at the same time I felt glad that my timid gentle Charlotte should have been encouraged by such marked demonstration of kindness on the part of one with whom I knew she suspected that she was no favourite.

"As soon as tea is over," said my mother, "I and your sister will slip out of the room, and you may enjoy the conversation of your beloved."

"But, mother, you have never shown me her letter," I exclaimed. My mother was on the point of producing it from the recesses of her pocket, when a knock was heard at the street-door, announcing the arrival of the fair one in question. I hastily ran up stairs to arrange my hair, and put on the most irresistible waistcoat in my wardrobe. When I decended again, I stood for a moment in the fearfulness of true love, with my hand upon the lock. "How shrill Charlotte Easton's voice sounds to-night," I thought; "she speaks much louder than my mother and sister; I suppose nervous excitement is the cause of her altered tones; however, her beauty will not be impaired by her trepidation, although the sweetness of her voice may be so. I threw open the door, expecting to feast my eyes on the smiling, blooming countenance of sweet Charlotte Easton; alas! what was my horror at beholding the bony angular form of Miss Euston, the spinster who had been so often and so warmly recommended to me by my mother and sister. Instantaneously the truth flashed upon me; both of the ladies lived in Belvidere Place, and the atrocious habit of which George Gordon had accused me in my boyhood, of making an a in the precise shape of a u, had occasioned the letter meant for Miss Easton to be carried to Miss Euston, read, and favourably answered by her. I actually trembled with consternation.

"William is rather overcome, my dear," said my mother to Miss Euston; "but it is always the way with true lovers to be doubting and diffident."

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Miss Euston vainly endeavoured to conjure up something like a blush upon her sallow cheek, and rejoined, "Mr. Seyton has received my letter, and must feel perfectly secure of the reciprocity of my sentiments."

I could not help thinking with the Irishman, that "the reciprocity was all on one side;" my cheeks flushed, my hands trembled, and I had the conviction that I was cutting a very ridiculous figure. My companions, however, were all disposed to be very indulgent to me, and I talked about Richmond Hill and Twickenham meadows, and strove to appear as unembarrassed as possible; my plan was, that as soon as my mother and sister had left the room, I should disclose to Miss Euston my unfortunate mistake, and advise her to take upon herself the credit of refusing me, which I was perfectly well inclined to give her as a balm to her wounded vanity. At length my mother and sister exchanged a telegraphic look, and the former half rose from her seat, murmuring something about the geraniums in the back drawing-room, when suddenly a thundering knock resounded at the door, and she resumed her former position.

"I believe it is my brother the baronet," said Miss Euston; "directly I had read Mr. Seyton's letter, I enclosed it in a note to Wimpole Street, begging that he would soon call upon me to converse on a measure so important to my future happiness; and I directed, that if he came this evening, he should be told where I was to be found."

My mother and sister looked aghast. Miss Euston had frequently alluded to the very high views formed for her by her brother the baronet, and they apprehended that he had come to fulminate his right honourable indignation on our presumptuous family, and bear away his sister an unwilling victim, to receive the addresses of some earl or viscount. I entertained somewhat of the same idea, but with me it took not the pale cast of fear, but the rose-coloured tint of hope; such an event would extricate me from my difficulties without impugning my honour; and had the baronet thought fit to enact the part of Lochinvar, and carry away my affianced bride on his steed, I should certainly have borne a close resemblance to "the poor craven bridegroom" who "spoke never a word" on the occasion. The first glance, however, at the countenance of the "very magnificent three-tailed bashaw," who was now advancing towards us, dissipated the fears of my mother and sister, and my own hopes; he was amiably and patronizingly condescending, assured me that he had always respected me as a very deserving young man, and that he felt assured the more he saw of me the better he should like me; told me that I had made choice of a treasure, and complimented my mother and sister on the fondness and admiration which his dear Dorothea had informed him they had long evinced towards her. For the first time in my life I was ashamed of my mother; she kept inclining her head as reverentially as if she had been the mother of Aladdin asking the stately Chinese princess in marriage of the sultan her father; and she occasionally uttered short phrases expressive of her delight, honour, and satisfaction at the proposed alliance. I learned afterwards the secret of the unexpected affability of "my brother the baronet."

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About three months ago, he had united himself with a very lively, laughing, pretty young girl, who had obtained great influence over him, but whose levity inflicted such a severe shock on the nerves of her prim sister-in-law, that she took the trouble of going every other day to Wimpole Street, to lecture the young bride on the enormities of standing half the morning in the balcony, singing French ballads with the windows open, and encouraging young men to drop in at luncheon-time. Lady Euston was by no means grateful for this *surveillance*, and repeatedly told her husband that "she would give anything in the world to get the old maid married, and only wished that he would look out for some one silly enough to take her."

"I had some thoughts," the baronet remarked to me, "of deferring my visit till to-morrow, but Lady Euston would not hear of it; she said she quite felt for the anxiety of mind under which you must suffer while awaiting my opinion. Lady Euston is excessively fond of Dorothea, she feels for her just as a younger sister would do for an elder one." (Lady Euston was seventeen, and Miss Euston forty-seven, therefore she must have felt for her like a very younger sister indeed!)

My mother here interposed an observation, that much as Lady Euston's affectionate kindness was to be admired, the wonder would be to find any one who was *not* attached to Miss Euston.

"I presume," said the baronet, turning sportively to me, "that you are willing that my sister's property should be settled on herself."

Too much overcome to speak, I gave a nervous nod of the head.

"And I conclude," he continued, with additional vivacity, "that you are not overburdened with capital, and have not much of your own to add to it."

I gave a nervous shake of my head, and my mother interposed in my favour with the hackneyed joke that "I had nothing to settle but my heart, and had already done that most effectually."

"I imagine," said the baronet, "that you will not object to the settlements being made by my own solicitor, who is an excellent fellow; indeed I am particularly fortunate in every one whom I employ. I can recommend you to an admirable wine-merchant, and an invaluable tailor; and when you furnish your house, you cannot do better than to apply to all my own tradespeople."

Thus oppressively condescending, did the baronet converse for a couple of hours, when drawing his sister beneath his arm, he took his departure, leaving me convinced that it was too late for explanation, and that, to use an expressive colloquial phrase, I was "fairly in for it!"

A week passed, my courtship progressed: I did not confide the secret of the mis-directed letter to any one but my old friend George Gordon.

"I pity you sincerely," he said; "but I am afraid that on the present occasion I verify the words of Rochefoucault, that 'there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends which does not displease us;' let me, however, first ask you if you really mean to marry Miss Euston?"

"I cannot do otherwise," I said mournfully, "she has just ordered

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her wedding-bonnet, and her brother the baronet has presented her with a topaz necklace belonging to the late Lady Euston, all claim to which the present Lady Euston has generously relinquished, because the setting is old-fashioned, and she has a particular dislike to topazes. But why do you ask the question?"

"Because," said George Gordon, "I have long secretly admired Charlotte Easton, but never made known my feelings to her, deeming that you were attached to her, and that your attachment was reciprocated; even now I will not address her till your marriage has taken place."

My marriage *did* take place in a few weeks, and the next day, George Gordon sent an exquisitely-written proposal of marriage to Charlotte Easton, which lay in no danger of being taken to a wrong house. He was refused, but Charlotte's aunt, with whom he was a great favourite, privately admonished him to persevere, saying that Charlotte had certainly felt a decided predilection for Mr. Seyton, who had paid her marked attentions, and she was both mortified and wounded when he made choice of another lady, but that a little time and her own excellent sense would doubtless enable her to forget him, and she would then begin to value the good qualities and firm and consistent attachment of Mr. Gordon. George took the hint, was a frequent visitor at the house of Charlotte's aunt for three months, then renewed his offer, and was accepted.

I have been married for a year, and have not the most remote intention of claiming the Dunmow flitch. The temper of Mrs. William Seyton is still less placid than that of Miss Euston; her jealousy is such that she cannot even bear me to look at the pretty faces in the Annuals, and she repays the anxiety of my mother and sister to possess her for a relative, by treating them with so much rudeness and hauteur, that it is painful to me to see them in my house, while I am subjected to the most rigid domestic cross-questioning and lecturing if I visit them in their own. It is true that my wife had, as was alleged, fifteen thousand pounds, but the solicitor employed by "my brother the baronet" has so drawn up the settlements, that should my wife die without children, (and at her age it is likely enough that "she may lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy,") I am deprived of even a life-interest in her property, the whole of which goes to her brother and his descendants, of whom there promises to be no lack, Lady Euston having just enlivened her domestic hearth by the introduction of magnificent twin boys. Thus, when I am left a widower I shall be a penniless one; the property of my wife being in the three per cents. only produces four hundred and fifty pounds a-year, of which she claims two hundred as pin-money, asserting that no lady can dress neatly upon a less sum; the one-horse chariot and French *soubrette*, which her brother the baronet declares to be absolutely necessary to the respectability of his sister, absorbs the remainder of the income she brings to me, and my friends all say of me, that, like Bumble the beadle in Oliver Twist, "I let myself go very reasonable,—I was cheap, dirt cheap!"

I had written thus far, when George Gordon called.

"George, my excellent friend," I said, "I know your regard for

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me, it has been tried and proved; will you give me another demonstration of it?"

George looked rather alarmed at this preface, as the firmest friend would find it very natural to do.

"I am sure, Seyton," he said, "I would do anything to oblige you, but my account at my banker's is very small just at present."

"I do not wish you to lend me money," I returned, "the service I require at your hands is of a domestic nature."

"Surely," he exclaimed, "you are not going to separate from your wife! I know these things are very common in the fashionable world, but indeed, Seyton, they will not do in middling life."

"Again you are wrong, my friend," I said, "I have been writing a sketch of my life for the benefit and improvement of the rising generation; I wish to insert it in the *Metropolitan*, but it has awakened feelings in my mind so painful, that I cannot bear the idea of again glancing on it; you know my adventures, you know my turn of expression, you know better than any one else the little peculiarities of my handwriting, will you take it to the editor, and will you—will you, my dear friend, order the proofs to be sent to you for correction?"

George started, put his hand for a moment before his eyes, then withdrew it, looked first at the cabalistic mysterious characters of my blotted manuscript, and then on my rueful and imploring countenance.

"I will," he said, in a firm, distinct tone.

I wrung his hand in silent gratitude, and feel happy to close my melancholy tale with so sublime an instance of the devotion of true friendship. By the time these pages meet the eye of the public, George Gordon will have performed his promise!

STANZAS.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

How beautiful are hill and dale, and meadow, grove, and river!
The bright waves clash with silver sound, the green leaves shine and quiver;
I hear the sheep-bell's distant tone, the birds are loud and gay,
And fragrance, floating on the breeze, proclaims approaching May.

How beautiful are hill and dale, and meadow, grove, and river!
Methinks on this Arcadian ground 'twere bliss to dwell for ever;
Not fairer hues could Fancy's self to this sweet scene impart,
To charm the painter's raptured eye, or poet's panting heart.

How beautiful are hill and dale, and meadow, grove, and river!
Oh! what a rich domain hath man! how bounteous is the Giver!
If from this earthly paradise might sin and care be driven,
Oh! who for sweeter home would yearn, or seek a happier heaven!

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THE BROTHER AND SISTER.[1]

CHAPTER V.

"The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

In one of those old-fashioned rectory houses which even time itself only seems to touch to beautify, covered with ivy and creepers of every sort, with here and there a latticed window; there a projecting old buttress, here a tall chimney, on this side a beautiful and curious piece of tracery over a massy door—in one of the rectories, though only as a curate, Gustavus Schutz had now found a home.

Mrs. Schutz and Janet promised to follow him, and arrived one beautiful summer evening, when they were greeted by their dear Gustavus and old Sport—old indeed now, and hardly able to express his pleasure but by a quiet shaking of his bushy tail, and a gruff and husky noise, more like a growl than a bark of joy. Gustavus was delighted to throw open the yard gate and admit them to the old-fashioned porch, and his dear mother looked the picture of delight and happiness when she pressed her dear son to her with a long and fond embrace.

"This, my dear Gustavus, has been the most earnest wish I have ever indulged since I lost your dear father—that I might see my son in the profession I hoped would be his choice, and, for a time at least, that I and Janet might call it our home! How thankful I do now feel, my dear son, to be permitted to enjoy this sight; and you, my dear Janet, you enjoy it fully as much, I know, to be in your dear brother's parish."

"O dear mamma, I believe I never was so happy before. And what a sweet, pretty house! Why, Gussy, you did not say it was so *very, very* pretty! Sport, dear old Sport, do you like it too?"

"Sport does not feel himself at home quite, I think," said Gustavus, glad to turn the conversation from himself to the dog, for his full heart felt more overpowered than, on this first opening of his manhood's career, he thought it quite right to betray, especially to his loved mother; having, however, made his effort, he turned again to embrace his mother and sister, and said,

"Dear mother, are you too tired now, or will you like to walk over the house?"

"I must take one little peep, Gustavus, down stairs at least, before I get my tea, and good Deborah was bustling away just now, as she told me I looked so tired I must not let *Master Schutz* turn me out before I had a good cup of tea."

"I must teach dear old Deb to call him Master, and let alone the Schutz now."

"Dear Janet, you will have hard work there, I believe, and no matter what she calls me; but she has been practising already 'Mr. Schutz,' 'Mr. Gustavey!' and then, when the Master Gussy would

[1] Continued from vol. xxxix. p. 292.

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come, all unbidden, it was a pleasure to hear the chuckling laugh of the dear old soul. 'How hard habit be to change, Master Gus—beg pardon, sir.' I assure you, Deb and I have made it out capitally these last three weeks, and, with Hannah's more active help, I think we have done wonders! though there is plenty for you and Janet to do, dear mother."

"How do you do, Sarah? I am glad to see you. All strange now. If you are searching Hannah, you must just turn round to that door."

"This way, Mr. Schutz? I am bewildered like here."

"Roger tells me, mother, you got on very well."

"Yes, very well indeed; Janet and Sarah walked up all the long hills, and I have not stirred. Come, then, let us be moving."

"This, mother, you must know, is our dining-room that we are in; and here," said he, throwing open the door, "is the other sitting-room. Is it not pretty here, Janet?"

"Oh! what a sweet, pretty little room, Gussy; and all the furniture seems to fit in so very nicely; now, excepting the shape of the room, mamma, we shall seem quite at home!"

"This is to be my station, then, Gustavus?"

"Yes, mother, I thought just there, from the bow window, the view is so pretty; you catch the bend of the river without moving; and is not that distant landscape beautiful?"

"It is indeed! Is that the church here on this side, through the trees?"

"Yes, mother, there's *my church!* Only think, Janet—I am so glad to have got a little into practice before *you* came."

"And I, Gussy, was as vexed as possible; not but what I did not like leaving Glastonbury without staying with the kind Penriths, and taking leave of the Berners; but I hoped good Dr. Carr would have been pleased to lengthen his stay a little, till I had come and heard you for the first time; he might have staid one Sunday more. Mamma did not wish to hear you for the first time."

"Did you not, mother? Well, then, I don't care at all, but somehow I fancied you would wish it; Janet's not having heard me was of no consequence."

"No, my son, I did not wish it, because I felt it would make mother and son both nervous."

"Mamma, do look at these beautiful plants! Where did you get these flowers to fill the basket, Gussy?"

"Those are a present from one of *my parishioners!* on purpose to greet mother. Are they not magnificent? Here, mother, this little bit of a room I have clapped all my rubbish in, that is not fit for your sitting-room—like the old play-room, Janet; and here, see how nicely our cabinet, and all the shells and birds, have filled up that side."

"Then I *shall* have a seat here too," said Janet, throwing herself into a window-seat. "I was afraid you meant to exclude me now."

"Never, Janet! there is a kiss as a pledge; whilst you and I are under the same roof, we must be equal sharers of our sitting-rooms, small or large. Mother, when Oxford scores are cleared quite off,

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and all expenses smooth, I hope I may turn that into a green-house. Only do just look out of this window."

It was cut down to the ground, and led on what had formerly been a bowling-green. It was a completely enclosed garden on this side, with the beautiful smooth velvet turf in the centre, and on all sides a raised grass walk, and beds with a profusion of flowers, looking so gay and brilliant; the church spire showed above the enclosure on the left side, but you had to go out of this enclosure to the right, when, turning through a shrubbery, the beautiful vale and the winding Severn burst full on the view, with the Welsh mountains in the distance; the same view as was seen from the bow window of the drawing-room; and in this window Gustavus had placed his mother's arm-chair and table, a telescope in a stand at the side, so as to be easily turned on the distant country, and on the opposite side a reflecting mirror, which beautifully brought the view into the size of a picture. There was many an old-fashioned walk, for the place had been kept up in all its former grotesque fashion of cut yew, and box, and arched walks. Janet knew no bounds to her delight; she would gladly have skipped over the whole domain; but Deborah's voice was heard.

"Wherever be you, or rather I, Master Gussy? I can't find my way out of these twistem paths, and there is all dear mistress's tea a-waiting."

"Why, Deb, my good dear Deb, only look through this opening; here am I," said Janet, standing on tip-toe.

"But, dear Miss Janet, I cannot tell how to get to you."

"Which way, Gussy?"

"Deborah, here is your own dear Miss Janet as puzzled how to get at you as you to come to her."

"Well, and no wonder! What items they had that made these queer labarins to puzzle folks, and the tea all a-waiting."

They soon joined the good old woman, who was glad to have hold of the hand of her dear Miss Janet, though now it was reversed, Janet leading her, though of yore it was she who led the tottering steps of Janet.

"Roger! you taking a survey too?" said his mistress.

"O yes, sure we all like to see master's place."

"I am so glad, so very proud, Roger, to have my treasures round me again—one day, I hope, it will not be too far for your good old uncle Morten to come and see us;—how he would enjoy it!"

"Yes, sir; and I must wish you all health and happiness here, Master Gus"—

Here Roger gave a short cough, to cover a mistake.

"There be Roger too, Master Gussy, sir—Mr. Schutz—with not half as much reason as I, and you took no notice of him; he a nearly got to Master Gussy!"

"Ah, he stumbled a little, Deb, but did not plunge into the bog, as you did."

"Roger, what be going that way for? That's the sitting-room."

"Why, Deborah, if you don't tell me, I can't tell where I be."

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"And, sure, nor I neither, though us have been here these three weeks. Come, this be the kitchen way."

We will let the parlour guests go in to their tea, and leave them yet for a longer time; for the mere settling themselves in their new quarters, and the new concerns of the parish, though delightful to the actors, are like the daily routine of every-day life, nothing to those who are not actual partakers, and wearisome in the detail; it will suffice to say, that the fond mother was quite satisfied with her son, who was all she could desire. He loved the profession he had chosen, and wished to the uttermost to fulfil its duties; and Mrs. Schutz and Janet soon entered warmly into all his little plans and wishes, and everything went on in a quiet, regular, and comfortable train.

They had many pleasant neighbours, some very near, and some more distant; and now a horse was added to the establishment, that his mother might have an open carriage, as her health would not allow of her joining them in any distant walk. This was the one grievance, the one great drawback, to see that dear fond object of both their love evidently declining—for they could not conceal it from themselves, and a visit from Dr. Penrith, who kindly came on purpose to see her, confirmed their worst fears. She might, he said, be spared to them for a much longer period than he anticipated—"But, my dear young friends, it cannot end well; but you must neither of you let your spirits flag—keep up such additional society as you find she can bear without fatigue."

Such was the doctor's parting injunction to his dear sorrowful young friends, who purposely would go themselves with him to meet the coach, that they might hear all they feared he had to tell far from home.

"Your mother is quite aware of it, my young friends; therefore, unless she take the lead, you had better not appear to notice her state."

So saying, he took his leave. The poor Schutzes roused themselves up quite ere they returned, and cheerfully spoke of Dr. Penrith's visit, and said nothing of herself.

"Dr. Penrith tells me I should have plenty of society, Gustavus," she said one morning, "so you may ask your friends Warden or Tellis to enliven us, whichever you please, and Isabel Berners also will be here, so it will be a very agreeable little change."

Now, Isabel Berners was very handsome, very lively, and very agreeable, being exceedingly well informed; and having a good deal of taste and good sense, and for her age having seen much of the world, she was a particularly pleasant companion. She was a very great favourite with Mrs. Schutz, exceedingly liked by Janet, and in high favour with Gustavus. In fact, the mother saw more than Gustavus himself believed he felt, and far more than Janet suspected; but the mother seeing, and by no means objecting, she thought it would have been better could what she saw *would* be the termination of the long acquaintance with Isabel Berners have been consummated

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in her own life-time. She communicated her suspicions to her dear Janet, (for whom she had one little misgiving that all to her might be changed,) after Isabel Berners had been their guest a few days at the rectory.

"Gussy thinking of marrying Isabel Berners, mamma? Do you think so? I cannot think so, because, mamma, he never told me so."

"Perhaps, dear Janet, he has not told himself so yet, but so it will be, I doubt not, Janet, and I own I should like to—to"—live she would have said, but poor Janet had caught her meaning, she saw, by her downcast eye and sudden blush, which made her mother say, "to see your sister with you, dear Janet."

"O, I will welcome her readily, dear, dear Isabel, but I will scold Gussy—to keep it from *me!*"

"No, my dear Janet, I must desire nothing is said; leave it all to your dear brother; depend upon it, we shall hear it very soon; when Isabel goes, probably we shall hear something."

But no—nothing was said when Isabel went. Tellis had been asked, and did come, though before she departed; and he found all the dear circle certainly in another home, but just the same delightful family group he had left, and was soon at his ease. He too saw, or fancied he did, that Isabel Berners was a most especial favourite at the rectory, and he slily joked, when he could, Schutz, without openly speaking upon "the reigning favourite," for he told him he had "more Aramintas than ever fell to the lot of any one before."

"If you fancy every pleasant girl I see is thought of for a wife, Tellis, why, you must think so; but we have known Isabel Berners since she was quite a child. She is a niece of Mrs. Penrith's, and that, you know, goes a great way."

"O yes, Schutz, certainly; and Miss Berners is peculiarly lively, and peculiarly pleasant, and peculiarly agreeable and pleasant to have as a visitor, and a very fine sing—"

"If you will treasure up anything that may have fallen from my lips at sundry times, and if you like to build a castle on such a foundation, you may; when you see it rolling in the dust—"

"As I have a hundred before, Schutz."

"Ah, just like the hundred castles you have built before, and all at my expense. I see you are not so fond of using your own money to build castles."

"I mean to build myself a strong fortress some day or other, but I must take my time in such matters."

"You will be choosing your materials so long, Tellis, till life will be worn away, and when old age comes you will have no fortress at all, depend upon it."

"Well, then, Schutz, I shall at least have been spared the useless expense of tumble-down castles!"

"Now, don't be putting this nonsense into mother's or Janet's head, Tellis."

"Trust me, Schutz, I will not spoil so beautiful a foundation as this new castle."

"Pack of nonsense, Tellis, I tell you."

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"Come, Schutz, no time for explanations; hear the light step of her I love!"

"That!—that is Janet's step. Janet! Janet!"

The lively animated face was instantly inside the door; Tellis coloured scarlet, recollecting the chance speech he had made for Schutz.

"O, Miss Schutz, don't detain yourself, and your hands so full too; it was only your brother playing the sentinel; 'Who goes there?' he wanted to sing the song, I believe. But cannot we assist to carry out those geraniums? Up, Schutz, do."

"Go, Tellis, as my representative, it is so dreadfully hot! Janet, stop, do, there is a good girl; Tellis, will carry it for you, it is so heavy."

"O no, thank you; I do not require any help, Mr. Tellis, at all, I assure you."

"Now, now, if you please; there—only direct me; where do you wish it carried?"

And Tellis bore away the large geranium, followed by Janet, (who turned, and she gave a look at her brother to follow her,) and they went to a seat at the end of the garden, in which Mrs. Schutz usually sat during the heat of the day. Gustavus did not follow directly; for a few minutes he sat musing a little on what had passed between him and Tellis. "And why did Tellis colour up so furiously red? What he said had not any reference to any one but me;—surely he did not think, as it happened by chance, it could take another meaning. He *must* have thought so, and perhaps felt as if Janet could have heard him. 'Hear the light step of her I love!' Well done, Tellis; you might well blush, truly!' thought Gustavus, as he smiled at the idea, and rose to follow them. And when he joned them, he found that Isabel was also with his sister; and all four of the young people found plenty of real amusement in placing the flowers so as to look in their greatest beauty, and in beautifying the garden around the seat, all with the same kind object, to please Mrs. Schutz. The gentle and tender manners of Tellis won greatly on the poor invalid, and gratified both Janet and Gustavus. Tellis, seeing Mrs. Schutz was pleased, only redoubled his efforts, and exerted himself still more to assist her children, and anticipate her every wish. If there was a new view she casually said she thought could be let into the garden by the removal of a few shrubs, or a pretty variety by merely lengthening the path, Gustavus and Tellis would rise particularly early, to surprise her with finding it finished, and they would call in the aid of Janet and Isabel, as soon as they could join them—and to see Mrs. Schutz look so pleased, and express herself so gratified, delighted them all. Tellis often proposed taking his turn to draw the wheel-chair to go to a greater distance, because he used to say, "I am sure, Schutz, your dear mother enjoys it more than all the fuss of getting in and out of the carriage, unless she is really going far; so do persuade her, with two such capital horses as we are, she may extend it to Brumhill Oak—she loves the view there."

"But mother *will* say it is too far."

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"Not if you urge it, and you know what thick stuff I am made of. We can do it very well; go and say we cannot go without her, and I will have out the chair."

Gustavus went, well pleased with his errand, for neither Janet nor himself could bear to have this dear mother out of sight, if it was to be avoided.

Isabel Berners staid till her cousins, passing through the neighbouring town, offered, if she would meet them there, to escort her home, and Tellis remained about a week longer. He rallied Schutz on his despondency and unaccountable anxiety to look at the stars, and "meditate, by lonely contemplation led," the evening of her departure, as they had strolled out together. This drove Schutz in again to join his mother and sister.

"Mother, what has come to the lamp this evening, it looks so dismal? in general it glimmers like a planet down in the valley below."

"So I thought it did just now, Schutz, when you left me; like the lone owl, who did to the moon complain of such as wandering near her secret bower molest her ancient solitary reign."

Gustavus turned a reproachful glance on Tellis.

"I assure you, Schutz, I did think it so bright, that I quoted Shakspeare in my loneliness—

> 'How far that little candle throws its beams,
> So shines a good deed in this naughty world.'"

Gustavus was by this time busy in all the usual meddling people bestow on lamps: turning up and pushing down—then a flame—next nearly total darkness.

"I thought with Mr. Tellis it was very bright," said his mother quietly; "now it will soon be altogether night with us, I think, my son."

Janet was making the tea—"Gussy, Gussy, I shall upset all the tea in the dark."

"There—there—it comes! Steady, boys, steady."

"Then there—there—it goes again," Schutz said. "Tellis, I tell you it is useless trying to-night; it certainly wants new *burners*."

Gustavus, intending to aim an aside blow at Tellis unperceived by the ladies, made an unlucky slip, missed his aim, and prostrate found himself; the small tea-table, and the unlucky lamp, just flickering and blubbering on the floor, and nothing remaining of light in the room but the moon through the open window.

"A total eclipse, indeed!" said Tellis, springing to the passage. "Here—Roger—Sarah—somebody—master has put out the lamp!"

But he had not long to call, for the crash of the cups, table, &c. had brought light and help in abundance from the scared servants.

"Mother, dear mother, have I flurried you?" said Gustavus, rising as quickly as he could get up from his prostrate position.

"O no," said his fond mother, laughing heartily at his scene of confusion, "rather are you hurt?—how did you do it?"

Tellis grinned so provokingly at this question, that Gustavus longed to have another hit.

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"Hurt, mother! yes, I believe I am oiled and boiled, what with the lamp and the hot tea. How could the table upset so quickly? But, Janet, you seem worst of all."

"It is only the tea-kettle scalded my foot a very little,—nothing. O, never mind, it will pass off directly," and laying her hand on Sarah's arm, she limped out of the room. But it served quite enough to make poor Janet pretty helpless for a few days, so as to call forth all the affection of her dear mother and Gustavus, who added his constant regrets at his awkwardness, which never failed to make his friend smile; but it served also to call forth the most polite attentions from Mr. Tellis, which he seemed much pleased to have an opportunity of paying to Miss Schutz.

Mr. Tellis departed, and his visit was followed in a month by Mr. Warden and his mother and sister; but with both of these neither Mrs. Schutz or Janet had much acquaintance; but as they had found they were all making a tour together, the three had been invited; there was therefore more of formality in their visit. Mrs. Warden generally volunteered staying with Mrs. Schutz, whilst the young people explored the beautiful and more distant neighbourhood, and joined in visits to those close round the rectory. After they had been with them about three weeks they proceeded onwards; and as Mrs. Schutz made no farther proposal of visitors, the young people felt glad to return to their usual quiet life, varied only by those friends who were near enough to pay visits, and not expect a debtor and creditor return, as Janet told them she now should not quit her mother, as she required her more with her. Poor Janet and Gustavus! it seemed to them all their cheerful prospects were closing, for they could see Dr. Penrith's prophecy was a true one—to them

> "How swift the joys of life seem passing,
> And the sun of pleasure on the hill is setting,
> And the clouds of grief seem gathering fast,
> To blot out the memory of pleasures past."

"Dear Janet," said Gustavus one morning, holding an open letter to her, "I have written this to the good old Doctor and Mrs. Penrith, if you have no objection. I do hope they will both consent to come and stay with us; I am sure their presence will be everything to us, and I think we shall feel, with the doctor's advice, our dear mother has every care and comfort we can bestow."

Janet's tearful eyes perused the letter, and throwing her arms around his neck, she wept in all the agony of grief.

"Dearest Janet, remember we must soon go into my mother's room again—pray don't weep so, dearest Janet,"—(though his own tears could hardly be restrained,)—"only tell me, do you or do you not wish them here? I think the dear old couple will be no restraint on us, only their being here will be something. But you don't answer—well, never mind, I won't send."

"Yes," said Janet faintly, "O yes, do send this nice letter, dear Gustavus. But is it come to this?—I don't dislike—I much wish them here, Gustavus; but must we go and tell mamma so?"

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"No, we will leave that to the doctor; he will come back this way, and our dear mother neither knows when they meant to return, nor that they did not mean to come here. But I really wish it, and, Deborah says she quite longs to have him. Come, cheer up, my dearest Janet; only see how composed, how beautifully cheerful our dear mother is, we should do nothing to disturb that peaceful tranquillity of mind. You have exerted yourself so much hitherto don't sink now, or otherwise what will become of your Gussy? Now let us walk round the garden—there, throw over this shawl—don't go upstairs for your bonnet. Deborah promised to call us when dear mother woke, and we shall be sure to hear her in this path. Come do, dear Janet."

Janet felt the affectionate pressure of his hand, and turned with him into the walk he had selected. In the evening his letter was d'spatched, and nearly before they could have guessed it was read, they received a letter to their mother from Mrs. Penrith, saying, "the doctor and herself were returning to Glastonbury, and they could not resist turning off the road to reach the rectory: that even if she did not feel herself equal to such a troublesome old couple, she need see no more of them than she wished, but that either Janet or Gustavus would be at leisure sometimes to give them an hour's chat, and they should be there the next day. The doctor hoped he might think of something to give her ease."

Mrs. Schutz expressed great pleasure, more even than her children expected, at their coming; but she knew, even more than her poor Deborah, (who was the instigator of the whole,) how soon her dear children would want that comfort her voice could no longer give them; and well knowing their warm attachment for her, she felt convinced that Doctor and Mrs. Penrith would do all in their power to comfort her dear children. For herself, sickness had now so worn her frame that even to herself life had no longer any charm; she was quite content to remain in suffering her allotted time, but had not a lingering wish to extend the days of her pilgrimage. She felt, and truly, she had tried to do her duty in that situation which had been assigned her, and having a firm faith and reliance on the future, she was resigned and happy. She thought she could see what would be the future plans of her children, and that if they should be hereafter separated, it would only be from the choice of both. Her exertions were unceasing to the last for her dear children, and she gave one strong proof; for when she found her life could not now be long prolonged, she represented to Janet and Gustavus, (to Deborah alone she revealed her real reason,) that she thought the blue bed-room, as it was termed, would be a warmer room; winter was arriving, and when Dr. Penrith and his wife came, it would be open to the adjoining room, for her dressing-room was between the two, and it would make a very pleasant sitting-room. Nothing of her's or Janet's (who slept in her mother's room) need to be removed into the blue room; what was wanted could be brought, and it would keep the room airy; the days she could not get up, they could be in her room.

This accordingly was done; and she was wheeled into her new apartment by her son, which she entered so cheerfully—

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"There," said she, smiling to Janet, "this is like change of air."

Poor Janet was roused by her mother's cheerfulness. Good Deborah could ill conceal her tears, as to her she had just said when alone with her before quitting her own room, "Dear Janet will find this room ready for her, Deborah, when your mistress wants it no longer, then she can return to it." She did not indeed require any room; but a few days after the arrival of the Penriths,

> "Death seal'd her eyes with such a calm repose,
> It seem'd sweet sleep had then her eyelids closed."

After all was passed, and the Doctor and Mrs. Penrith had rendered every assistance that kind and judicious friendship could devise, and nothing remained, the last sad offices of respect paid, they left the young couple to each other's society. Such was the life of the once beautiful Janet M'Rea, alike respected as the daughter, the wife, the mother, and the widow.

> "What heart that knew her can refrain
> O'er Janet's grave to drop a tear?"

CHAPTER VI.

> "Forget them not! though now their name
> Be but a mournful sound;
> Though by the hearth its utterance claim
> A stillness round."

To Janet and Gustavus it seemed as if for a time all interest in life to them was gone; but all her precepts, all her example, all her instructions, would have been useless, had it not taught them to bow with cheerfulness to the stroke of adversity, and with humility and resignation to the sorrows of life.

Each endeavoured to rouse the other, and in so doing aroused themselves. The care of his parish was all engrossing to Gustavus, and he now urged upon his dear Janet, that she must fill not only her own but her mother's place to him and to his parish. After a time these two, wrapped up in each other's love, were again seen walking to the distant hamlet, or busying themselves in all they had to do. Gustavus, as winter came on, took out his gun and dogs, and induced Janet to join him, for he "could not bear a lonely walk," he would say; so day after day went silently on in their usual quiet occupations, and sometimes varied by the visits of their neighbours. The illness of two sons and a daughter of their very nearest neighbour induced them to go more from home, and was of essential service in rousing them, for they felt they could by an effort of cheerfulness be of real service to these young friends, suffering from the late severe attack of measles, which had spread like a pestilence in some parts of the parish in the autumn; they, therefore, willingly made every exertion in their power to enliven them, and had the pleasure of seeing them gradually improving. When the Christmas had passed over, Tellis wrote to ask if his company would be deemed an intrusion at the rectory.

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"Shall you dislike Frank's coming, Janet? for I can to him say whatever I like."

"No," said Janet, "he might deem it unkind, and his attentions to our dear mother were such, that I shall ever feel grateful to him for them."

Tellis came, therefore, and endeavoured all he could to cheer them both: he proposed long walks, or pretended, if he did not feel the wish, to take long drives to see the distant country, for, as he said, he had always been "the home circuit" when there before. In the evening he would play at chess with either of his companions, or discuss some books in which they were all interested; and he even at length got the piano again opened, for he told Gustavus "he was sure Mrs. Schutz would have wished all to go on as she used to have it," and as he had often taken a part in Handel with her, so he again offered to do so now: at first the voice of Janet was nearly unheard, but by exerting his to the uttermost, Tellis contrived to get through this first attempt; and, as he said to Schutz afterwards, "that was a great gain, the ice was broke, and now your sister will seek amusement in her mother's favourite songs." Gustavus felt thankful for the kindness thus shown for both. Tellis left them, promising to volunteer another visit; and "then, he said, it will be really more sight-seeing weather than winter is."

Isabel Berners was often written to by Janet, and spoken of to each other by both, and when Tellis was there, he too inquired after her; but Mrs. Schutz's idea was never hinted at by Gustavus, nor further alluded to at that time by Tellis. After a time she too came to the rectory with her sister Caroline; and Gustavus and Janet went to the Penriths, and from thence to the Berners; still, though all seemed most friendly, nothing ever was said that led to the subject being discussed by Janet or Gustavus. Their visits over, they again returned to the rectory.

Gustavus in his turn began to make surmises, not on the constant, short, or lengthened visits of Tellis, for those surely must be to him—but could it be possible, truly he believed it was very possible, something besides himself was the attraction to the rectory? "I wonder not," said Gustavus to himself, "but then what shall I do?" and then the floating idea of Isabel Berners seemed to settle down in a more weighty form, for Gustavus felt he could not live alone, and he began to meditate. Still Tellis gave no actual idea of any such intention, and though Janet was always very cordial with Tellis, it was as the friend of her brother—and so poor Gustavus had to think, it "was certainly a decided preference,—and no, surely it was not, it was all to himself;" he had not one person to whom he could communicate or exchange ideas on this subject. What passed in Janet's mind on this same subject could not be guessed; but that she appeared sometimes puzzled by the manner of Tellis was doubtless true. One very hot morning, when he was staying at the rectory, and Mr. and Mrs. Warden, (for he had now come with his bride,) and his sister, two Miss Greys and their brother, the Desmonds, and a few other neighbours, had joined the party for a long drive to a distant castle, Janet had a very bad headache, and just as the party were going off, Gus-

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tavus and his friends persuaded her not to go, it was a drive she might take any day,—so she staid; but, without any other plea than the heat, Tellis also declined the party. Janet betook herself to her room, and she felt a little surprise when Mr. Tellis, on being alone in the room with her in the evening, said,

"I meant, Miss Schutz, to have borne you company this morning, I was not aware your headache was so bad as not to admit of your being down stairs."

Janet was not prepared for such a speech, and hardly knew how to answer it, but blushing as she spoke, she said,

"O, mine was not a feigned excuse not to join the party; I really had a very intense headache."

Tellis saw her blush, and then inquired how it was then, and that he was sorry to have been deprived of her company. Janet blushed again, and making no farther answer than "Thank you, it is much better," Tellis instantly changed the conversation. But that Mr. Tellis had staid at home on her account was so very unlooked for a piece of civility, that for once, what had occurred was not mentioned by Janet to Gustavus, as it was usual for her to do, be the subject ever so trivial,—perhaps she did not wish to betray she was much gratified by this attention to her.

As usual, Tellis was the last of the guests to depart; and one evening, after the Wardens had left them, Janet and Gustavus, accompanied by Tellis, took a long walk, Janet leaning on her brother's arm. They had come just within half a mile of the rectory on their return, when a parishioner accosted Gustavus, telling him his mother much wished to see the minister that night. After some little conversation, he agreed to turn back, and promised to follow the man home.

"Janet, you and Tellis go on then, and by tea-time I shall be back."

Tellis immediately on Schutz turning back offered his arm to Janet, saying at the same time, "Now you are mine,"—mine for the walk, doubtless,—mine as a charge from her brother to protect home, doubtless, was his meaning, he could have no other; but it truly puzzled Janet—"'Now you are mine,'" said she, "what did he say so for?" Her ruminations made her unusually silent, and when she arrived at the rectory, Roger's surprised look to see his young mistress leaning on the arm of Mr. Tellis, made her look confused and flurried; she said,

"Take in tea, Roger, your master is called to Aggy Browne's; he will be here presently;" and she instantly went up to take off her things, thinking still what could Mr. Tellis mean by his speech under Brumhill oak, "Now you are mine?" One instant she thought she would tell Gustavus, and then she decided not.

As Gustavus came in, he asked "Where is Janet?"

"I have not seen Miss Schutz since we returned,—she went into the house."

Schutz thought, Tellis is looking particularly grave; but he stepped out cheerfully on the bowling-green, amusing himself with throwing a ball he found there. Gustavus called loudly for Janet, who came running down stairs directly, and whilst she made tea, he said, "How did you get home?"

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"Very well, but it was very tiresome you were obliged to go back; I dislike walking in the village without you, Gussy."

"You had very good company, though, in Tellis," (and Gustavus looked as if he would know more if he could, for Janet, thinking of "Now you are mine," blushed as she spoke—Why does she blush so? thought her brother.)

"Yes, always cheerful," said Janet.

"Then I am wrong," thought Gustavus, "if that is *all*."

"You arm-and-armed, I saw Janet! for I looked back after you."

"Why I conld not help it,—Mr. Tellis offered me his arm; but you know there is but one arm I like, Gussy."

"All wrong altogether," thought Gustavus; and he halloed out to Tellis tea was ready: he watched the countenances of both; Tellis was no longer looking thoughtful. Janet was examining the crest on a spoon so intently, he could not see her face at all. I must give it up, thought Gustavus, till one or other will speak, but I am sure I am right; I shall certainly get on quicker with Isabel. I have felt my way—I am sure it will do very well there; and Tellis shows, by his little quiet attentions, what he means, I think. I wonder what dear Janet thinks. O, mother, I wish you could but have seen this." Old Deborah came into his room with something before he went to bed, and she too had seen "Mr. Tellis walking alone with Miss Janet!"

"And do you really think, Deborah," said Gustavus, after having listened to all the affectionate old nurse had to say—"and do you really think that my friend Tellis likes my Janet? O, my good soul, depend upon it you are mistaken."

"Do you think to be hood-winking the like o'me, Mr. Schutz? No, sir! I see which way the wind blows well enough, when it sits in as strong as this does, though I may not every summer breeze."

"Well, my good Deb, if you are right it is more than I know; but don't you spoil all by speaking."

"Not when you be together, but I do to both apart, Master Gussy."

"And what says Janet?"

"Just like you: 'Why Deb, my dear old Deb, you see with eyes such as no one ever had before, and strangely delusion,' or something like that meaning deceit she used, like as if she said you are cheating yourself; but now, Master Gussy, why should not Miss Janet like such a pretty dapper man, and he here every whip while to see her? My poor mistress, blessed be her memory, liked him much, and I can't see, since you do too, what for not Miss Janet: and then when I run on my rigmarole, she will say, 'I don't hate him. Deb, I hate no one! I think Mr. Tellis very kind, and so forth, but I can tell you, Mr. Tellis comes here to see my brother, and not me;' she told me so this very night, and then we parted company, offended like, for I's no like to say she speaks untrue."

"I don't really know, Deb, there is anything in it."

"Oh, no! nor in Miss Isa! either, I suppose, Mr. Schutz! Did I ever say that red-haired Mr. Warner, who came here long ago, liked my Miss Janet? or you the red-haired gentleman's sister, that is still single? No, not I! Good night, sir, it is got late."

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"Good night, Deborah," said Gustavus, seeing her depart. Gustavus was silenced; and as Deborah left the room he did not call her back. "So she for one sees all about Miss Icy, does she! I wonder what Janet thinks. I am sure I did not think I had gone so far; I wish Janet would say something about it, and give me some opening to find out what she thinks and likes; it must all depend upon what dear, dear Janet likes—I won't go too far before I find out that; but break but the smallest hole into the river's bank, and the whole force will find its way out."

Gustavus had made a large hole ere he saw what he had done. Janet had, as we know, been long prepared, and now everything that occurred to her was "confirmation strong," and many a musing hour it gave her. Since Miss Icy had taken the place of the counting at Oxford, Gustavus fancied he must be really ill, for he could not sleep. Could we have flown invisibly to Isabel Berners, we should find she slept soundly, and dreamt of Gustavus and the rectory, to wake but to think one the same.

LAYS OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

SONG III.

COME TO THE WOODLANDS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

O come to the woodlands! the young moon is wreathing
Her bright silver tresses with garlands of dew;
O come where the music of nature is breathing!
And the eglantine spreads its wild roses for you:
Where glow-worms are peeping,
The wild fawns are sleeping,
The nightingale thrilling his sweet roundelay;
The hymn of the night breeze
Is heard in the pine trees,
O Geraldine! come to the woodlands away!

The twilight is fading, the night is advancing,
The spring's sweetest odours are loading the gale;
O come where the fairies by moonlight are dancing!
To song and to minstrelsy, down in the vale:
O'er violets dripping
With dew, they are tripping,
Around the old oak, in their revels so gay;—
Thy sweet eye is brighter,—
Thy footstep is lighter,—
O Geraldine! come to the woodlands away!

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ODDS AND ENDS.

BY R. M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

No. XVII.

PROTEST AGAINST M. COUSIN'S CONCLUSIONS.*

I AM well aware that a simple Bachelier-ès-lettres renders himself liable to the charge of presumption when he enters the lists as the opponent of a Minister de l'Instruction Publique, to challenge his arguments and deny his conclusions. But in a good cause the weak are strengthened; the sling of a David may prevail over the sword of a Goliath.

Notwithstanding the affectation of candour with which M. Cousin speaks of Pascal, there is, mingled with and qualifying the eulogium he pronounces upon his style, his knowledge, and his genius, a spirit of detraction visible throughout his notice of this fragment, against which I venture, as a humble admirer of the author of the *Pensées* and the *Lettres à un Provincial*, to record my protest.

Does M. Cousin mean more, when he says that Pascal, in the writings of his latter years, *met l'existence de Dieu à croix ou à pile, et vous abêtit pour nous faire croire*, than that the recluse of Port Royal contemplates God through the eye of reason, whilst the minister of state scrutinizes him through the *lorgnon* of understanding? No more than this, I think: but *from* this I am inclined to suspect that the God of the pious Jansenist, whose ways are past finding out, is quite other than the *être suprême* of the pseudo-philosopher.

Again: with what complacency does he dwell upon that portion of Pascal's life, during which he paints him as a man of the world, sharing in the tastes, the passions, and the errors of the worldling. That portion comprised nearly three years; and in the absence of any precise details of his conduct, or any accurate information concerning the society he frequented during this period, M. Cousin has assumed that he was the associate of the Guémenées, the Lesdiguières, and other equally abandoned and shameless women.

This postulate is the hypothesis upon which his argument rests; it is, however, quite unsupported by the authorities he quotes. Madame Périer disctinctly states, that although, in compliance with the advice of his physicians, he sought relaxation from over-strained mental exertion in the pleasures of society, yet, by God's mercy, he always kept himself free from its vices: and this could hardly have been the case had his associates been such as M. Cousin supposes. "Si un ermitaño frequenta un ladron, el ladron sera ermitaño, o el ermitaño ladron." His second authority, the writer of Pascal's life, "raises the pious veil which Madame Périer had thrown over these years of

* See Odds and Ends, No. 15.

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dissipation." He tells us that Pascal became a gambler to beguile this weary time, and that, latterly, he gave himself up entirely to vanity, to frivolity, and to amusement—without, however, running into any criminal excesses. His sister (Jacqueline), says the biographer in another place, was deeply grieved to see him, who had taught her to know the nothingness of this world, plunging deeper and deeper into it, until he was on the point of binding himself to it by indissoluble ties. These ties, as M. Cousin shows from the same memoir, were marriage and secular employment.

That letter of Jacqueline, in which she relates to her sister the particulars of Pascal's conversion, after dwelling upon the efforts she had made, which had so long proved fruitless, goes on to suggest that "he must," in those days, "have had some fearful ties (*horribles attaches*,) to resist the grace which God vouchsafed to him." M. Cousin cautions his readers against taking these *horribles attaches*, of which she speaks with all the exaggeration of a Jansenist, in too tragic a sense; and when I couple this expression with the tendency of the opinions he seems to have imbibed at Port Royal, under the influence of which, according to M. Cousin, he came to look upon marriage in the same light with Deicide, I can see no reason to suppose that it implies anything more than that she dreaded lest he should marry and devote himself to secular pursuits. That he entertained this project seems to be allowed on all hands, but that he was seeking a wife from amongst that dissolute class in which M. Cousin supposes him to have moved is an assumption that outrages every sort of probability. Pascal's family, we are told, was highly respectable; according to the Abbé Bossuet, their patent of nobility dated from the time of Louis XI., about the year 1478. They belonged, however, but to the *noblesse de robe*, and as such had no pretensions to aspire to an alliance with any of those distinguished houses of which M. Cousin gives a catalogue. But Pascal's matrimonial schemes were no vague, uncertain project: we are told that he was on the point of marriage, *quand Dieu le toucha*. To whom, then, are we to suppose that this fragment was addressed; this essay, which, as I think, is no better than a clever piece of sophistry and trumpery (or, in plainer French, *tromperie*)? I can no more believe that a man of Pascal's serious turn of mind would indite such a discourse for the edification of the woman he was about to marry, than M. Cousin can conceive the possibility of his amusing himself by composing a dissertation on the art of love, to make a parade of wit.

The period during which Pascal figured as a "man of the world" extends to about two years and a half: in the beginning, he was in mourning for the loss of an excellent father, and, towards the end, he had settled the preliminaries of his marriage. The interval is not long: and, if we may place any confidence in the Abbé Bossuet, was not entirely wasted in idleness and dissipation. He states that Pascal's two treatises, "*Sur l'equilebre des liqueurs*," and "*Sur la pésanteur de la masse de l'air*," were completed in the year 1653. It is difficult to believe that such studies as these went hand in hand with the investigation into the nature and properties of love; and still more incredible that the sincere, the ardent, the enthusiastic Pascal should, in so short a space, have fostered an unequal and unfortunate passion, and have

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conquered it so entirely, as to be betrothed to another woman. But M. Cousin had made a discovery, and would fain make probabilities and even facts bend to the support of his theory. In the whole range of possible authors to whom this essay may be attributed, I can scarcely imagine one, to whom it can be assigned with less of probability than to Pascal. There are many with whose principles, whose circumstances, whose genius for intrigue, it may naturally be reconciled: perhaps the most notable instance is, the Cardinal de Retz. I will illustrate my position with three pertinent extracts from his memoirs, as written with his own hand.

* * * * Mademoiselle de Vendôme me dit: "Je sens à l'estime que je fais de la valeur que je suis petite fille de Henri-le-Grand. Il faut que vous ne craigniez rien puisque vous n'avez pas en peur en cette occasion." "J'ai en peur," lui repondis-je, "mademoiselle: mais comme je ne suis pas si dévot que Brion, ma peur n'a pas tourné du côté des litanies." "Vous n'en avez pas en," me dit elle, "et je crois que vous ne croyez pas au diable: Car M. de Turenne, qui est bien brave, a été bien ému lui-même, et il n'alloit pas si vite que vous? Je vous confesse que cette distinction qu'elle mit entre M. de Turenne et moi me plut, et me fit naître la pensée de hasarder quelque douceur. Je lui dis donc: "L'on peut croire au diable et ne le craindre pas; il y a des choses au monde plus terribles." "Et quoi?" reprit elle. "Elles le sont si fort que l'on n'oseroit même les nommer," lui repondis-je. Elle m'entendit bien à ce qu'elle m'a confessé depuis, mais elle n'en fit pas semblant; elle se remit dans la conversation publique: l'on descendit à l'hôtel de Vendôme et chacun s'en alla chez soi.

Mademoiselle de Vendôme n'étoit pas ce que l'on appelle une grande beauté, mais elle en avoit pourtant beaucoup; et l'on avoit approuvé ce que j'avois dit d'elle et de Mademoiselle de Guise: qu'elles étoient des beautés de qualité; on n'étoit point étonné en les voyant de les trouver princesses. Mademoiselle de Vendôme avoit très peu d'esprit: mais il est certain qu'au temps dont je vous parle sa sottise n'étoit pas encore bien développé. Elle avoit un sérieux, qui n'étoit pas de sens mais de langueur; un petit grain de hauteur; et cette sorte de serieux cache bien des défauts. Enfin elle étoit aimable à tout prendre et en tous sens. Je suivis ma pointe et je trouvois des commodités merveilleuses. * * * * * *

* * * * L'on fit deux voyages à Anet; l'un fut de quinze jours et l'autre de six semaines; et dans le dernier voyage j'allai plus loin qu'à Anet. Je n'allai pourtant pas à tout et je n'ai jamais été; l'on s'étoit fait des bornes desquelles l'on ne vouloit jamais sortir. J'allai toutefois très loin et longtemps, car je ne fus arrêté dans ma course que par son mariage, qui ne se fit qu'un peu après la mort du feu roi. Elle se mit dans la dévotion; elle me prêcha, je lui rendis des portraits, des lettres, et des cheveux; je demeurai son serviteur, et je fus assez heureux pour lui en donner de bonnes marques dans les suites de la guerre civile.*

* * * * Madame de la Vergne, mère de Madame de la Fayette, et qui avoit épousé en secondes noces le Chevalier de Sé-

* Mem. du Cardinal de Retz, vol. I. pp. 33-4. (Collection Nodier.)

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vigné, logeoit où loge présentement madame sa fille. Cette Mademoiselle de la Vergne étoit honnête femme dans le fond, mais intéressée au dernier point, et plus susceptible de vanité pour toutes sortes d'intrigues sans exception, que femme que j'ai jamais connue. Cette dans laquelle je lui proposai ce jour-là de me rendre de bons offices étoit de nature à effaroucher une prude. J'assaisonnai mon discours de tant de protestations de bonnes intentions et d'honnêtetés, qu'il ne fut pas rebuté : mais aussi ne fut-il reçu que sous les promesses solonnelles que je fis de ne prétendre jamais qu'elle étendît les services que je lui demandais au-delà de ceux que l'on peut rendre en conscience, pour procurer une bonne, chaste, pure et sainte amitié. Je m'engageai à tout ce qu'on voulut. On prit mes paroles pour bonnes, et l'on se sut même très bon gré d'avoir trouvé une occasion toute propre à rompre dans la suite le commerce que j'avois avec Mademoiselle de Pomereux, que l'on ne croyoit pas si innocent. Celui dans lequel je demandai que l'on me servît, ne devoit être que tout spirituel et tout angélique ; car c'étoit celui de Mademoiselle de la Loupe, que vous avez vue depuis sous le nom de Mademoiselle d'Olonne. Elle m'avoit fort plu quelques jours auparavant, dans une petite assemblée qui s'étoit faite dans le cabinet de madame ; elle étoit jolie, elle étoit belle, elle étoit précieuse par son air et par sa modestie. * * * * L'attachement que M. le Chevalier de Sévigné avoit pour moi, l'habitude que j'avois dans sa maison, et ce que je savois (de l'adresse) de sa femme, contribuèrent beaucoup à mes espérances. Elles se trouvèrent fort vaines par l'événement ; car bien que l'on ne m'arrachât pas les yeux ; bien que l'on ne m'étouffât pas à force de m'interdire les soupirs ; bien que je m'aperçusse à de certains airs que l'on n'étoit pas fâché de voir la pourpre soumise, toute armée et toute éclatante qu'elle étoit, l'on se tint toujours sur un pied de sévérité, où plutôt de modestie, qui me lia la langue, quoiqu'elle fût assez libertine. Cette historiette, comme vous voyez, n'est pas trop à l'honneur de ma galanterie.*

* * * * Madame de Carignan disoit un jour devant la reine que j'étois fort laid, et c'étoit peut-être l'unique fois de sa vie où elle n'avoit pas menti. La reine lui répondit : " Il a des dents fort belles, et un homme n'est jamais laid avec cela." Madame de Chevreuse ayant su ce discours par Madame de Lesdiguières, à qui Madame de Niesle l'avoit rapporté, se ressouvint de ce qu'elle avoit ouï dire à la reine en beaucoup d'occasions, que la seule beauté des hommes étoit les dents, parce que c'étoit l'unique qui fût d'usage. " Essayons," me dit-elle, un soir que je me promenois avec elle dans le jardin de l'hôtel de Chevreuse, " si vous voulez bien jouer votre personnage, je ne désespère de rien. Faites seulement le rêveur quand vous êtes auprès de la reine ; regardez continuellement ses mains ; pestez contre le cardinal (Mazarin) ; laissez-moi faire du reste." Nous concertâmes le détail et nous le jouâmes juste comme nous l'avions concerté. Je démandai deux où trois audiences secrètes de suite à la reine, à propos de rien. Je ne fournis dans ces audiences à la conversation que ce qui y étoit bon pour l'obliger à chercher le sujet pour lequel je les avois démandées. Je suivis de point en point les avis de

* Mem. de Cardinal de Retz, vol. II. pp. 139-40.

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Madame de Chevreuse ; je poussai l'inquiétude et l'emportement contre le cardinal jusqu'à l'extravagance. La reine, qui étoit naturellement très coquette, entendoit les airs. Elle en parloit à Madame de Chevreuse qui fit la surprise et l'étonnée ; mais qui ne la fit qu'autant qu'il le fallut pour mieux jouer son jeu, en faisant semblant de revenir de loin, et de faire, à cause de ce que la reine lui en disoit, une réflexion à laquelle elle n'auroit jamais pensé sans cela, sur ce qu'elle avoit remarqué en arrivant à Paris de mes emportements contre le cardinal. " Il est vrai, madame," disoit-elle à la reine, " que Votre Majesté me fait ressouvenir de certaines circonstances qui se rapportent assez à ce que vous me dites. Le coadjuteur me parloit des journées entières de toute la vie passée de Votre Majesté avec une curiosité qui me surprenoit, parce qu'il entroit même dans le détail de mille choses qui n'avoient aucun rapport au temps présent ; ces conversations étoient les plus douces du monde tant qu'il ne s'agissoit que de vous. Il n'étoit plus le même homme s'il arrivoit que l'on nommât par hasard le nom de M. le Cardinal ; il disoit même des rages de Votre Majesté, et puis tout d'un coup il se radoucissoit, mais jamais pour M. le Cardinal. Mais à propos, il faut que je rappelle dans ma mémoire la manie qui lui monta un jour à la tête contre feu Buckingham : je ne m'en ressouviens pas précisément, il ne pouvoit souffrir que je disse qu'il étoit fort honnête homme. Ce qui m'a toujours empêché de faire réflexion sur mille et mille choses de cette nature, que je vois d'une vue, est l'attachement qu'il a pour ma fille ; ce n'est pas que dans le fond cet attachement soit si grand que l'on croit. Je voudrois bien que la pauvre créature n'en eût pas plus pour lui qu'il en a pour elle. Sur le tout, je ne me puis imaginer, madame, que le coadjuteur soit assez fou pour se mettre cette vision dans sa fantaisie.

Voilà l'une des conversations de Madame de Chevreuse avec la reine ; il y en eut vingt où trente de cette nature, dans lesquelles il se trouva à la fin que la reine persuada à Madame de Chevreuse que j'étois assez fou pour m'être mis cette vision dans l'esprit, et dans lesquelles pareillement Madame de Chevreuse persuada à la reine que je l'y avois effectivement beaucoup plus fortement qu'elle ne l'avoit cru d'abord elle-même. Je ne m'oubliai pas de ma part ; je jouai bien, je passai, dans les conversations que j'avois avec la reine, de la rêverie à l'egarement. Je ne revins de celui-ci que par des reprises, qui en marquant un profond respect pour elle, marquoit toujours du chagrin et quelquefois de l'emportement contre M. le Cardinal."

* * * * * *

Here, then, we find three passages in the life of M. de Retz, each of which furnishes an occasion suitable to the production of this erotic essay. I do not stay to analyse them, for I think the candid reader will allow that there needs no forced construction of the character of the man, or of the circumstances in which he was placed, to justify our considering him as a possible author of the treatise in question. It might have been a *jeu d'esprit* for the delectation of Mademoiselle de Vendôme, or of Mademoiselle de la Loupe ; it might equally have

" Mem. du Cardinal de Retz, vol. ii. pp. 71, 2, 3.

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been one of the instruments in that *piperie*, concerted between Madame de Chevreuse and himself, to mystify and ensnare the queen. The style, too, bears a strong resemblance to that of the cardinal-arehbishop, every page of whose memoirs sparkles with wit and epigrammatic turns. But do I therefore conclude that he was the author of this discourse? Not at all: I would merely instance one man, amongst many, as capable and more likely to have written it than he to whom it is ascribed by M. Cousin. "But the manuscript itself," it may be said, "bears us out in the supposition that Pascal was its author;—*On l'attribue à M. Pascal.*" True; but can anything be more vague? M. Cousin himself seems to have felt and shrunk from this difficulty. He entitles his discovery a *fragment inédit de Pascal*, and cites the manuscript as his authority, with this *slight* variation—*On l'attribue* à M. Pascal. Why, the difference is as great as between gold and gilt copper. Instead of removing this stumbling-block, he leaps over it; but there it remains, a stumbling-block still, to those who travel on the same road with him.

On the whole, then, I can see no sufficient proofs to convict Pascal of being the author of this treatise. Evidence more conclusive must be adduced, before I, for one, can consent that a man whom I respect and admire shall be degraded from his pedestal. Until this is the case, I shall continue to cherish the opinion that it is attributed to Pascal, with as little justice, as any respect for good men, or reverence for morality and religion that may linger around *Young France*, can be ascribed to M. Cousin's ministry of Public Instruction.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK PAGE OF A METAPHYSICAL TREATISE.

WITHIN her dark, cerebral cave* confined—
Hung round with shifting mirrors, Mem'ry-taught,
To yield phantasmal scenery, Sense-inwrought—
Nature's glassed symbols,—the Past's penc'llings, lined
Upon the inward retina, combined
In forms fantastic,—filmy things of Thought,
Touch'd with electric life, from th' in Life caught,—
Who may survey the throned Magician, Mind!—
Will-wingèd, who Imagination gird
Creation,—wild Columbus of the brain!
While skims minute Perception, curious-spurr'd,
Earth's living ore, the Real—forged again
In Truth's broad lightning, when, emotion-stirred,
Charged with quick meaning runs the thunder-word!

* A theory of Plato, (vide 7th book of the Republic, p. 99,) which compare with a parallel notion of Locke, ("Essay on the Human Understanding, book ii. cap. 2.)

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PHELIM DOOLAN, THE RIOTER.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

SOME thirty years ago, there might be seen on the outskirts of the insignificant town of Drumcalque, that lies a little to the right of the main road leading from the city of Cork to the wild yet magnificent outlet of Bantry Bay, a long, low-built sheebeen house, constructed partly of substantial turf-sods, and partly of massy oak shielings, which immediately challenged the traveller's gaze by a huge swinging sign-board, depending from the eastern gable, intended to represent the traditionary compact between the body of St. Patrick and a no less portentous personage than "the ould gontilman" himself, who appeared to be in the act of bringing the saint a terrible thwack over the back with the flat end of his five-pronged pitchfork. It was a sublime triumph of natural genius, albeit the artist has not transmitted his name to succeeding generations; and every one who ever looked upon it averred this, from its possessor, Phelim Doolan, downwards, despite the wear and tear of many a pitiless storm it had unshrinkingly endured. The saint's nose had a great slit from end to end, and his once bright sky-blue breeches were sadly stained with the yellow ochre that had, in his more palmy days, formed the ground-work of his long Irish coat. But this, which with less ingenious folks would have been a subject of regret, became, in the hands of the townspeople of Drumcalque, an occasion of triumph; for his satanic majesty had suffered even greater indignities than these. Was not his beautiful emerald-green smallclothes rendered party-coloured by the flaming red that fell from the aforesaid pitchfork? And had not the glowing hue of his yellow socks mingled itself with the more dingy glow of his taper hoofs? Where was the unsullied purity of his delicately-frilled shirt-breast? Ask his jetty, finely-trimmed moustaches about that. And why did the vermillion that streaked his grinning cheeks unite itself so very lovingly with the more delicate shadows of his amber-spangled waistcoat? Talk about providence and providential escapes! poh! they all sink into the shade in comparison with Phelim Doolan's sign-board, which, as if to justify the assertions of its neighbours, grew every day more creaky and crazy, until at last, when the wind used to set round from the nor'-east, you would have thought Saint Nicholas himself had crept out from the canvass to the top of the frame, and was kicking up a terrible hullabaloo, so frightful were the groans and yells it sent forth.

Phelim Doolan's public went by the name of "The Ould Jontilman," and Phelim Doolan himself might very well have claimed relationship with him, for of all the wild, lawless, reckless, dare-devil wretches that ever disgraced the name of an Irishman, his name would surely stand foremost in the list. Phelim was not a cold blooded, sneaking, secret villain, but one who proclaimed his rankness in the broad sun of the open day. A sneak!—no, he would have scorned the very idea of

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doing anything secretly; everything was above board with him, whether it was a farmer's stack-garth to be fired, or a gentleman's house to be burned; he did everything with the most brazen effrontery; and it is an appalling proof of the utter helplessness of the government at that time, that such a man should not only continue to go on, day after day, and year after year, in his lawless practices, but that he should be able to to make, in the city and on the highway, in the thronged market-place and the more secret retirement of his own house, a boast and subject of self-congratulation of his shameful and hellish deeds.

By his fellow-townsmen Phelim was not held in that detestation which in more peaceful England would have confronted him. They knew no harm of him, not they! He was rather wild, perhaps, and had not a very right idea of *meum* and *tuum;* but then Doolan was a broth of a boy, who would sober down sooner or later into a clever, honest man, and none would think the worse of him for what he had done in his younger days.

With the men Phelim was a prime favourite, for he had a song and a laugh for all seasons and all folks; his wit, too, was racy and original—and no nation are more keen judges of that rare gift than the Irish. Of his popularity Phelim had made a very good thing, for his public was the leading one in the place; and when Phelim himself was in the way, all the rest might have put up their shutters for what they were likely to sell.

Amongst the fair sex Phelim was even a greater favourite; he was rich, had a good business, was reckoned shrewd and 'cute in clenching a bargain, and matrimony would steady him—so, at least, they thought; and Phelim was handsome too, and could pay homage in right gallant style; and thus, many a bright blue-eyed Irish lassie cocked her jaunty snood, and felt her glowing cheek redden with pleasure, when Phelim, by a word or glance, distinguished her amid her peers in the Christmas junkettings and Shrovetide feasts of Drumcalque and its neighbourhood. Phelim was certainly a fascinating villain, and it was a great pity that all his accomplishments should tend to bring him to that most unpleasant of all altitudes—the gallows!

It was a wild, blustering, March night, dark, cloudy, and cold; the old sign-board was swinging about at an awful rate, sounding far above the noise of the hurricane, as if the spirits of the storm were wailing and yelling over Phelim's shebeen; and whilst all without was so dark and so wretched, the spacious, clean-swept kitchen, into which we now introduce the reader, seemed bright and cheerful, under the influence of the glowing fire of turfs that roared and blazed up the wide low grate, as if it too felt the influence of the season, and was eager to mingle itself with the storm that was reigning without. It had a look of comfort and respectability about it, that old apartment, that seemed little in keeping with the wild, unsettled character of him who owned it. A dresser that ran along one side was filled with utensils of crockery and pewter, as bright as any mirror; a few silver flaggons stood on an antique beauffet of native black oak, whilst guns, and long knives, and shillelahs, graced the space above the chimney-piece; there were abundance of chairs and tables too, and a long settle as well, stuffed with straw and covered with frieze, which was

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by no means the dullest of the many bright things it contained; an immense stag-hound, of the now well-nigh extinct Irish breed, lay snoring in front of the fire, and a young woman, the only other living occupant of the place, sate plying the "needles" in the chimney-nook.

She was a study for Maclise, as she sate with the ruddy fire-light gleaming up upon her neat, homely clothes, and quiet, placid face, over the brow of which her brown hair was parted in two plain bands, as if she rejected the idea of superfluous ornament. Katty M'Keoun was by no means handsome, and yet, as you gazed upon her, you felt more genuine admiration for her cheerful, healthy face and bright eyes than many a proud beauty would have deemed but the lawful homage to her own charms.

No—Katty was not handsome—we exhort the reader to bear that in mind; she could not strictly be called good-looking, for her nose was a *leetle* inclined to the genus 'yclept snub, and her mouth was rather too loose and wide for that; but when she smiled, which was pretty often, her parted rosy lips displayed a set of teeth as white as the driven snow; and then, when she spoke, the rich tones of her voice charmed you to the full as much as the quiet happiness of her good-humoured face had already done. Everybody loved honest, gentle, true-hearted Katty M'Keoun, who, content with this, went on in her quiet, unobtrusive way, apparently but little moved by the wild, reckless mannner of life indulged in by him whom she called master.

"An' it's yerself that's sleeping cosily the night, Busear-baste," soliloquised she, as her eye fell on the prostrate figure of the hound. "Holy mother! what a skeel o' wind there's up about the biggin! Where can Phelim be?"

A shade of sadness stole over her open brow as she gazed on the blazing fire after saying this, and then, heaving a deep sigh, she went on with her knitting much faster than before, as if she tried to keep down the whirl of emotions that were rising at her heart.

It was terrible to behold the workings of that countenance, which but a moment before was so quiet and peaceful in its expression; her eyes rolled wildly round, as if possessed with the frenzy of fear; her cheeks lost the ruddy glow that made one half their beauty; her lips were pressed convulsively together, and were pale as those of a corpse; her bosom heaved and throbbed well-nigh to bursting; and her whole body rocked to and fro like the ocean when a storm is gathering in the welkin.

"Och, Phelim! Phelim achora! why did yez take up wi' such a life? Och, Phelim my jewel! the light o' my eyes!—ye that was and is as the breath o' my nostrils! will yez never take a turn for the good? Och, agrah! agrah! it's a bitter heart that's in me for yez! Ochone! ochone! Phelim achora! may the holy saints hunt out the divil that's in yez, an' make ye an honest man! O holy Mary, hear me this night! do thou put thy sweet spirit in him, mabouchal!"

She flung herself on her knees as she made this frantic appeal, and, burying her face in her hands, groaned aloud.

"Will ye hear me?" muttered she in a lower voice, continuing her

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prayer. "Och, but I know ye will, for it's yerself that's holy and good, and that has the swate pity for them that's in thrubble! An' is it not myself," added she, with a touching mixture of simplicity and trustfulness, "that's surely tried with the boy; do I not love him heart and sowl, an' glad would I be to serve him all my life long on tender knees, if he would but be steady, an' not bring his honest name into shame and scorn through the whole counthry-side; an' he does not know of it too, for I've kept the saicret, thanks be to God! an' will keep it too, if He only gives me the strength!"

She lifted her head as she spoke, and, flinging back the long hair that had fallen over it during her recent struggle, gazed with a mournful look upon the dog, who, aroused by her voice, was standing eyeing her wistfully from the settle; her face was now calm and settled, although her bosom still heaved beneath its covering, and her eyes had not assumed their usual placid expression.

She laid the needles aside, and sitting down on the settle, and placing her arm round the hound's neck, gazed abstractedly into the fire, neither moving nor speaking, although at times she muttered wildly to herself, and then her face would blanch again, as a groan escaped her throbbing breast.

All this while the storm had been raging with terrific violence outside; it seemed as if all the fiends of darkness were let loose upon earth, and as Katty became aware of the fury of the hurricane, the thought found its way into her mind, and, crossing herself devoutly, she muttered, in a few hurried words, a charm against their evil influence, in the midst of which she was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door.

"The saints defend us!—it's himself!" muttered she, as she advanced, and after listening for a few moments, in the vain hope of distinguishing the visitor's voice above the din of the storm, took down the enormous bars of wood that acted as a means of defence, and gave admission to a couple of men, the foremost of whom was none other than Phelim Doolan himself.

He was a noble-looking fellow, standing full six feet in his stockings, broad-built and athletic, yet bearing himself with so much of dignity and grace, that he seemed intended by nature rather to grace a court than to be the scourge of the wild, unfrequented district in which he drew breath. His high broad brow was devoid of that half-idiotic, half-cunning expression so many of his countrymen possess, and was but partially concealed by the thick masses of hair that curled upon his head. He wore his whiskers full, and permitted them to meet beneath his throat, their jetty hue contrasting vividly with the ruddy crimson of his cheeks and neck. His eyes were dark, but their colour changed so with every restless movement of his body, that it were hard to say whether they were brown or black. Katty averred they were black; but then her own were a soft gray, and she had heard Phelim say he loved a contrast. He wore drab breeches, with gray spatterdashes, and a dark velveteen shooting-jacket, the pockets of which bagged out as if they were filled with some heavy substance.

At his heels, as the slinking cur follows the noble wolf-hound, and cutting much the same figure, came a much shorter and smaller man,

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in every line of whose cat-like visage was written the low cunning of cowardice and intrigue. From beneath the corners of his brimless, weather-stained hat escaped a few rusty locks of hair, which hung in lanky hungriness down his worn and hollow cheeks. His eyes were small and ferret-like, and were, like his hair, of a red hue, but they were so small, and so seldom met your own gaze, that but few knew that Coul Shane had any eyes at all. His limbs seemed shrivelled and wasted, and his dress was but one degree removed from tatters.

"Get us something to eat, Katty ma vourneen," cried Phelim, in a cheerful, sonorous voice; and then, instead of ensconcing himself upon the settle, he left the room, and did not come back again for some time.

"It's a could night, Miss Kathleen," chattered the shivering Coul to the maiden, as he stretched his thin fleshless hands over the welcome blaze before he sate down.

"I wonder it didn't keep you at home, then, Misther Shane," cried Katty, angrily; "sure I cannot see, for the bare life o' me, what sets the likes o' ye to darken an honest man's door-way on such a night; if I was mistress here, ye should soon tramp to the fore!"

"Gently, gently, Katty ma bouchal," interposed the wretch to this storm of reproaches; "sure, agrah, yez wouldn't be after refusing a poor smiddereen the bit and the sup!"

"Me refuse any one the bit and the sup!" ejaculated Katty, suspending her operations. "Not I, Misther Shane, purvided it's honest creaturs that need 'em; but for to give God's food to such a hanggallows as ye, my bonny man, is good mate thrown to the sthrate."

Coul Shane did not dare to answer this cutting speech, but sate cowering over the fire until Phelim's re-appearance, when Katty withdrew from the table, and, drawing her chair into the chimney-nook, was soon apparently too much busied with her needles to mind the conversation that accompanied the ample meal she had provided for her hungry guests.

But Katty's mind was not idle, for her suspicions were aroused, and from time to time, as Phelim and his guest were looking another way, she would dart a furtive glance towards them, apparently with the intention of marking the appearance of the clothes they wore. They must have travelled a long way, and in a rough road, she fancied, for they were bespattered with mud up to the shoulders, and more than one rent even in Phelim's handsome jacket bore witness to the rough usage it had met with. Katty then bent her attention to the conversation, with the hope of discovering by that means what was the game Phelim had at present afoot.

"Ye eat like a famished wolf, Coul," were the first words Phelim uttered, with a chuckle, as he watched the operations of his comrade. "Bladdershins! what a thropple the man must have!"

"An' so I have, Phelim, my boy, retorted Coul, hurriedly; "an' it's meself that has the raisin to ate, whin it's the first time I've broke my fast this blessed day."

"The dhiaoul it is! An' is the hunger so strong among ye, Coul, that yez get such scarce males?"

"Sorra it is, Misther Doolan; both Nelly, and the brats, and meself,

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is often hard put for a male. Och, but it's a terrible thing to wander about the whole live-long day wid an empty stomach, my boy."

Apparently Phelim acquiesced with this observation, for he pushed the huge hollow trencher that held the smoking and savoury mess nearer to Coul, that he might help himself, and sate with his hand supporting his head until the other had satisfied his hunger, when he bade Katty remove the supper, and bring forward the bottles, and on this being done, gave the girl a look which expressed pretty plainly his desire that she should go to bed. Katty took the hint, and retired, and Phelim, drawing the table nearer to the fire, brewed a quantity of whiskey-toddy in a huge china bowl, and desiring Coul to fill his glass at his pleasure, poured some of it into a horn, and opened the conversation.

"You've heard, may be, Coul, of Rose Butler the flower, as she's called, of all wide Cork, ay, and of Connaught too?" said he, as a dark frown settled on his open brow. "You've heard of her—have you not, man?" added he, laying his hand heavily on his companion's arm as he spoke.

"Ay, to be shure, and a purtier craythur doesn't exist in all the wide west! Heard of her—who hasn't? but what of her?" demanded Coul, hurriedly.

"She has to be married, has she not, to her cousin?" said Phelim, parrying the question.

"Why, I've heard something of that same," replied Coul, with a cold sneer; "but what of that, agrah? matches are made and broken often enough widout a why or a wherefore."

Phelim nodded, and did not make a reply for some minutes, and when he did speak it was in a lower tone of voice.

"I want to see this beautiful Rose, my good Coul; they talk far and wide of her beauty and her graces, and I think—bah, what was I going to say?—it's enough for you to know what to act upon for the present—does Butler not give a feast to his sept on Easter Tuesday?"

Coul nodded an affirmative.

"Very well then, I will be there; but how to get in is the difficulty, for the proud villain would spurn me if he caught me within his house; and I should like to be revenged on him, if it was only to make his pride fall back on his own head;—do you know any one that's going?"

"No one but Bartle Regan," said Coul, after a moment's reflection.

"And he's a little man too," said Phelim. "No; he won't do for the plan I've in my head—I'll inquire among the lads in the town to see whose going—so keep quiet for the present, Coul, for you, at any rate, must go with me;—and now send the toddy round, for it's been standing still all this time, and let's enjoy ourselves a bit."

"Wid all my sowl, captain," responded Coul with a grin, as he obeyed the mandate. "But who can that be at the dhouse? shall I get up and see?" he inquired, as a thundering volley echoed through the kitchen.

"Ay, do, Coul; it 'ill be none we need be afraid of," responded

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Doolan, ensconcing himself on the settle. "Quiet, Busear—baste! down, dog! they're friends."

This was addressed to the hound, who, with ears cocked forward and eyes flashing fire, started up and placed his enormous body between the door and his master. Phelim felt touched with the dumb animal's sagacity, for he patted it on the head, as he advanced forward to welcome the band of wild-looking and noisy men whom Coul had admitted.

"Ah, Terence, my boy! it does one's eyes good to look upon the like of yez," cried he, grasping the hand of the foremost.

"An' shure, Phelim, my jewel, I may repate that same with interest," retorted the gaunt, big-boned Terence; "ye've been as invisible as O'Donohue himself, mabouchal, of late."

"On saicret business, Terence,—you know,"—and Phelim laid his forefinger with an air of mystery on the side of his nose.

"Ay, ay! I see! I see, Phelim; but I must insinse yez about the way to carry it out," laughed Terence.

"An' how's wi' yez, Blake?" cried Phelim, to a little roguish-looking man, who hung back rather; "sit down, man! sit down, and get what you plaise; this is Liberty Hall, ye know, where every man can call for what he likes and no questions asked;" and as he spoke, Phelim thrust Misther Blake into a seat; the remaining two newcomers had already found seats, and were applying themselves, uninvited, to Phelim's toddy.

"The weather's only but could considerin' the time o' year, lads," observed Phelim, after all had resumed their places.

"Only couldish," responded Terence, who was always the first to reply; "but it 'ill take up before Shrovetide, I hope."

"Arrin to that!" responded Coul from the settle, "or what 'ill come of ould Butler's faste?"

"Whether it's bad weather or good, I should think it 'ud make but little difference to you, Coul, for that same," retorted Terence, maliciously.

Coul bit his lip, and had the unthinking Terence noted his visage at that moment, he would have seen that it grew black as midnight; but Terence was taken up with his host, who demanded, with a good deal of interest, if any of those present were going to Patrick Butler's on Easter Tuesday?

"Me for one," cried Terence, proudly; "my mother's brother's son's wife is grand-niece to ould Pat,—so that I am a relation, Phelim."

"And a very near one too it would seem," cried Phelim, laughing as he spoke.

"I was there last year," said Neddy Kisbogue, looking up from the toddy-bowl, "and a rare bit fun we had, lads;—what kept you away, Misthur Doolan?"

Phelim's brow clouded over, and his cheek flushed red-hot as he struck the table a blow with his clenched fist, that made the glasses that were on it at the moment dance again with the vibration—"The thoif!" cried he, in a voice almost inarticulate with passion; "the dastardly villain!—he purtends I'm too wild and rakish to be

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admitted within his dhouses—but it's his wild rose, his purty Rose he's afraid of, lads."

The listeners drew in their breath as he spoke, and even Terence was at a loss to reply to this outburst of passion; but Phelim saved him the trouble of replying, by starting up, and, with folded arms and eyes flashing fire, pacing the room with hasty and disordered steps.

At last he paused in front of the fireplace—Terence and Coul sate on the settle on the right hand, Blake occupied a chair on the left, and Neddy Kisbogue and his brother still kept their places at the table, although they had left the toddy-bowl unmolested for some time—his fine comely face distorted with passion, his frame swelled to a gigantic height, his whole appearance betokening how terrible were the feelings that warred within his breast."

"Ye hear me, lads, do ye not?" demanded he at length, scowling on his trembling auditors with a bitter smile on his lip.

"We do," responded an almost inarticulate voice, that belonged to the astute Terence.

"Then listen—here, on this hearth-stone, before all of yez, I swear, by the houly Crass, sooner or later—it may be to-morrow, it may be years yet—to have my revenge on that cowardly Patrick Butler; by all that is most houly, I swear to do it, and the blow shall come through one more dear to him than his own life's-blood; I vow to be revenged on the slight he has put on me. And now ye may go, if ye like, and blab what ye've heard here this night—but whoever does so is a doomed man!"

As he spoke, Phelim snatched a book of prayers, the property of poor Katty, from the dresser, and kissing it fervently, muttered a few words over it, and then handed it to Terence, who, after going through a like ceremony, handed it to Coul Shane; it thus passed from one to another until all had taken the oath; Phelim then laid it aside, and requesting his comrades to draw their seats to the table, replenished the toddy-bowl, and the conversation then took a less painful course. It needed but little to rouse men whose minds were already inflamed by their host's example; all drank deep—even Phelim drained his glass more often than was his wont; but this act, instead of drowning his thoughts, but added to their intenseness, until at last he felt as if all the fiends of darkness were let loose within his breast, and were hallowing by their horrid orgies the fearful oath he had taken; the companions by whom he was surrounded, their wild flushed faces and impassioned gesticulating, but added to the fever; from this he fell into a state but one degree removed from the torpor of despair, and fortunately for him it was that the rest of the revellers were too far gone in intoxication to notice his apathy; they made uproar and confusion enough without him, so he sate quiet yet wretched in his chair, until one by one they rose from their seats, and reeled from the house. Coul was the last to depart, and he was too unsteady to close the door after him; it flew wide open, and remained in that state, with the keen icy wind blowing into the kitchen, until Phelim got up and succeeded in fastening it securely; he then threw himself upon the settle, and slept until late in the following morning.

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Mr. Butler, the object of Phelim's hatred, lived three or four miles distant from Drumcalque; he farmed his own land, and that, too, in so judicious a manner, that he had long before this become by far the richest inhabitant of the district. Warm-hearted, kind, hospitable, and free in his demeanour to rich and poor, he was looked up to and beloved by all, save the few whom, with the landlord of "the ould jontleman" at their head, were at times subjected to the reproof which their reckless conduct and his own fearless temper caused him to administer to them. The sept or family of which he was the head and representative was both powerful and numerous, and was in the habit of sharing the hospitalities of Fairly Lawn on each succeeding Shrove Tuesday, on which occasion the host relaxed the austereness of his manners, and joined with almost boyish delight in the heartfelt and uncontrolled amusements of the night.

The Shrovetide feast at Fairy Lawn, so much thought of and so long expected, the reader will readily enough believe to have been the cause of much heart-burning and jealousy to those who were excluded by misconduct, or the well-nigh as powerful want of relationship with its donor; Phelim Doolan at any rate thought so, for his mind brooded night and day upon his exclusion, and it was this that made him give utterance to the fearful oath we have already put upon record.

Patrick Butler had been for many years a widower, his wife having died in giving birth to a little girl; this misfortune, though it was borne at the time with but little outward expression of grief, darkened the life of the husband, who, from being a mirthful, cheerful man, became reserved and low-spirited; the young Rose in the meanwhile grew in years and beauty, and at the time we introduce her to the reader, was celebrated as widely for the extent of her charms and the sweetness of her disposition, as Phelim Doolan was for his reckless and abandoned mode of life.

Rose Butler had had many suitors for her hand, but the beautiful heiress had kindly but firmly rejected them all, avowing her determination of remaining single for her father's sake. It was in vain that the more venturesome of her lovers prayed and entreated that she would revoke this rash determination, hinting that they would gladly take up their abode in her parent's house to save her the sorrow of quitting him; they fared none the better for their pertinacity, and were forced to quit the field more crest-fallen than they had entered it.

About eighteen months prior to this, Mr. Butler, attended by Rose, had left Fairy Lawn on a visit to a relation in Dublin; on their return they were accompanied by a young man, whose dark skin and haughty bearing betrayed him to be a foreigner quite as fully as his Gallic name and peculiar pronunciation. Who he was and whence he came none could divine; by Patrick Butler and Rose he was styled Charles Beauvais, and this alone seemed to determine him to be a native of La Belle France. Time passed away, and with it the curiosity of the men of Cork, and things again settled down into their wonted quiet routine in Patrick Butler's household.

Our heroine's admirers, however, soon beheld with horror and dis-

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may that the handsome and polished stranger fared far better with the lovely heiress than they had done. The more humble of them resigned at once their pretensions to one who was as good a Catholic as themselves, and who could "converse" with his reverence in half-a-dozen different tongues, and could "bate" him into the bargain; but the few determined spirits whom even Patrick Butler's wealth and courage could not awe into submission, still nourished their hopes in secret, and trusted that the chapter of accidents would turn up something whereby they might be enabled to supplant the stranger, who had come among them without even saying whence he had come and by what right he held his position in the family.

A proud and a happy man was Patrick Butler when he beheld the affection his child felt for one whom in his heart he already loved as fondly as if he had been his own son; he would sit in his old arm-chair, cheerful once more, when Charles with his flute accompanied Rose in the fine old Provençal lays he had taught her to sing; and often when the lovers, unwitting of another's vicinity, would wander away together beneath the shade of the alders that skirted the rear of Fairy Lawn, Rose leaning on Beauvais' arm, and her sweet face upturned lovingly to his, he would creep towards them on tiptoe to feast his eyes on a sight which gave him a pleasure he had been a stranger to for many a long and bitter year; and then he would hie him home once more, and in the quiet of his own room would permit his mind to revel in the anticipation of his old age crowned with that most blissful of enjoyments—loving children, and a merry, noisy troop of grandchildren, inheriting all their sire's spirit and their mother's sweetness and love. In dreams such as these Patrick Butler would grow young and happy once more!

Shrovetide drew near, and Phelim Doolan awaited its arrival with more of impatience than he had ever manifested in his most daring achievements. He had, though not without great difficulty, persuaded Bartle Regan to let him accompany him as a stranger who had come on a visit to him; Bartle demurred very much on account of the risk of detection, but Phelim promised so earnestly to disguise himself, and to perform his part with so much moderation and quietness, that the timid chaperon was forced to acquiesce, although it was with a very heavy heart that he pondered upon the adventure, and its probable consequences to himself.

"An' shure, Phelim, ahaigur," cried Katty, on the eventful Tuesday evening, as she lingered, dressed in the gayest costume her slender wardrobe could boast, "ye'll be for droppin' in upon us at Larry Mellish's the night; we're gouin' to dance jigs and scamper douns till mornin', and ye'll be missed sadly if ye're not there."

"Whist, Katty woman," interposed the impatient Phelim, in answer to this invitation, "ye must e'en do widout me the night, for I've promised some of the boys to go wid them on an excursion."

"Och, Phelim Doolan!" gasped Katty, "if this excursion, as ye call it, turns out like the last, when ye harried Connell's garth, it 'ill bring yez little credit and less pleasure. Come, Phelim jewel, let the boys alone, and come wid me to Larry's, avick!"

"Bodderation take the woman!" cried Phelim, starting up from his

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seat with a flushed face; "make a clear shebeen, or by the houly Moses I'll set yez out at wanst."

Katty, terrified by the menacing attitude he assumed, ran away immediately, and in a few minutes Bartle Regan appeared, followed by Coul Shane, who, on account of his insignificance, would probably be permitted to join the less dignified and worse clad concourse who assembled on the outside of Patrick Butler's spacious barn, the scene of the festivities."

"Come in both of yez for a moment," was Phelim's greeting, as his confederates appeared, and as he spoke the whiskey was produced.

"None for me, wid your lave, Doolan," interposed Bartle, who did not wish to get drunk beforehand; "I cannot take a single cup."

"Out upon yez for a spalpeen," retorted Phelim, forcing a laugh; "ye must drink to our success, and it'ill keep the cold out too, man;" and as he spoke the rioter poured out a tumbler of the rare spirits, and shoved it into his dupe's hand.

Coul needed no pressing, and so they all took a glass; and after he had got it, Phelim's spirits rose to such a pitch that Bartle became apprehensive of his bursting the proper bounds of decorum, and actuated by this fear, he at once expressed his determination of proceeding to Fairy Lawn, and hurried Phelim and Coul out of the house as fast as he could.

Phelim sobered down when he got into the open air, and so the triumvirate went on at a sharp pace; the night was darkening fast upon them, but there was still light enough left for them to see their way securely; this was the more fortunate for Phelim, as he was very anxious that the disguise he wore should not be soiled or splashed by the dirty road they were compelled to traverse; every minute they overtook parties of five and six, hurrying forward like themselves to the grand point of meeting; but Bartle sagely whispered to his companions not to enter into any conversation with them, lest Phelim should be discovered; ever and anon, too, they were overtaken by whiskies, and droskies, and jaunting-cars, and men and women mounted on all kinds of cattle, from the lordly horse to the humble jackass; and all this bustle and hurry but made Phelim Doolan's heart beat the higher, and his pulse throb the quicker, with the bare anticipation of the exciting scene into which he was about to plunge himself. Bartle's feelings were of a more apprehensive complexion; and as for poor Coul, he had little room for anything but the hope that he would get a good bellyfull, and a hazy perception that he might come in for a broken head as the night advanced towards a close.

A rather different scene was enacting all this while in the barn at Fairy Lawn. At each end blazed an enormous fire, sufficient to roast an ox whole, if needs be; and between the two ran triple rows of tables, the middle one being raised a trifle higher than the others; the more wealthy and respectable of the guests occupied this, which was honoured as well by the presidency of Patrick Butler himself and Charles Beauvais, the latter of whom sate at the lower end; the wives and daughters of his guests were accommodated in the best parlour,

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where Rose Butler, beautiful as an angel, dispensed her hospitality, assisted by old Ellish, the antiquated housekeeper.

The business of the night had already begun in the barn, where the din of knives and forks clattering on the plates, mingled with oaths and yells, and voices pitched to every altitude of anger or mirth, broke upon the ears of the hungry groups outside with a galling and tantalizing sound; there was plenty of light, and noise, and bustle, plenty of savoury odours, and plenty of Irish oaths; and so Patrick Butler sate contented and happy in his chair, with a brave welcome and a merry jest for every new-comer, piling the plates of his guests with plenty of good cheer, shouting to his croupiers to attend to the wants of those under their charge, and never caring, honest soul! to snatch either bit or sup for himself amidst all the profusion. Had he had leisure even for this, he could not have tasted anything, for he was too happy to think about himself, and pleasure, at times, can take away an appetite quite as easily as grief, as I have often found to be the case.

Everything was arranged in the most systematic manner; order was perceptible in all the arrangements; at the door stood Denny Blake, whose stentorian lungs at this moment vociferated through the barn the high-sounding names of "Misther Bartle Regan, attinded by Misther Falix O'Toole."

"Ye're late, but welcome, Bartle," cried Butler, as his laggard guest, with many congees, advanced towards him; "and who's the frind y've brought wid ye, man?"

"He's a real straight for'urd boy, Misther Butler," responded the trembling Bartle, "and fourth cousin by the mother's side of my uncle Lanty;" and, as he spoke, the pretended Felix O'Toole stepped forward into the presence of the host.

So admirably was he disguised, and so well did he demean himself, that his appearance did not raise the faintest shadow of a doubt in the mind of Butler; the crush and the tumult round them, as well, was all in the confederates' favour, who, after a few more words of welcome, addressed by the unsuspecting host to Felix O'Toole, were permitted to pass on and take their places unchallenged at the lower end of one of the less dignified tables.

"Ate what they've sint ye," whispered the trembling Bartle, as he noticed the fixed gaze with which his companion regarded Charles Beauvais, who was sitting at a little distance.

Thus admonished, Phelim made a hasty inroad into the smoking viands a bare-legged colleen had placed before him; he had little appetite, however, to continue thus long, for his brain was on fire, and his whole frame thrilled with a strange half-maniacal feeling, which was torture to endure; he again glanced over towards the handsome Frenchman, and this time their eyes met; it was, however, with no unsteady gaze that Charles Beauvais returned his own, but with a brave unflinching glance, that told him he was confronted with a foe as fearless as himself. Beauvais half-arose from his seat, and Phelim was about to follow his example, when Bartle Regan kicked his shins under cover of the table, and whispered, with ashy visage, "By the crass, Phalim, if yez dunna kape aisy I'll shoot ye as ye sit."

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A scornful smile hovered round Doolan's mouth at this threat; but, apparently, he deemed it the wisest part of discretion to be quiet, for he again applied himself to his plate, and did not permit his eyes to wander from its vicinity until the whole party arose from table.

Charles Beauvais, in the meanwhile, was almost as unpleasantly situated as Bartle Regan himself; who the stranger could be, who seemed to harbour such offensive designs against him, he could not for the life of him divine; as far as he could recollect, he had never seen him before, and if he had, he was quite sure the other laboured under no slight he had received at his hands; he had heard much of the pugnacious nature of the Irish character, but to him it appeared a perfect absurdity that any one should attempt to embroil him in a quarrel without a sufficient pretext. The young Frenchman was constitutionally brave, and felt but little uneasiness for his own fate, should matters fall out as he anticipated; but he possessed as well the better part of valour, discretion, and above all things wished that a night hallowed to so much enjoyment should pass over without an adventure which would inevitably bring with it all the evils of a remorseful conscience and bitter self-upbraidings.

A general rising from supper broke in upon his musings, and he followed the rest of the party into Patrick Butler's best parlour, where the gentlemen joined their fair companions; they only remained here a few minutes, until a servant came to announce that the barn was ready prepared for the dancing; no sooner was this announcement made to the company, than a general rush ensued by the more active portion of the rougher sex, who, eager to secure some favourite partner for the opening reel, cared but little about the etiquette observable on such occasions.

"Hoorah!" yelled a fiery, shockheaded villain, whose mouth was distended with a frightful grin from ear to ear, as with one arm he encircled the waist of a pretty, half-blushing, half-laughing lassie, whilst with the other he kept at bay a less fortunate rival, who attempted to deprive him of his capture: "farst come farst sarved, is a good ould proverb, Misther Neddy Kishoge, and gif yez dunna make yerself scarch, I'll be for making ye, my jewel."

Our old friend Neddy laughed, and being a good-natured fellow, and a peaceable one to boot, he at once resigned his claims, and ran off to seek a partner elsewhere.

Charles Beauvais had been an amused spectator of this scene, which reminded him that he ought not to be backward in doing like his neighbours; so he ran off to find Rose Butler, and discovered her just as the supposed Phelix O'Toole was in the act of making his bow prior to his entreating to have the honour of dancing with her.

Rose could not reverse the established etiquette, although she had been for several minutes most anxiously looking about for Beauvais; and though it was very unpleasant to become the partner of another just as she perceived him approaching, she nevertheless gave her hand to the triumphant Felix, and was led off before the very eyes of the thunder-struck Frenchman.

"The villain is my evil genius, I fear," muttered Charles, as with a clouded brow, and a soul thirsting for revenge, he followed in the

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wake of the happy set who, with Rose Butler and her partner, were to open the ball: he found a seat in a distant corner, and anxious to perceive how his antagonist acquitted himself, sate down, and with a good deal of impatience awaited the striking up of the music.

But this took up more time than he anticipated; the clarionet-player had been out performing professionally at a wake the night before, and had lost the reed of his instrument in his rather tipsy journey home, so that he could produce no sound but a very vile squeak until this misfortune was repaired; and then the bagpipes of Darby Sullivan would play nothing but the "rogue's march," although the tune of "Judy Callaghan" was vociferated from one end of the barn to the other; it was of no use that the unfortunate leader prayed, and cursed, and swore, and entreated, and did everything but murder Darby, who was as deaf as a post; the villain still sate complacently looking upon the dancers, and the infamous bagpipes still kept on playing that most evil-omened of tunes at a pitch that well nigh annihilated all the rest of the music put together; and then the fiddler snapped his second string at the very first scrape, so that there never was a more infirm, broken-down band in all this world than that which filled Patrick Butler's barn with the misnamed music of the spheres.

And yet, with all these serious drawbacks, the mirth and fun waxed hot and furious within its hallowed precincts; Rose Butler moved and looked, to every eye, the living and breathing incarnation of a youthful Hebe; tall and gracefully formed, with just enough of the national physiognomy to add a look of archness to her beautiful features, and having now succeeded in stifling the regret of not having Beauvais for her partner, she joined in the mazy circles of the dance with abundance of zest and spirit; she was ably accompanied by Phelim Doolan, who, deeply struck with the display of charms which until that evening he would scarcely have given her the credit of possessing, was bent upon acquitting himself in a manner which could not fail of winning the admiration of one for whom he would gladly have perilled credit, nay his very existence itself.

Rose could not fail of noticing the manly grace of her unknown partner, but she was less moved by it than the spectators, who stood in a circle round the dancers, with their eyes rivetted on his every movement; after a time she could scarcely conceal her alarm, for the stranger pressed her hand so very warmly in his own, and the pressure was so often repeated, that the maiden could not misconstrue his meaning; there was a peculiar significance, too, in the full glare of his dark, bright eyes, that bespoke a spirit more accustomed to command than to obey; whenever their gaze met, the colour would mount to his cheek, and over his face there would steal an expression of so much pride and determination, that Rose felt more and more wretched every minute; so strong was the effect of all this mystery upon her feelings, that in attempting to execute a difficult figure in the reel, she stumbled, and would have fallen, but for the intervention of her partner, who sprang forward, and caught her in his arms ere she touched the ground.

Charles Beauvais was at her side in a moment, and would have lifted her fainting from out of his rival's arms, had he not been deterred

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from doing so by the peculiar expression Phelim's features wore. His broad high brow was dark as the midnight sky, all colour had fled his cheeks as completely as it had those of the delicate creature over whom he hung; his frame heaved as if it were moved with some terrible emotion, and as if oblivious to the presence of the crowd that encircled him, he muttered wildly to himself as he gazed on the pale inanimate countenance of Rose.

Patrick Butler had been at the time informed of his daughter's indisposition, and the trembling parent at this juncture rushed to the spot, his fears increasing tenfold the nature of the misadventure; all made way in silence for their host, and many wondered that when the stranger's eye fell on him that the colour should rush back to his cheek, and that he should stagger back as if he had been an apparition; it might be that remorse for a moment shot a pang into the villain's heart; but if it did, the feeling was but momentary; for as he resigned his charge to her natural protector, he folded his arms over his breast, and disregarding the muttered exclamations of the spectators, strode from amongst them, and was the next moment lost to view.

He had not gone far before he encountered Bartle Regan, who frowned upon him as he passed, but did not attempt to speak. Phelim felt he had been acting unwisely, and eager to repair his error, joined a party who were carousing in the parlour; the table was heaped with cakes and pastry; a smoking bowl of whiskey toddy graced the centre, and the noisy vehemence and wild gesticulations of those who were grouped around him, betrayed that they had been both eager and lasting worshippers at its fiery shrine; Phelim sate down, and placing some of the liquor in a horn before him, began to listen to the conversation that was flowing around him. For a time he remained unnoticed, and he was not sorry for this, as the recent scene in the barn formed the chief subject of discourse; but in a luckless moment his right-hand neighbour turned towards him, and demanded if he knew anything of the stranger who had excited so much curiosity during the evening.

A loud "no by my soul" escaped Phelim ere he was aware of it, so anxious was he to deny his own identity; and the loud tones of his voice immediately attracted the general attention of the company, one of whom, a near relation of the host's, ejaculated,

"By Jasus, its the villain Phalim Doolan, boys! Collar him some of yez in the name o' God!"

A dozen arms surrounded Phelim in a moment, but with the strength of ten men he flung them off, and starting up, hurled the table with one fell swoop right over the luckless wight who had made the discovery; and then, without pausing to know how much damage he had committed, he rushed from the spot; but had not ran half-a-dozen steps before he was confronted by Charles Beauvais.

"Villain!" cried the intrepid Frenchman, as Doolan, with all the fury of a wild beast flashing from his visage, came upon him, "you pass not here but over my body."

As he spoke, he attempted to grapple with his antagonist; but Phelim, with a yell of hatred, hurled him from his path, and rushed

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on, scattering the hapless creatures that impeded his progress right and left, until he gained the lawn in front of the house; a hundred voices from behind cried out for him to be seized, and as many swelled the loud huzza that greeted his appearance on the outside; this exhibition of his power and popularity for a moment stayed him in his wild career; he paused for an instant, breathless, yet collected, and raising himself to his full height, shook his clenched fist at the house he had so lately quitted; those who in sympathy had gathered round him, fell back as he did so, for the face that he turned upon them at its conclusion was livid as that of a corpse, and wildly distorted as that of a fiend; the next moment he had disappeared, none knew whither, nor cared to follow.

LAYS OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

SONG IV.

THE BRIDAL OF GERALDINE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

'Tis the dawn of love,
And the sun above
Has trimm'd his lamp for beauty's shrine;
And the sportive flow'rs,
In the latticed bowers,
In garlands for love's altar twine;
And the fragrant breeze
In the almond trees
Sighs the name of Geraldine.

Like the young moon's beam
On the silver stream,
A light plays round her brow divine;
And her eyes, as blue
As the sapphire's hue,
Through their silken fringes laughing shine;
Of the rose's bloom,
And its rathe perfume,
Is the lip of Geraldine.

Let the tender lute,
And the dulcet flute,
With serenade salute her *mine*,—
And the tinkling rhyme,
Like the sweet bells chime,—
Till my sleeping Bride her couch resign;
And the chaplet pale,
And the bridal veil,
Crown the brow of Geraldine!

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A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY H. MACNAMARA.

THERE does not exist a more perfect feature in human nature than that affection which a mother bears towards her children. Love, in its true character, is of divine origin, and an emanation from that Spirit, who Himself "is Love;" and though often degraded on earth, we yet find it pure, sublime, and lasting within the maternal breast. Man is frequently captivated by mere external graces, and he dignifies that pleasure, which all experience in the contemplation of the beautiful, by the title of love; but a mother makes no distinction, she caresses the ugly and deformed with kindness, equal to, if not surpassing, that she bestows on the more favoured. Too frequently are interested motives the basis of apparent affection, but it is not so with her, who clings more fondly to her children in their poverty, their misfortunes, ay, and their disgrace. The silken chains by which we are bound one to the other are sometimes broken with facility; a word, a look, may snap the links never to be re-united; friendship decays or proves false in the hour of need; we almost doubt the existence of constancy—away with this doubt, while the maternal heart continues, as a temple, for the dwelling of God's holiest attribute.

She has watched her infant from the cradle; she will not desert him until separated by the grave. How anxiously she observes the budding faculties, the expansion of mind, the increasing strength of body! She lives for her child more than for herself, and so entwined has her nature become with his, that she shares in all his joys, and alas! in all his sorrows. "Not because it is lovely," says Herder, "does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore does she sympathise with his sufferings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him closer to her." *

Say that her son falls into poverty; a bankrupt in fortune, he is shunned by former acquaintances and despised by most of his fellow-beings, but one will there be found, like a ministering angel at his side, cheering his despondency, encouraging him to renewed exertions, and ready herself to become a slave for his sake.

Say that he is exposed to censure, whether merited or unmerited, —all men rush to heap their *virtuous* indignation on his head; they have no pity for a fallen brother, they shun or they curse him. How different is the conduct of that being who gave him life! She cannot believe the charge; she will not rank herself among the foes of her child. And if at length the sad truth be established, she still feels that he has not thrown off *every* claim; and if an object of blame, he is also one of pity. Her heart may break, but it cannot cease to love

* Mrs. Austin's fragments from German writers.

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him. In the moments of sickness, when stretched on the bed of pain, dying perhaps from a contagious disease, he is deserted by his professed friends, who dare not, and care not, to approach him—one nurse will be seen attending him; she will not leave his precious existence to the care of hirelings, though now every instant in his presence seems an hour of agony. His groans penetrate her heart, but she will not let him hear the sad response; she weeps, but turns away, lest he should see her tears. She guards his slumbers, presses his feverish lips to hers, pours the balm of religion on his conscience, and points out to him the mercy of that Judge before whom he may shortly appear. When all is silent, she prays for his life; and if that may not be, for his happiness in the life to come.

He dies.—The shock perhaps deprives her of life, or, if not, she lives as one desolate and alone, anxiously looking forward to that world where she may meet her darling child, never to part again.

With equal simplicity and eloquence, the tender affection of Hagar for her child is expressed in the Old Testament.* In a wilderness, herself parched with thirst and fainting from fatigue, she beholds her infant—her only companion—dying from want of nourishment. The water-bottle was empty. Placing her boy beneath a shrub, and moving to some distance, she cried, "Let me not see the death of my child!" "Let me not behold the severance of those ties, which nature compels me to support and cherish; let not mine eyes witness the gradual departure of that angel spirit, which I had hoped would afford me comfort and consolation in my declining years." And "she lift up her voice and wept." But she was not left childless, for "God was with the lad."†

If we reflect upon the inestimable value of this parent, we can appreciate the beauty of the psalmist's expression, when he compares himself, labouring under the extreme of grief, to one "*who mourneth for his mother.*" And was it not in accordance with the perfect character of our Saviour, that some of his last thoughts should be for the welfare of her who followed him through all his trials? When extended on the cross, pointing to the disciple whom he loved, he said to Mary, "Woman, behold thy son," and to the disciple, "Behold thy mother." And from that hour the disciple took her to his own home.

Among the greatest and the best of our fellow-creatures,‡ we shall find that they never forgot the duty owing to her from whom they not only received life, but frequently inherited superior powers of mind. We are all too apt to disregard blessings to which we have long been accustomed, and to appreciate them only when it is too late. Many

* Genesis, xxi. 14, &c.

† A very fine picture of maternal suffering is exhibited in the fable of Niobe, (Ovid's Metamorph. lib. 6, fab. 5,) after the destruction of her sons.

"Heu! quantum hæc Niobe, Niobe distabat ab illâ!
* * * * *
Invidiosa suis, at *nunc miseranda vel hosti!*
Corporibus gelidis incumbit: et ordine nullo
Oscula dispensat natos suprema per omnes."

And after the death of her daughters, how appropriate was her change into a lifeless marble statue, paralysed—*yet weeping!*

‡ Tasso, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Kirke White, Canning, may be adduced, among many others, as well-known examples.

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of us have cause to regret the past on this account, and some would willingly begin life again, solely from a wish to serve and please those of whose worth they are now aware.

Trifle not with a mother's love! It is too valuable, too elevated, and, though it last to the end of life, too transitory. Like many objects of inestimable worth and power, it is yet delicate and sensitive;—then wound it not by a thoughtless word or an unkind action, but cherish its existence with feelings of the strongest admiration and respect.

Let us endeavour to share in the sentiments of the poet Kirk White, as expressed in the following lines:

"And canst, thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?—
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought! where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age."

SONNET.

'Tis glorious, some bright evening, to behold
As sinks the chariot of the lord of day,
The clouds, in garments robed of purest gold,
Throng on all sides and close around his way.
Thus were the Muses wont, methinks, of yore,
To flit before the blind old Homer's mind,
And breathe the magic of that heavenly lore
Which still enthralls the heart of all mankind.
Thus did they float before his mind's keen eye,
In such rich colours, such bright radiance drest,
As lightly gliding from their thrones on high,
Those heavenly thoughts they planted in his breast,
Thoughts, which ne'er fade, though centuries roll by,
Whose blossom blooms with immortality!

G. B. Cowell.

Ipswich, June 9, 1844.

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REMINISCENCES OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.*

EDITED BY J. W. LAKE, OF PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

MARAT.

" L' histoire de ma vie, depuis l' instant où j'ai pris la plume pour defendre la patrie contre ses maitres, est si fertiles en événements singuliers, en mouvements tumultueux, en succès, en revers, en coups de sort ; j'ai été l'objet de tant, d'attentats, de tant d'outrages, de tant de déffamations, j'ai été environne de tant de périls, je leur ai échappé d'une manière si peu commune, qu'il n'est peut-être aucun Roman au monde plus tourmenté que cette histoire."—JEAN PAUL MARAT.

THE eleventh of June, 1784, a youthful traveller, mounted upon a " coal-black steed," arrived, towards evening, in the Place d'Armes, Versailles. Everything in his mien and bearing announced him to be of a noble family, and the singular grace and confident address with which he managed his courser attracted much admiration. This accomplished cavalier was the Comte Henri de Belzunce, a gentleman of Normandy, who came for the purpose of being presented at court. He was related to the family of the bishop de Belzunce, who had signalised himself in the annals of humanity by his admirable conduct during the memorable plague at Marseilles, in 1721.

Versailles was, at this period, in the zenith of its splendour. The symmetric and correct plans of Le Nôtre ; the graceful play of the waters in their magnificent marble basins ; the bronzes of the brothers Keller ; the massive groups of noble trees ; the green lawns ; the alleys of huge old oaks, which Louis XIV., Bossuet, and Condé had once beheld ; all these tended to plunge our young voyageur into a train of historical musings. He was walking before the entrance of the salle des gardes, on the path which led to the king's apartments, when he heard the sentinels near him cry, " Hats off, gentlemen, hats off!" From the noise they made, Henri concluded that Louis XVI. was about to appear in *propria persona ;* he therefore placed himself against the wall, and uncovered his head. Instead of the king, however, he only beheld a troop of valets, each bearing a dish covered with a napkin, and all repeating the same strain, " Chapeau bas, messieurs ! chapeau bas !" The young count now understood that it was the custom, or rather the etiquette, to salute the king's dinner in this somewhat oriental style, and, all royallist as he was, he felt that such a custom would have been " more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

After having visited the park, the count proceeded to the residence

* I give this under the same title as the preceding sketches, viz. " Reminiscences of the Reign of *Terror*," as I consider that frightful epoch to have commenced with the taking of the Bastille (see chap. ii.), and terminated on the 9th Thermidor, second year of the republic. When it pleased the National Convention to *decree* the reign of terror, it only regulated an order of things which had long existed in fact ; *la revolution et la terreur* were all along one and indivisible.

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of the Duc de Brissac, great chamberlain to the king. This nobleman, of a vain and overbearing character, nevertheless, being an ancient friend of the family, received Henri de Belzunce with sufficient cordiality; and as there was to be, the same evening, a theatrical exhibition at the court, he engaged Henri to accompany him there.

The Duc de Brissac, having taken Henri in his carriage to the grand palace of Versailles, placed him in the parterre, reserved for young noblemen and officers of the royal guard, and then left him, to resume his functions near the monarch's person.

The salle was lighted up with bougies, in the most brilliant manner, and the toilets of all the ladies were of the most ravishing description. The head-dress of the last century was, *above all*, a subject of the highest importance to the fair sex, and this elevated taste in adorning one of the most beautiful ornaments nature has bestowed upon woman, was carried to the topmost pitch of perfection by Marie Antoinette herself, as *officially* detailed in the "Souvenirs de Leonard, coiffeur de la Reine."

Contrary to their usual habits, neither the queen nor Madame Louise appeared amongst the élite *dramatis personæ* of that evening. The piece represented was an opera, in three acts, entitled "Les Muses Galantes," by a *certain* Jean Jacques Rousseau, who had obtained this courtly favour through the patronage of Monseigneur le Prince de Conti. At the conclusion of the performance, Henri de Belzunce had received an intimation to place himself on the king's passage. The Duc de Brissac presented him to his majesty, who, full of respect for the memory of M. de Belzunce, prelate of Marseilles, noticed the protegé of his grand chamberlain in the most favourable manner.

"To what profession are you destined?" inquired the king.

"To that of arms, sire," was the reply.

"'Tis well; I will speak on the subject to your protector, monsieur le comte. You shall hear from me ere long."

Henri bowed to the king, who passed on.

It was now an hour after midnight, and, on leaving the chateau, the count found himself alone in the grand square called the Place d'Armes. The Hotel du Lion d'Or, where he had at first alighted, and slept the preceding night, was closed, and in darkness; and pride prevented him from returning to the Duc de Brissac's, who, besides, had "forgot to remember" to give him a general invitation.

The weather was delightful, and Versailles, with its gorgeous palace and "time-honoured trees," looked so beautiful in the pale moonlight, that the young and somewhat romantic count made up his mind to perambulate its streets till the morning. His nocturnal meditations, however, were suddenly interrupted at the angle of a small and obscure street, from whence he was closely followed by a single individual fast approaching him. Henri turned round, the unknown unsheathed his rapier, and, on a given sign, three more "minions of the moon" joined their comrade. With the imprudent daring of a young man, Henri de Belzunce resolved to resist the attack of the united bravos, and put himself in his best posture of defence. The ruffians came on—the clashing swords struck lightning-sparks, and the deadly thrusts were given and parried with the rapidity of lightning. Skilful,

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however, as the count was, his sword was too fragile long to resist the shock of the four stout blades of his assailants; it broke in his hand, and at the same instant he felt himself wounded in the thigh, and fell to the ground.

On recovering his perception, he found himself in a small, old-fashioned bed, with green serge curtains, placed in a little chamber, ornamented with antique paper.

This chamber belonged to a young doctor of Versailles, who, accustomed to matinal promenades, found Henri lying on the ground, weltering in blood. After attentively examining his wound, he caused the stranger to be conveyed to his, the doctor's, own lodgings, there to remain until he was healed. During several days the invalid had greatly suffered, but was now beginning to get better, thanks to the skill and care of his watchful host.

The young physician in question was a man of diminutive stature, and of eccentric manners. All the features of his meagre and *mobile* visage denoted great mental agitation. He wrote much, and, while thus occupied, kept a wet napkin on his forehead. Although *medicin des ecuries* to the Comte d'Artois,* he devoted himself more to researches on fire and light than to the exercise of his profession. Nothing could equal his horror of blood, and it affected him, in his scientific experiments, even to kill an insect. This little man had travelled much, and suffered much; he had but very lately returned from England.

"I had gone there," said he to Henri de Belzunce, "for the purpose of trying, by means of a treatise,† to influence the parliamentary elections. I laboured at it twenty-one out of the twenty-four hours; for three months I had scarcely two successive hours of sleep, and, to keep myself awake, I took such an excessive quantity of pure coffee, that I had nearly given up the ghost in London. I fell into a sort of annihilation of all my force and all my faculties, in which deplorable state I remained for thirteen days, and from which I was only relieved by the effect of music."

He complained bitterly of the academies, which refused to examine his productions, and even interdicted his works on natural philosophy. Detractor of the Newtonian system, he predicted himself as destined to bring about a revolution in *science!* His conduct appeared to be regular. He was extremely sober, and fed on rice like a Brahmin; in compensation for his moderation in wine, he continued to consume an immense quantity of pure coffee. His age seemed to be about thirty years; his costume was, like that of all the young doctors of 1780, black coat and waistcoat, culotte and stockings the same, large frill and long ruffles of lace, medical perriwig, and *claque* under the arm; but all those, with him, appeared different than with others, and gave him rather a grotesque air.

Henri de Belzunce had pleased him. He had treated him as a brother, giving up his bed to the sick stranger, while he himself slept on a hard mattress laid on the floor; sharing with his self-imposed patient his narrow chamber; watching over him by night, and ad-

* Afterwards the unfortunate Charles X. † "Les Chaines d'Esclavage.

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ministering to him by day; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the count could not make up his mind to find him amiable.

The look of this singular man seemed to him full of mistrust, and his temper volcanic. When his systems were contradicted, he stamped furiously on the floor, and replied in the rudest and most violent terms. When he became calm, although less rude to his adversary, he still remained untractable upon the basis of his ideas. His conversation was impetuous; the fire he threw into it came less from the brain than from the blood, which with him was kindled in a moment. These peculiarities, added to a set of features animated and indicative of suffering, formed, with his diminutive person, an *ensemble* so extraordinary, that whoever had seen him once never forgot him.

Henri was of an age when wounds are less difficult to heal, and, although the assassin's blade had penetrated the flesh deeply, he was soon sufficiently convalescent to undertake his journey homeward. Ere leaving his host, he pressed him to accept half the contents of his purse, but the offer was refused with the utmost rudeness. The count observed, that he did not pretend to recompense the skill and services bestowed upon him with gold; that he felt, and should ever feel, the most ardent gratitude for them; but as his preserver, in the twofold character of host and physician, must have expended money on his account, it was but just that it should be reimbursed.

"Gold," replied the young doctor with emphasis, "serves but for the purposes of corruption; it is the wages of a parasite, a pimp, a player, a mercenary, a slave. Oh! would I could collect all the gold upon earth, and, in a single throw, bury it at the bottom of the sea! I should feel that I had rendered the greatest of services to humanity!"

"At least," said Henri, "I will venture to tell you my name."

"What signifies your name to me? You are a man—that is sufficient; it was my duty to afford you shelter and aid."

"I am the Count Henri de Belzunce."

"Of what import is your title to me, monsieur, and who sought to know it here?"

"It is to preserve the remembrance of each other; you as my benefactor, and I as your obliged."

"None of these distinctions between us, if you please; what I did, you would be a vile and cruel wretch not to have done in my place; you owe me no gratitude—none."

"Nevertheless—"

"O, drop the subject. Listen; I should not hesitate, one day, if the public good required it, to take away that life which I have just saved with so much care. Act in the same manner in regard to me."

"Are you not my friend?"

"Friendship is only established by devotion to the same ideas. Hitherto I am your brother."

"You are severe, doctor; but you have saved my life, and, in despite of yourself, I shall not be an ingrate. Pray tell me *your* name."

"My name is of no consequence in the affair. However, as you seem absolutely to require that there should be some kind of souvenir

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between us two, there—there is a book I have just published; keep it in remembrance of me."

Henri received the book from the eccentric doctor, and shook his hand cordially; the pressure was returned, and they separated.

When the count had passed the threshold of the house, he had the curiosity to open his book at the title-page, and there read,

"*Recherches sur l'Electricité Médicale. Par* M. MARAT."

CHAPTER II.

THE BASTILLE TAKEN.

Freedom, if rightly understood,
Means simply this, the public good.
That state is free where law unites
With justice, to protect the rights
Of honest men, whate'er their stations,
From rogues of all denominations.

(ORIGINAL.)

The opening of the "States General" took place at Versailles, on the fifth of May, 1789; the resistance, however, which the court opposed to the reforms and labours of the assembly irritated the people. The first of July, a pamphlet appeared which sought to allay the popular ferment. "Citizens," said the author, in his work, full of moderation, "do not disturb our present harmony, and the most salutary, the most important of revolutions, will be irrevocably consummated without costing a drop of blood to the nation, or a tear to humanity."* This production was signed Jean Paul Marat.

Unfortunately, this pacific appeal to the popular spirit failed in its good intention. The increasing animosities between the court and the people were soon destined to come to another appeal—by arms in the public street. A cordon of foreign troops had recently surrounded Paris; several regiments of Swiss, and detachments of royal dragoons, were encamped in the Champ de Mars, with artillery; the regiments of Provence and Vintimille occupied Meudon; that of the royal cravate was quartered at Sevres. In addition to the above popular eyesores, bread was dear; and a hungry multitude is easily excited to revolt.

The thirteenth of July the weather was very sultry, and the heads of the Parisians also in a state of effervescence, (no uncommon thing,) when, a little after noon, the news arrived of the exile of Necker. During the day, however, the discontent was not loud, but deep. In the evening the crowd thronged to the garden of the Palais Royal. All at once, a young man† mounted upon a table, his hair "streaming in the wind, the heroism of liberty glowing on his visage, and his eyes full of holy indignation." "Citizens!" cried the orator, "there is

* Avis au Peuple.

† This *Ossian*-like young hero was the celebrated Camille Desmoulins, editor of the "Vieux Cordelier." He was the journalist of the less violent party of La Montagne, and the right hand of Danton, its leader. When the latter fell, beneath the superior cunning of his rival, Robespierre, Desmoulins shared his patron's fate, on the same scaffold where they had so mainly contributed to send the unfortunate Louis XVI.

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not a moment to lose; we are about to be all slaughtered, unless we rush to arms!" To suit the action to the word, he then brandished a naked sword, and held out a brace of pistols. "To arms!" repeated, with transport, that excited multitude. The orator tore a leaf from a chestnut tree, and placed it in his hat; the crowd followed his example, and in a few minutes the stately trees furnished green cockades to several thousand men. A number of citizens then hastened to the cabinet of Curtius, from which they carried off the busts of Necker and the Duc d'Orleans, who was reported to have equally fallen into disgrace with the king. These trophies were then shrouded with black crape, and borne in triumph through the streets, in the midst of a numerous cortège. Men armed with iron-headed clubs, axes, and pistols, accompanied this march, forming a sort of tumultuous procession; and in this manner they passed along the Rues Saint Martin, Saint Denis, and Saint Honoré, compelling every body they met to take off their hats. This funereal-triumphant-grotesque procession was crossing the Place Louis XV., when a detachment of the royal Allemand and of dragoons suddenly issued from a neighbouring street. Their colonel, the Prince de Lambesc, commanded the "charge," and the crowd dispersed with loud cries, the bust of Necker being shivered to pieces in the fray.

The mob having rallied in groups, assailed the Prince de Lambesc with stones; he became furious, and, losing all self-command, rushed with his soldiers into the garden of the Tuileries, sabring "right and left" the innoffensive citizens. An old man fell from a wound in the forehead; men, women, and children, fled in all directions, while others defended themselves with chairs, or hastily scaled the terraces. The scattered fugitives spread terror and horror throughout the city and faubourgs, and there no longer remained a doubt in the popular mind of a plot being laid to massacre the citizens. Under this impression, the people broke into the shops of the gunsmiths, and carried off the arms, unpaved the streets, erected barricades, and piled near the windows of the houses heavy furniture, large stones, slates, etc., ready to be hurled upon the heads of the soldiers. As the night approached, a numerous detachment of dragoons and German cavalry appeared in the quartier Saint Honoré, and passed over the Pont Neuf, for the purpose of reconnoitring. The officer at their head ordered his men to halt, and began to harangue the crowd, telling them, as a piece of good news, that the whole of the dragoons, hussars, and royal German cavalry, were coming up to join the people. This welcome announcement was greeted with long and loud huzzas, save by a single individual, who shook his head mistrustfully. This was a puny, ill-favoured, and meanly-clad man, "thin as an atomy," but with eyes like a basilisk's, and limbs in perpetual motion. Forcing his way through the crowd, he seized hold of the officer's bridle, and hung to it, summoning him to descend. The officer, taken by surprise, dismounted; the mob stood aghast; but the little man, in a decided tone, ordered the dismayed military chief to deliver up his arms, and those of his soldiers, into the hands of the assembled citizens. The officer remained silent, and this tacit refusal confirmed the suspicions of the young patriot, who proceeded to excite the people's fears of treachery,

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and then, with menacing gestures and loud cries, to urge them to action. The cavaliers were compelled to wheel round, and, slowly and tristfully, to direct their horses' heads towards the Hotel de Ville. The people followed them thither; and there they were again called upon to lay down their arms, which they again refused to do. The committee then sent them back to their camp, under a strong guard.

Night now completely enveloped the capital; but the usual concomitants of night, stillness and repose, were wanting. Divisions of the soldiers of the *guet*, of the French guards, of the armed bourgeois corps, with numerous patroles, traversed the streets. The march of these men, whose designs were unknown, the report of fire-arms at intervals, the light of incendiary flames, and the mysterious words exchanged in dark places—all these sinister omens filled the city with affright. The citizens kept watch in the courts of their dwellings, armed with muskets, sabres, iron bars, and clubs, while their trembling wives sate by them on heaped stones.

These events were not known at Versailles until the following evening. The assembly loudly accused the court as the cause of the disturbances, and again pressed the king to withdraw the troops, which they pretended kept the metropolis in a state of revolt.*

The morning of the 14th was employed by the Parisians in arming themselves, and preparing various means of defence. Pikes were forged, bullets moulded, cartridges made, swords ground, and foraging parties sent out in quest of that staple food of war—gunpowder. Paving-stones were carried to the tops of the houses, and, in short, Paris presented the appearance of an immense workshop, or laboratory, from whence the demon, civil war, was about to emerge, clothed in its unnatural horrors.

In the mean time, the restless multitude wanted some definite object in which they could vent their democratic fury. . . . . Suddenly there arose a cry—"To the Bastille! to the Bastille!" It spread like wildfire; and on they marched, that undisciplined, and yet not disarrayed, crowd—for, as Chateaubriand says, the French are all born soldiers; on they marched to that vast and gloomy-looking edifice of feudal despotism, which commanded the faubourg Saint Antoine. This state-prison, in which Mirabeau and several other friends of the people had been incarcerated, excited universal horror; it was, moreover, built upon a point from which the city could be menaced with cannon. The people arrived, and it was taken. This feat accomplished, they demolished it, an act of unpardonable vandalism, the Bastille being an ancient edifice of severe and massive style, and belonging to art. In the present day it would be the admiration of connoisseurs.

The storming of the Bastille had cost much blood, and the losses, as well as the popular victory, were, of course, much exaggerated; the ditches of the fortress, and its vicinity, were said to be heaped with dead bodies. All these accounts arrived at Versailles greatly exaggerated; the court, nevertheless, neither changed its warlike atti-

* If Louis XVI. had remained firm on this point, and, instead of withdrawing, reinforced the cordon of troops about Paris, the results might have been of a very different nature.

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tude, nor, on the other hand, ordered any further military movement on Paris. During eight-and-forty hours, the body guards did not quit their boots. It was at this period that a banquet was given to this corps-d'elite, at the chateau, in the midst of which the queen appeared, holding the young dauphin in her arms, and presented him to the soldiers, who swore to die for him, and his august parents. The deputies of the assembly, however, still continued their labours, and fearing the government might close their hall of debate, they declared themselves *en permanence;* the oldest amongst them passing the night seated on their benches. Every hour couriers arrived from Paris with the latest news; to the sacking of the Bastille was added the massacre of Flesselles, and the report of the probable movement of the people upon Versailles.

The *honours* of these eventful days remained due to the young orator of the Palais Royal, and to the daring little man, who arrested the designs of the soldiers; the first, we have said, was the journalist Camille Desmoulins, the last, MARAT.

CHAPTER III.

THE SUBTERRANEAN JOURNALIST.

. . . . . "Delighting to destroy!"

In a cellar of the ancient Rue des Cordeliers, (now Rue de l'Ecole de Médicine,) about the middle of September, 1791, a man, of meagre and diminutive form, was standing before a cask, covered with papers, holding a pen in his hand, with which he, ever and anon, wrote rapidly.

Occasionally the writer threw his pen aside, and, with hasty steps, traversed his subterranean study, a prey to a feverish agitation. If his hollow writing-desk happened to prolong, through the low and damp vaults of the cellar, the sounds of a carriage rolling in the street above, he lifted up his head, and listened with fixed attention. His unquiet ear seemed to seek in this noise the report of cannon. When the vehicle had passed on, and silence was restored in the cavern, the man shook his head in a despairing manner, and resumed his writing.

The subterranean we have just described, which was feebly lighted by a small soupirail, had been the cellar of the ancient convent of the Cordeliers, and its solitary occupant was Marat. Since the opening of the states-general, Marat had given up science for politics. The doctor's brain, recently occupied with medical electricity, was now kindled with the revolutionary sparks that electricise the masses.

His eccentric ideas had brought upon him similar troubles in the world at large to those he had suffered in the world of science. This small, fragile, and irritable being suffered more than any other, from the rigid seclusion to which he had been constrained for some months, to escape the pursuit of his enemies. Tracked from covert to covert, like a wild beast, unable to sleep twice in the same bed; at all hours,

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and in every place, hotly pressed by the police, he could only find brief and precarious repose in cellars and caves. The privation of the genial light of day, which had, all his life, been the object of his admiration and his studies, afflicted him more than all the rest. The sombre places he was compelled to inhabit must, doubtless, have aggravated the "gloomy temper of his soul;" and, from being hunted like a savage beast, he finally became himself a savage monster.

The moral activity and indomitable passions of this little man alone enabled his weak frame to overcome every fatigue. Emaciated by vigils, devoured by the fever of expectancy, tortured in his mind by a hope always deceived, harassed by every species of bitter vexation, he still found, in his popular emotions, sufficient nerve to stir up the character of a new revolt. When this energy left him, he had recourse to coffee, to give him artificial strength, and to struggle against sleep and dejection. It is positively affirmed, on the most credible authority, that he sometimes took as much as thirty-two cups of coffee per day! * At this time he alone edited numerous political sheets, and a variety of pamphlets,† and laboured twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four.

The evening we are speaking of, Marat was more than usually dejected. Three knocks at the entrance of the cave aroused him;—the proscript listened with mistrust. "It is me," said a soft and clear female voice, "open!" Marat opened the door, and a young, pretty, and fair-haired damsel entered, with a smile on her lips. On her arm hung a basket, containing rice, dried fruit, and a bottle of boiled coffee, pure; these formed the supper of her captive. This "angel-visitor" was Mademoiselle Fleury, the actress.

Marat had known her at Versailles. She was the mistress of an individual who had, at first, received under his roof the soi-disant "friend of the people," pursued by the agents of authority, but who soon took umbrage at the constant and gracious attentions Mademoiselle Fleury lavished on his guest. She now, therefore, visited him secretly in his cave. Nevertheless, the intimacy between Marat and the young actress was of a purely platonic nature. She, a poor girl, abandoned to the theatre from her earliest youth, had "suffered persecution and learnt mercy;" an untiring pity for the unfortunate was the charitable result of her own misfortunes. A great conformity of situation existed between them; both were, in a manner, sociably proscribed, she as a fille entretenue, and actress, and he as a preacher of revolt. Marat had already declared in his journal that, in his sight,—"l'actrice la plus galante valait bien une catin de la cour." The actress Fleury, in common with all of her profession at the time we are treating of, oppressed by this prejudice, promoted, with all her heart and all her soul, the success of a revolution, just and humane, (as *she*, in her political simplicity, thought it might be!) by which prejudices would be banished; she hoped, by such an event, to be released from those bitter and biting affronts to which theatrical wo-

* Probably *demi-tasses*, or half-cups.

† L'ami du Peuple—Le Junius Français—L'Orateur du Peuple—Les Ministres dévoilés—C'est un bean rêve, gare au réveil—Grande Conspiration du Comte de Mirabeau, &c. &c.

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men were subjected by those of the world. As Marat was one of the most fervent advocates of the cause of the people, Mademoiselle Fleury liked to hear him descant on the future, when, according to his promise, both men and women were all to be equally united as members of one and the same family.

Mademoiselle Fleury placed her hands in those of Marat, who pressed them tenderly; but observing her fingers wounded, and her wrists marked with a black circle,—"What is the meaning of all this?" inquired he. "Oh! 'tis nothing," replied she, blushing. Marat then remarked that the fair and delicate neck of the youthful actress was discoloured with bruises and *egratignures*;—"Oh! I understand it all," cried he, furiously; "that atrocious man has recommenced his odious treatment on you. Is it not, then, enough, that for sixteen years tyranny has planted its knee on my neck, must I again find the traces of its cruelty on the woman that I love! The means this monster employs to secure you in his chains are revolting, they must be resisted.* Open your window, call for aid, and cite before the judges the brutal miscreant who takes such a cowardly advantage of your timidity."†

"Alas! the wretch retains me in his bonds by ties more powerful and difficult to break than those of terror. He knows the place of your concealment, and threatens me, if I abandon him, to deliver you up."

"And it is for me, then, you suffer! Unfortunate that I am! . . . I will leave this place."

"You go away! oh, mon Dieu! what will then become of me?"

"Fear nothing, I will not abandon you, feeble and disarmed, to the fury of that man; I will, to-morrow, again intimidate him by the menaces of my journal. It is time that such an obscure wretch cedes to the authority of the "Friend of the People," when my complaints, and indignant wrath, make even kings turn pale on their gorgeous thrones."

"You are good, Marat."

"I am just. All my life I have sworn to combat tyranny under all its forms; and that which attacks a sex, feeble and defenceless, has always appeared to me as the most revolting of all. I have attacked it before with courage; I dared to write in behalf of the *filles perdues par amour*;‡ I was much blamed and ridiculed for it, but I have made up my mind to endure everything."

"But why will you quit this retreat, Marat?"

"The history of my life, from the moment I seized my pen to defend the country against its masters, is so fertile in singular events, in tumultuous movements, in successes, reverses, in chances and casualties; I have been the object of so many persecutions, so many outrages, so much calumny; I have been surrounded by so many dangers, and have escaped them in so uncommon a manner, that there is not,

* Yet this is the monster who afterwards said in the tribune of the assembled convention—"If the day after the Bastille was taken, the authority had been in my hands, I would have had *five hundred heads cut off* in Paris.

† L'Ami du Peuple, 20 September, 1791.

‡ Traité de Legislation, par J. P. Marat.

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perhaps, in the world, a romance that contains more marvellous incident, more 'hair-breadth 'scapes,' than my history. I led this kind of life for eight long months, without a moment's complaint, without regretting either the privation of repose or pleasure, without regarding the loss of my profession, the ruin of my health and prospects, or shrinking from the sword always suspended over me;—I am at length weary of it, and am resolved to leave France. Alas! I should have been protected, caressed, flattered, feasted, on the sole condition of selling my silence. Instead of gold, and favours, which I have not, I have a few debts incurred for the printing of my journal; I am about to abandon to my creditors the wreck of the little that remains to me. . . . . Abhorred, as I am, by the great and the men in power, noted in all the ministerial cabinets as a monster worthy of being strangled, perhaps, ere long, I may be forgotten by the people, for whose sake I have made myself a martyr. . . . . Yet, however painful has been my destiny during my long proscription, wandering in the streets in the middle of the night, never sleeping but with a brace of pistols under my pillow, writing with the noxious moisture of the gloomy cavern dripping on my head,—however dreary still be the perspective that opens before me, I shall never regret these sacrifices, I shall never repent the *good* I meant to perform to the human race." *

"Oh!" exclaimed the actress, clasping her hands, "if others forget you, Marat, I will never forget you!"

They separated.

The "friend of the people" did not forget his promise to Mademoiselle Fleury, whose tyrant he intimidated into better behaviour, by means of instances and menaces in his popular journal, whose terrible denunciations, as he had too truly asserted, made "pâlin le front des rois dans leur chateaux."

CHAPTER IV.

THE FATE OF HENRI DE BELZUNCE.

"Je voudrais qu'il y eût moins de distance entre le peuple et les grands. Le peuple ne croirait par les grands plus grands qu'ils ne sont, et il les craindrait moins; et les grands me s' imaginerait pas le peuple plus petit qu'il ne l'est, et ils le craindraient davantage."

STANISLAS, ROY DE POLOGNE.

In 1790, two regiments occupied at Caen the barracks called De Vaucelles; they were the regiment d'Artois and that of Bourbon. The first wore the popular medal, and held for the people, of which it was a favourite; the last, composed of young officers and soldiers attached to the royalist cause, excited much mistrust in the town. The hate and suspicions of the citizens were above all entertained

* These identical words were published in Marat's journal. The manner of accomplishing this *good* was by "destroying one half of the human race to make the other half happy." Such was the language, and such the publicly avowed intentions of Marat, Robespierre, and Co.

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towards the Comte Henri de Belzunce, second major of the regiment de Bourbon, with whom our readers are already acquainted.

The disturbances which had agitated Paris during the days of the 13th and 14th July, had communicated a shock to the whole of France. The scarcity of corn kept the province of Normandy especially in a state of excitement. The people of Caen, persuaded, as usual in such cases, that the monopolists were the cause of the famine, demanded, with arms in their hands, that the said forestallers should be forthwith delivered up to them. The authorities of the city permitted the populace to burn and destroy, if they found any, the magazines where the rich proprietors stored grain. A band of rioters then spread themselves through the town, burnt two houses, and destroyed a quantity of corn,—to prove, no doubt, the disinterested vengeance of the sovereign people,—and then dispersed.

The Comte Henri de Belzunce, with the temerity of a young man of eighteen, had proposed the prompt and violent repression of this lawless mob, by force of arms. The authorities, on the other hand, had manifested the most pusillanimous forbearance; the former, consequently, became more than ever the object of the people's hatred, which feeling the latter, proud of their "little brief" popularity, rather encouraged than checked. Born of an ancient and illustrious family, brought up in the bosom of the nobility, Henri de Belzunce had been taught, and had imbibed, all the "antiquated" prejudices of his caste in regard to the people, whose present outbreak, he considered, could only be put down by fear and the sword. The revolutionary sympathies of the crowd he treated with all the thoughtless contempt of a gentilhomme, and the audacity of a soldier. A pyramid having been elevated before the church of Saint Pierre, at Caen, in honour of the recal of Necker, the minister à-la-mode, the whole town assisted at its inauguration. The Comte de Belzunce passed by at the time, and regarded the monument with a derisive smile. Insulted in their affections, the populace followed the count with long and sinister murmurs; and it was only by putting spurs to his horse, that he escaped their fury. The major of the regiment de Bourbon, however, was a doomed man; he was marked with that terrible word, which in those days was only written in letters of blood—Aristocrat! Young and handsome, he had also the misfortune to be too *popular* with the ladies of Caen, which made the bachelors envious, and the Benedicts jealous.

Some friends of the imprudent De Belzunce recommended the commandant of the place, the Comte de Harcourt, to put him under temporary arrest in the castle, by way of calming the people; this, however, the commandant refused to do. In the mean time, the hatred between the regiment de Bourbon and the citizens had arrived at such a height, that a collision became inevitable. It took place in the following manner.

The eleventh of August, at half-past ten in the evening, an inhabitant of the town, named Rossignol, commanding the post of the citizen-guard, and Gouix, another Caenais, being on duty at the bridge of Vaucelles, an officer of the regiment of Bourbon presented himself in the obscurity; the sentinel three times cried, "Qui vive?" but no answer was given. The mute and mysterious officer had a fowling-piece in his hand, which he attempted to discharge at the

citizen soldier, but it flashed in the pan; he renewed the priming, but before he had time to fire, the sentinelle bourgeoise shot him dead.*

The report of the sentinel's musket excited the greatest agitation throughout the entire city. The poste-bourgeois gave the cry of alarm—the tocsin was sounded—the drums beat to arms in all the streets—and cannon were let off at every instant. The citizens, thus suddenly disturbed in the dead of the night, placed lights at their windows, from which, *en bonnet de coton*, they inquired of the passers-by the cause of all this untoward commotion. The astonished peasants arrived from a league round, armed with pitchforks; and in a short time all the world was out of doors, ready to fight or to run away, as the safety of the state or their own might require. The general belief was, that the garrison were about to make a hostile movement upon the town, and that it was neccssary to anticipate it by attacking the garrison first. The cry of "To arms! to arms!" burst from this disorderly multitude, who hastened to the chateau, where, as they had made pretty sure of, they were joined by the regiment d'Artois, and thus traitorously reinforced, they, without resistance, seized upon all they found, gunpowder, muskets, sabres, pistols, cannon, etc. They now lighted torches, and the whole of this armed rabble then marched upon the barracks.

The regiment de Bourbon was under arms, drawn up in the court of the caserne. The mob, mixed with the bourgeois, arrived before the iron-barred gate, which they found shut. The mob shouted "Vive la nation!" To this sinister, this menacing, this death-meaning cry, the noble regiment answered, as with a single voice, "Vive Bourbon!"

An awful silence ensued; the multitude began to fear that the soldiers were in *earnest*, and, in spite of their immense numerical superiority, they hesitated ere they ventured to attack even a comparative handful of devoted, determined, and well-disciplined men. Luckily for the cause of the embryo republic, while its pioneers were thus suspended between discretion and valour, it was discovered that the back of the caserne was completely exposed and dominated by the heights of the town, which the turbulent citizens of Caen had already covered with artillery. The regiment was, consequently, placed between two fires, the armed populace below, and the artillery above. Henri de Belzunce judged all resistance impossible. High-spirited, chivalric, and reckless of his own life, he might have resolved to "die, with harness on his back," in the breach *alone*, but he would not risk the lives of his soldiers hopelessly; he therefore surrendered.

Two citizens were left in the hands of the regiment, as hostages for their chief.

Henri de Belzunce had been awoke from his first sleep by the noise around him, and hastily descended into the court of the caserne. There, having learnt of the death of the officer killed at the bridge of Vaucelles, he drew up his regiment in order of battle. When he gave himself up to the infuriate mob, he was still in his white dressing-gown and green slippers, historical facts† which prove, for that night

* It must be held in mind that this was the report of Gouix, a *Maratist*.

† The *proces verbal* corroborating these facts, drawn up by M. Chatry Lafosse, exists in the archives of Caen.

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at least, he had harboured no evil designs against the lives or liberties of the burghers and operatives of Caen.

It was now one o'clock in the morning. The count was conducted to the Hôtel de Ville, or town-hall, under an immense guard of citizen-soldiers, followed by the sovereign-mob, elated with their capture, and yelling for the head of their destined victim. The Hôtel de Ville of that period, situated upon the Place Saint-Pierre, and unfortified, was judged to be an unsafe prison for the Comte de Belzunce, the Comité, therefore, gave orders to have him taken to the Château.

The Château de Caen, constructed by William the Conqueror, during the latter half of the eleventh century, was surrounded by massive walls, with a drawbridge, a donjon, and a church; the donjon has been demolished.

To arrive there from the Hôtel de Ville, it was necessary to traverse two squares, and a narrow street, called the Montoir du Château. It was yet night—a night of agony for the noble Henri de Belzunce—when he was compelled to attempt this dangerous passage. Held by the collar, on each side, by the large rude hands of the national guards of Caen, he was led along a double row of his most bitter, most brutal enemies, the mob,—a *Norman* mob! Shouts of demon-triumph, cries of savage cruelty, imprecations, insults, and menaces, of the most inhuman, most appalling kind, were lavished by the Vox Populi upon the defenceless captive. The milice-bourgeoise—the escort of the prisoner—aided and abetted the multitude in their cowardly vengeance. Henri de Belzunce trembled not before his persecutors from fear, but he staggered from the brutal thrusts by the knees of the ruffians behind, and his foot having slipped on a stone, one of his guards smote him on the cheek! In the midst of such indignities, they reached the château, where the unfortunate officer was transferred into the *safe* keeping of the mob-garrison, and the military renegades who had joined it.

It was generally believed at the time, that a subterranean passage existed from the château to the convent of l'Abbaye-aux-Dames, and that the abbess, Madame de Belzunce, the count's aunt, had assembled a chapter, during the night, at which she proposed to the astonished sisterhood that the prisoner should be received into the nunnery. She hoped that the fury of the people might still respect a sanctuary hitherto considered inviolable; besides, once within the walls of the abbey, the count could easily find the means of escaping outright. This proposition, it was said, being put to the vote, was rejected.

We must now shift the scene to a *tabagie*, or pot-house, in the Rue Froide, opposite the church of Saint-Sauveur. The tables of this miserable place of carousal were still wet with cider; several earthen jugs, with tin-lids, goblets overthrown, pewter basins and potage-spoons, of the same metallic compound, together with half-gnawed bones on coarse earthen plates; these, and sundry similar "wrecks behind," coupled with the hour, formed a pretty strong concatenation of circumstances to prove that a supper of no ordinary dimensions had recently been devoured there. The hall, however, was now deserted, and in a state of "darkness visible," one solitary, dripping, yellow candle still flickering on the festive board.

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A man now entered mysteriously, accompanied by a female. The former was armed with a fowling-piece, which he placed in a corner of the room; the latter was closely enveloped in a capacious cloak, and, in the demi-obscurity, only her dark eyes, and white hands, on the fingers of which she wore several glittering rings, were distinguishable. The man ordered a jug of cider, which, being brought and paid for, he, with a rude voice, addressed his companion, saying,

"Thou hast given me a rendezvous here; what dost thou want with me?"

"I want the head of the Comte de Belzunce."

"What has that popinjay done to thee, that thou desirest his death?"

"What done to me!" replied she, with a bitter, hysteric laugh; "he has made me what I am, a lost, degraded, despised thing of shame,—my head bowed by dishonour, my heart bursting with hate. Voila!"

The history of this girl was known to the whole town. When the young major first came to Caen, Geneviève was beautiful and virtuous. She gained an honest, although scanty, livelihood, as a lace embroideress. She became the victim of a passion for the count, who, in a short time, abandoned her altogether. Geneviève was inconsolable, and, in the recklessness of despairing anger, plunged deeper and deeper into shame,—she was now a fille perdue. She still loved De Belzunce, *bitterly*, and yet hated him with all the jealous fury of "a woman scorned." Her vengeance was slow, patient, inexorable; and the instrument she had chosen to carry into effect her deadly purpose was her present companion, a poacher and robber, for whom taking the life of a man was a matter of slight importance.

"Since it is absolutely thy desire, *chere petite*, be it so," replied the ruffian; "I will kill the bird." And they both left the house.

In the meantime all the Fates seemed to conspire against the poor prisoner. Rumours were rife of denunciations from Paris; some of his soldiers, bribed by the bourgeois, deposed against him, a few of them even went so far as to declare that they had received the count's orders to tear the popular medal from the uniforms of the soldiers of the regiment D'Artois, and that their chief had for a long time formed the intention of surprising and slaughtering the patriots of the town. The familiar manner with which the count treated his men was distorted into an accusation against him; he drank with them, smoked with them at the guard-house, and sometimes made speeches to them on the misfortunes of his royal master, of so touching a nature that the rough soldiers themselves could scarcely refrain from tears. He was an aristocrat, and, consequently, an enemy to the sovereign-people; he was faithful to his legitimate and *royal* sovereign, and therefore deserved death.

The sentinel Gouix, the immediate cause of all this mischief, and, moreover, a disciple of "L'ami du Peuple," was borne in triumph through the town, as a public saviour, for having shot the officer at the foot of the Pont de Vaucelles. The multitude, emboldened by their increasing numbers, and excited by success, proceeded a second time to the château, now but feebly guarded by the less riotous portion of

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the patriots of Caen. The massive gates of the fortress were shut, and offered a solid resistance to the impatient crowd, who loudly demanded admittance. Their friends within were equally afraid to refuse or to accede to the heavy pressure from without,—the case was critical—the conclusion unconcluded, when daylight dawned upon their dubious deliberations. Just at this eventful crisis, two soldiers of the regiment of Bourbon were brought, in custody, to the portals of the château, in the prison of which, by order of the committee, they were to be confined. The gates being partly opened to admit them, the populace rushed in, at the same time crying, " To the prison! to the prison!" and the whole of that armed and infuriate mass rolled on its living waves to the donjon of the château.

Pale and exhausted by the horrors of the preceding night, the Comte Henri de Belzunce, in the gloom of his dungeon received the impetuous shock of the crowd, who came to wreak their demoniac vengeance on his " comely head." Without heeding their insults and brutal treatment, he demanded, in a firm tone, to be re-conducted to the Hôtel de Ville, before the committee. The cry of " To the Hôtel de Ville!" spread instantly through the mob, and, not knowing why, or caring wherefore, it was resolved to drag their prisoner back to the place from whence he came. His return was accompanied by deeds of cruelty of the most pitiless as well as by insults of the most pitiful nature; his guards now openly joined with the populace in ill-treating him, and one of them, on descending the Montoir de Château, drew the poor captive's neckcloth so tight that he was almost strangled. Compelled again to " *walk* the gauntlet," through an alley of monsters in the human shape, he was loaded with every species of contumely, kicked, buffeted, and even spat upon,—this noble and high-spirited young officer of the royal regiment of Bourbon! Disdaining to notice the brutality of the men, he made an affecting appeal to the females near him—" Women of the nation!" cried he, " have pity on me, have pity on my youth, have pity on my *mother!*"—and the furies to whom he spoke, answered him by yells of derision, and savage jests of menace! He now judged that all was lost, and resigned himself to his destiny.

Arrived at the Place Saint-Pierre, in front of the Hôtel de Ville, the cortége was obliged to halt, on account of the continually increasing crowd, which stopped the way. The church, the houses, the square, were dotted with innumerable heads. The windows of the Hôtel de Ville were open.

It was now ten o'clock in the morning. The report of a musket was heard, a ball pierced the breast of Henri de Belzunce, and he fell instantly dead.

At the same moment, all that horrible multitude threw themselves upon the corpse of the victim, whose too *easy* death rendered them furious with disappointment. Deeds of the most unspeakable barbarity were perpetrated upon the yet warm remains of the victim. His clothes were cut to pieces; similar indignities were offered to the dead as had been just offered to the living. His head was then severed from the body, and fixed upon a pike; the limbs divided, and fastened to poles; and, bearing these frightful trophies, the partisans

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of "liberty, equality, and the rights of man," celebrated their cannibal triumph through the streets of Caen!

Our readers will recollect the parting words of Marat to Henri de Belzunce—"I should not hesitate one day, if the public good required it, *to take away that life which I have just saved with so much care.*" These words, alas! were diabolically prophetic, for Marat, if not the proximate cause of the count's death, was, undoubtedly, the primitive cause of the unpopularity of his former protegé at Caen, by constantly denouncing him, in his incendiary writings, as a contre-révolutionnaire. This unpopularity the young nobleman disdained too openly for his personal security; he was already a "marked man," for "la juste vengeance d'une population trop long-temps opprimée," to borrow from the vocabulary of the Convention.

We have stated that the mob, or rather the disciples of the "Friend of the People," were horribly disappointed at the deadly and unlooked for deliverance of their victim ere the appointed time; their vengeance had not been sufficiently satiated, the *anonymous* musket-ball had prevented a more ignoble death, *à la lanterne.* If the assassin of the count had been discovered at that moment, he would have paid dear for his temerity, in depriving the tiger-populace of its desired prey. The murderer, however, having fulfilled his horrible mission, remained not to study the pulse of the mob; he had no ambition to be *elevated* in the eyes of the surrounding patriots, either as a Brutus or a *Bordier;* he therefore withdrew, unsuspected, from the scene of his crime, and afterwards continued to exercise his sanguinary propensities upon the animal creation alone. The wretched girl, Geneviève, went mad; and it was not till subsequent to the restoration of the Bourbons that this dreadful episode of "love and murder" was divulged by the actual assassin on his death-bed.

And here, if permitted to annex a moral to our tale, we would remark that the same city of Caen, which produced a Geneviève, a murderess for the hated of Marat, Henri de Belzunce, at a later period produced, *en revanche,* a heroine, an avenging angel, to rid the world of the monster Marat himself—CHARLOTTE CORDAY!

We have just mentioned the name of Bordier, and as his brief and unhallowed career may throw some *light* upon the proceedings of those men who may not inaptly be termed the pioneers of the reign of terror, we glance at it here. Bordier had been the *Harlequin* of the Théâtre des Varietés, which vocation he forsook to play his antics upon a wider and more slippery stage—the world of politics. He distinguished himself in several avant-courier scenes of the coming revolution, assisting at the burning of the Corps de Garde of the Pont-Neuf, and at the assault of the Hôtel de Brienne, where he was wounded in the arm by a bayonet. These, and similar exploits, brought him into public notice as a patriot *sans peur,* if not *sans reproche.* In the scene of the Palais Royal, already recorded, Bordier acted as aid-de-camp to Camille Desmoulins, and, mounting on a chair beside him, seconded that popular orator and journalist, in his patriotic efforts for exciting the people to revolt. After the taking of the Bastille, he was sent as one of the emissaries of the "Conciliabule de Passy," for the avowed purpose of securing a regular supply of pro-

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visions for the capital, but, in reality, to execute a new plan of the metropolitan conspirators, viz. to create famine and discontent in the provinces, by means of hired incendiaries.

The harvest of 1788 had been generally bad; that of 1789 was not expected to be much better; corn was scarce, and bread, consequently, dear. The anarchists of that period resolved to turn this visitation of Providence to their own account, by aggravating the scarcity, and accusing the court as the cause of it. Their emissaries in the provinces, faithful to the instructions received from Paris, the head-quarters of insurrection, organized a system of nocturnal incendiarism, by which the wheat, whether on the ground or in barns, was burnt, and that in storehouses, destined for the principal towns, especially Paris, thrown into the river. The country people, already under the influence of political terror, and excited by the local popular committees, were told that these infamous means were employed by the king, the priests, and the nobles, to keep them down, and that their only chance of escaping such horrors was by a general insurrection.

Growing bold by impunity, Bordier put himself at the head of his bands, and openly scoured the country, burning, destroying, and pillaging in every direction. Having entered the city of Rouen, and committed numerous excesses, he essayed to set fire to the Hôtel de Ville, but was repulsed, taken prisoner, tried, sentenced to death, and delivered from gaol, by the mob, the night before the day appointed for his execution. After being paraded in triumph through the streets, on the shoulders of the canaille, the ex-harlequin made but one leap into the country, which, however, proved to be a *faux-pas*, as he fell into the very teeth of the royal regiment of Salis-Samade, was reconducted to prison, and executed the following day. *En passant*, we may observe that Bordier was the last individual judicially hung in the French provinces; the last criminal who underwent that punishment at Paris, on the famous Place de Grève, was a soldier of the regiment of Vivarais, for a theft of five-and-twenty francs. The horrible mode of putting to death by breaking on the wheel, still existed in 1790; it was suppressed about the same time as that by the gibbet.

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THE BENEVOLENT RUSTIC.*

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I HAVE no stain upon my mind—
Upon my name no ban—
I am the happiest of my kind,
A calm contented man.

I envy not the rich and great,
But pity *much* the poor;
And never penury doth wait
Unheeded at my door.

Mean my repasts, but *very* sweet,
Enjoy'd with grateful zest;
While, O! my bed is a retreat
Which sleep would *choose* for rest.

The soaring lark springs not more blithe
To hail Apollo's rays,
Than I, with limb and sinew lithe
Arise, for work and praise.

To labour on till set of sun,
Unwearied even then;
Yea, when my daily task is done,
I can aid weaker men.

What more could gold bestow on me?
Or empty-sounding names?
Temptation to iniquity,
And thousand blushing shames!

I've not a want—I've even more
Than asks necessity,
And often from my garner'd store
A prodigal can be.

When the pale widow *only* looks
The need she cannot speak,
While tears, like gushing water-brooks,
Course down her hollow cheek;

Or, when the grief-snubb'd orphan boy
In sobbing anguish'd tone,
(At that sweet winsome age when joy
Should thrill his heart alone,)

* Literally the language of an old Cottager to me, when wondering at his contentment.—T. T.

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Tells how his mother and himself
  Nor food nor firing have,
I load the pretty wond'ring elf
  With more than he doth crave.

If thou would'st know a bliss indeed,
  Oh! mark the glad surprise
(When Charity assists its need)
  Illumine Famine's eyes!

Though thus I give her handsel free
  To all within my ken,
I ever feel most signally
  I am blest among men.

My little garden-plot ne'er fails,
  My corn-swath still is doubled,
And, then, my body never ails,
  My soul is never troubled.

It is but LENDING to the Lord
  What to the poor is GIVEN;
On earth what Pity can afford
  Bears INTEREST in heaven!

IRISH BALLAD.

THE DEATH OF DERMOT.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

KATHLEEN, my young bride, thy Dermot is dying;
  The crimson sun sets on the dark battle-plain,
Where my kinsmen and brothers around me are lying;
  Sweet Kathleen! I ne'er shall behold thee again.
Oh! for one parting look at this moment I languish,
  One glance, from those dark eyes of beauty on me,
To lighten the gloom, and to soften the anguish,
  Of a heart whose last pulses are throbbing for thee.

Kathleen mavourneen! my last sighs are winging,
  Across the deep waters, to Erin and thee;
Sad thoughts of my young bride around me are clinging,
  And keep back my soul, that now longs to be free.
Yet victory crowns me! the bright wreath of glory,
  For thee, my own darling, and Erin, I've won:
My dying heart faints, but this day's deathless story
  Shall hallow my dust, when the spirit is gone.

* The "Death of Dermot," and the "Death of Kathleen," conclude the little drama of the loves of Kathleen Mavourneen and Dermot Astore.

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A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

WELL, if nights of wassailing give pleasure, mornings bring pain. The vicar elect of Ingledew woke in consequence of a great number of beatings and knockings and ratatatooings on his brain; and having opened the window shutters of his eyes, and suffered a few gleams of sunshine to penetrate within, he began to discover something of the "Pretty Predicament" into which he had plunged himself. A pulse that galloped like the losing horse at Newmarket, a tongue that, in spite of its usual oil and honey glibness, now clove to the parched palate, a sort of persuasion that his bed was rocking and reeling under him; these were all the retributive rewards of port, sherry, and champagne, of mirth, madness, and manœuvring. To wake with the sweet consciousness of peace within and love without, gives a blessing to the daylight that rouses us from our slumbers; but when anarchy, riot, and revolt, possess the citadel, and beyond its walls confusion worse confounded reigns despotic, why then the more the opening eyes see of it the worse they like it.

"A Pretty Predicament" truly! What though he had drowned in wine and merriment the evil of the morrow that was to come on that night before: what though he had joined his loving (*self*-loving) friends in deprecating the folly of meeting trouble half-way, had rejoiced in the bravery of recklessness, had scoffed at the poor-spirited animals, the very cab-horses of society, who trot over the highways and byways of life under the bridle and the lash, and had heard and uttered hurraing eulogies on the prancing, and curveting, and caracoling, and kicking and plunging of the higher and more untamed spirits; what though he had joined his friends in scoffing at cowardice, from which they of course were exempt, having no share in the danger,—yet now he found to his cost that the bravery of night and wine and jovial companions, was a mighty different thing from morning, and soberness and soda water.

"What will become of me! What shall I say! What will the governor do! Is there no crevice, no cranny, no loophole for escape? And have I really been so mad, so utter an idiot, and so entire a simpleton, to throw away my birthright for a mess of pottage! Is it credible that with all my sense, and sense I must have, or I could never have made this godfather of mine promise me the vicarage and the three thousand a-year of Ingledew,—is it credible, I say, that with all my knowledge of life, with all my insight into character, that I could hazard everything for which I had laboured, rank, money, position, society, prospects, expectations, just for a babyish boy's treat? I am sick of myself for such outrageous folly! I could dash my head against the wall, and yet I think it will split without such a summary process! But who would have thought of such a dreadful accident as

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the old governor coming here? Who would have dreamt of such a vagary? Haven't I had jollifications a hundred times before without anything happening, and why now, in the name of ill-luck, why should this perverse old godfather choose this melancholy moment of mirth to pay his mal-a-propos visit? And why, in the name of all that's abominable and provoking, why did he come at all? Never did such a thing in his life before! Never thought of such a condescension. And didn't I live in a miserable muddling two-pair for I don't know how long, all for the sake of being natural, and consistent, and modest, and orderly, and so forth? and now have I only just emerged from that grub-like state, and taken up my abode in this decentish place, but lo, he pounces upon me with a visit! And I make no doubt, putting all the other misdoings out of the question, had he even chosen to have popped in upon me at a decent and proper time for an old gentleman to make a call, and not thought proper to steal in in that treacherous manner, when nobody in their senses could have expected him, why even then I dare say he would have been unreasonable enough to have thought, and perhaps to have said, that I was extravagant. Extravagant! and I should like to know what he has to do with his money! Instead of the mean, miserable, miserly allowance he makes me, and which actually compels me every now and then to exercise my ingenuity in squeezing little extras out of him, why does he not give me sufficient to make an appearance with? Well, the more money people have the more they want; there he is, rolling in wealth; and here I am, obliged to manœuvre, with a shabby hat and out-of-elbow coat, to extort twenty pounds. And even little as it is, here I am in danger of losing even that! And not only that, but my vicarage and my three thousand a-year! Distraction! Can nothing be done, can nothing be done to save them!"

Meanwhile Mr. Sterndale, after a sadly sleepless perplexed night-marish sort of night, rose an hour earlier than usual. He also felt himself miserably perplexed, confused, and confounded. The bacchanalian scene of the previous evening stared him in the face as distinctly as though he were once again staring upon it. That scene, with all its wild extravagance and confusion, seemed to say to him as distinctly as though it could utter speech, "The youth whom you have fostered is a hypocrite and a reprobate!" Dear reader, have you confided for long years, and then been startled with a glimpse that the object of your trust was not what you had believed? If you have, you will remember how, when conviction was forced upon you, you still clung to the well-beloved preconceived idea. Oh, difficult indeed it is for the habit of our feelings to be broken—the habit of our affections! Torn and distracted between the old thought and the new, we require a thousand times convincing. With this sort of tottering in his heart, Mr. Sterndale once again wended his way to the chambers of his godson.

"Is it hopeless! Quite hopeless!" apostrophized that same godson, as he lay parched, feverish, and with bloodshot eyes, tossing upon his most uneasy pillow. Has nature endowed me with the ability to place everything in any light which I please, to make people see one thing and be blind to another; and shall I give up every prospect in

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life without an effort? Yet what can I say? He was an eye-witness! There was no hearsay, no retailing! His own eyes and his own ears saw it all! And he so orderly, so demure, so sanctimonious. His own table was never in a roar all his life, that I can be bound for. A little sickly jest, that one's obliged to make a face at as an apology for a smile, and some sober two or at most three glasses of wine, are the nearest approaches to conviviality that he ever perpetrated. And what a hearing and a seeing was there here to bless his sober senses withal! Ay, if he could only see it now, wouldn't he bless himself!" And Horace Harvey raised himself on his pillow, and looked through the open door of his chamber, which communicated with the sitting-room in which the jovialities of the previous evening had been perpetrated, abundant records of which were lying around in heterogeneous assemblage; empty bottles rolling and broken on the floor, corks, lemon parings, spoons, pitchers, littered plates, raisin-stalks, plum-stones, chicken bones, pools of partially dried up wine upon the table, mingled with a mixture of some half-dozen packs of cards, of different colours and patterns, all scattered upon the table and the floor in a peculiarly effective and careless pattern; while the chairs, not having gone through their drilling of dusting and marshalling, were themselves lolling about, some lying on their backs, some on one side, some on another. But no, we could not do justice to the scene if we would, and we therefore leave it without further limning.

"A very pretty scene to be sure for a pious gentleman like my governor to bless his eyes with," continued Horace Harvey to himself, "very pretty indeed. Certainly he must have admired the whole thing wonderfully last night; but if so, how much more effective he would think it this morning! Ay, broken plates, rolling bottles, capsized glasses, and courts and commons of cards of all colours, do make a charming mixture, a nice choice compound of a recipe." Here Mr. Harvey indulged himself a little in the satirical. "I think I ought to have invited him. Why didn't I? I can tell him, however, that his health was drank with all honours. But he heard that! Why didn't he speechify some thanks?" Here Mr. Harvey broke out into the fierce and the remorseful. "Fool that I was, to hazard all my hopes for the mere indulgence of a piece of idiotcy! My vicarage of Ingledew and my three thousand a-year! And for what! Why for the indulgence of a sot and this splitting headache! I shall go mad!"

And so saying, Horace Harvey (people are generally cowards in the mornings who have been brave with wine on previous evenings) hid his face in his pillow, and wished, what many of us have wished before, that time would come over again just to oblige him—that he could undo what he had done—that consequences would not be so obstinate as to follow causes; wished, in short, that everything was as different as he himself ought to have been. And then, having a slight idea that these various wishes might not be altogether practicable, owing to the inveteracy of the established order of things, he proceeded to wish himself at Jericho, at Nova Scotia, at the bottom of the Red Sea, or at any other place where he might have had the slightest hope of being in the least degree more comfortable.

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Now it is a very strange thing, that people go on wishing, when the experience of all the people in the world, and of every day in which all the different people have lived in the world, just goes to prove that wishing is not of the least use in the world. Had Horace Harvey wished till doomsday, he could not have undone the slightest fraction of an action once performed. Wishing backwards way at all events is amazingly silly.

A knock at the door.

"I wish that woman would not knock so to disturb me!" said Horace Harvey, sulkily; "and so soon too! Why it is just as if she did it on purpose to torment me!"

Another knock at the door.

"Why what a plague that witch of a woman with her broom is! You may stay till you're handsome before I bid you come in," said Horace, with a little of the spiteful pleasure which some people feel when they are plagued, on the agreeable supposition that they are then justified in being angry, which is a greater pleasure still. "Go and torment somebody else! I'm tormented enough!"

Another and a louder knock.

"That female broom is a greater plague on the outside than she would be in the in!" said Horace Harvey. "I didn't fasten the door last night, you old torture, that is, if I remember rightly, so come in! come in! you ugly, old ——"

The door did open, and somebody did come in, but it was not the old sweeper.

It was none other than the "giver of the feast," the old governor, the old godfather, Christopher Sterndale, Esq.

Cowardice! what a base thing is cowardice! Cruelty may kill another; cowardice murders self. Horace Harvey saw the vision of his injured benefactor walk grimly into the outer room, and at the sight his eyes grew dim, his brain dizzy, and half fainting, he sank upon his pillow and buried his craven face in its embrace.

Mr. Sterndale walked into the sitting apartment: paused a moment in its disordered centre, looked around with an expression of nauseous disgust, seemed half suffocated by the mingled odours, felt his foot crunch upon something beneath it, had to wind his way in a sort of circumbendibus, entered Horace Harvey's interior apartment.

It is a terrible thing for the heart to be forced into despising that which it has loved. There is a fearful struggle between the old feeling and the new, and they will alternate, be the conviction ever so strong. If Horace Harvey were crushed at the exposure of his own unworthiness, Mr. Sterndale was afflicted and confounded from the same cause.

"Horace Harvey," said Mr. Sterndale, "lift up your head and speak to me. We must have an explanation."

What a horrid word that word *explanation* is! What horrible sorts of "Predicaments," anything but "Pretty," it presupposes.

"I cannot look you in the face, sir," muttered Horace. "I had rather never, never see you again! I am ashamed and confounded!"

Horace Harvey was for once sincere. The sudden appearance of his visitor in that scene of confusion had for the moment robbed him

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of his presence of mind, and made him believe that the case was too hopeless for any finessing.

"Nevertheless, I am not one to condemn unheard. I neither lightly give nor lightly take away. From your own lips I must hear the confession of your misdoing. Horace Harvey, have you anything to offer in extenuation of your conduct?"

The slow, judge-like gravity of Mr. Sterndale's speech gave Horace Harvey time to think. Everybody knows how much quicker are thoughts than words. Confession from his own lips of his own misdoings! Never! Not he indeed! "Anything to offer in extenuation?" A good suggestion. Very kind of Mr. Sterndale to make it. The very words put thoughts into his head. Could he extenuate? He had everything to win and nothing to lose. Should he try? Why not? So now then.

"Ah, sir, generous and just as you always are, always have been—most especially to me—I am ashamed indeed to look you in the face, and yet I am not so culpable as you imagine. I suffer from the faults of others rather than my own, however much appearances may be against me. But I lose your good opinion, and that I shall always consider the greatest calamity of my life! The loss of your bounty does not afflict me one half so much as that! I feel as if I could not survive it!"

"Never yet," said Mr. Sterndale gravely, "did one man suffer in my estimation for the faults of another. I never condemn unheard. If you have anything to say in your defence, say on."

"O that you should find me in the midst of such a scene as this! that you should find *me—me!* among the relics of wine-bibbing and profane feasting! What a scene for you, for *me*, to behold—I who would fain, as is most just and right, be moderate in all things—I who have ever thought it my bounden duty to observe the fast of Lent with something like the respect and rigour of olden times!—I who even have been asking myself whether it would not be well for me to take the pledge in one of the Temperance Societies for the sake of example to others, and have only been withheld by the reflection that Father Mathew belongs to the Church of Rome, that he may be an emissary, and that it is presumption in me to suppose that my obscure example *could* have any weight!—I who am so humble, so unconnected, so all dependent on your bounty!—Alas! alas! that it should come to this!"

Mr. Sterndale gazed upon his godson with eyes that seemed to ask whether he was the greatest hypocrite on the face of this broad round world, or whether those particular eyes of his own were the greatest of false witnesses.

"Facts, if you please, sir, facts!" said Mr. Sterndale.

Now all the world knows that it is easier to ask than to have. Declamation is much more come-at-able than matters of fact, just as froth is more easily taken up from the top of the sea than gems from the bottom.

It is, however, emergencies that mark the man of genius and talent. Horace Harvey had a genius of his own, of his own particular kind, and he organized himself and rallied.

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"Facts, sir," said Mr. Sterndale, "I require facts."

"And you shall have them, sir, if you will condescend to listen. What could I wish to hide from you, my best friend and benefactor!"

"Horace Harvey, when I took upon myself the care and charges of your education, I designed to fit you for some occupation not greatly removed from your own rank in life and the condition of your parents; that you know to be humble; but when you expressed so strong a desire to enter the church,"—(Ah, thought Horace, that was when I found out that you could make me vicar of Ingledew with three thousand a year)—"when you appeared to be so studious, so retired, so modest, so self-denying, so humble, and so devout, I began to consider whether it might not be my own duty to place you in a position where so many suitable qualities might render you as useful as they would have rendered you ornamental to the sacred profession, and under such a persuasion I consented to your giving up mercantile pursuits and studying for holy orders."

Horace Harvey turned up his eyes and meekly bowed himself.

"I then made you an allowance, as I thought, adequate and rather more to your moderate wants, and I understood that you were domiciling in a very humble dwelling. You told me, as I well remember, that your apartments were twelve shillings a week—I made a memorandum at the time, that I might estimate what was needful for your expenses. You informed me then that you had fixed your abode in a suburban, small, retired two-pair; yet I find you here"—and Mr. Sterndale glanced around—"occupying the better part of what I should suppose to be an expensive house. I should imagine these rooms to be worth, perhaps, a couple of guineas a week."

"Four would be nearer the mark," thought Horace, but he kept the better information to himself.

"Sir," he replied, "you are perfectly right; I had, when I told you so, a small retired two-pair, where I could read and study without interruption. The house was kept by a widow woman,—ah, how she regretted when I left her, and how I now regret it too!"

"Well, sir, *and why* did you leave her?"

"I had a schoolfellow who, as I then believed, was a model of morality and piety—we had studied hard together—learnt from the same page—belonged to the same class—he had been for a year or two abroad—Ah, that it was that spoiled him! but I knew it not!—He came back again, found me in my nest, won me to renew our friendship, feigned himself all my heart could desire, and persuaded me to come and live with him. I thought him a pattern-model—how bitterly am I now undeceived! I fondly fancied that we should renew the pleasure of our companionship in study, that we should mutually benefit each other, that we should incite each other to improvement! How have I been disappointed! How have I been imposed upon! Credulous and unsuspicious as I am, how could I be so blind?"

"In what way has your credulity been imposed upon?"

"In the character of him whom I took to be not only my true friend, but a young man of the highest principle and the strictest morality. Dear sir, when I agreed to join him in his habitation—these apartments here—ah, you were quite just in supposing them far be-

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yond my means, wholly unsuitable to the position of a young man dependent on your noble bounty—but his means are far beyond mine—I say, when I agreed to become his companion here, I little thought that he was addicted to rioting and dissipation. Ah, dear sir, you don't know how difficult it is to suspect the people we have known in boyhood! One always seems to fancy that they must be better than all the rest of the world."

Horace Harvey had touched a string of natural feeling that is stretched in everybody's heart.

"True! true!" replied Mr. Sterndale. "Go on, sir."

Horace felt that he had gained an advantage, and went on with renewed spirit.

"Well, sir, I agreed to join him, believing that his society would both instruct and improve me. Whilst abroad he had gained a facility in speaking French and German, and these I was anxious to acquire. As you know, sir, the most effectual way of learning a language is to speak it familiarly with a companion."

"Well! well!" said Mr. Sterndale impatiently; "but you may pay somewhat too dear for it."

"If it has cost me the price of your good opinion, I had better have remained in everlasting ignorance both of that and everything else. Unhappily,—ah, I must ever deplore it!—in an evil hour I left my poor widow's and my quiet two-pair, where, hoping to win your favour and to fit myself for my sacred calling, I studied from five o'clock in the morning until twelve at night, and was happy, peaceful, and contented."

"You look at this moment, with those bloodshot eyes and that haggard face, more as if you had been drinking and rioting until five o'clock in the morning."

"Ah, sir, I am indeed ill, as you may observe, but it is with study and anxiety; and, whatever you may think, not from dissipation. I have been so cruelly grieved and shocked at the scene of which these rooms were the witness last night, that I am not able to hold up my head. I was coming to you, sir, to implore your direction and advice, when your arrival at once overwhelmed and delighted me."

"These rooms then are not your own?"

"Assuredly not, sir."

"They are greatly above your means."

"I should have been mad to have committed such extravagance. But, to do my friend justice, he is liberal-minded, and has ample means. I told him candidly that I would not encroach a single hair's breadth on your generosity to enlarge my allowance, that I felt it to be my duty to throw the overplus of your generosity, which I was already receiving, into other channels, and he at once insisted on my sharing the advantages of his superior dwelling without increasing my expense; so, sir, I have expended no more in my present habitation than in my former one."

"Horace Harvey," said Mr. Sterndale, "there strikes me as being something pre-eminently mean in such an arrangement. The allowance I make you is sufficient to enable you to live, modestly it is true, but still like a gentleman; and these paltry subterfuges cast a reflec-

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tion upon me in the eyes of all those who know our relative positions. As to the application of whatever you may receive from me in the shape of charity, I have not made you my almoner, and I can do myself whatever I think proper without your interposition. And now pray what is the name of this young man in whom you say you are so much deceived."

"His name, sir?"

"Yes, his name, sir."

Horace Harvey hesitated a second. The consequences of a fictitious name might entangle himself; the consequence of giving a real one might entangle his friend. The first, of course, was most ineligible.

"Badderly, sir."

"Then why do I find the name of Mr. Horace Harvey painted on the door-posts?" Mr. Sterndale fixed his eyes steadily upon his godson.

"Ah, sir, he did it without my knowledge, and then persuaded me that it was a kind compliment, delicately intended to cover the appearance of any obligation under which I might be laid under."

"And he gives entertainments under your name?"

"He does, sir."

"And orders wine under your name?"

"He does, sir."

"And perhaps, sir, you can account for all this?"

"I can, sir. I have discovered it all! to my cost, to my sorrow, sir!"

"If you can explain, I am ready to hear."

"Sir, Badderly has been strictly brought up. His relations are dissenters, sir. Rich dissenters. While Badderly was a boy, he was restrained from every childish sport, sir; not allowed even a game at marbles like other boys, sir. He was the most devout disciplinarian before he went abroad, sir. It was that which deceived me. But France and Germany have been his ruin, sir; their levity and irreligion have undone all that the education of his youth had done. All that his dissenting relations had been endeavouring to inculcate, all has gone, sir. He has thrown off the trammels of his early education, and is now almost more reckless than young men who have been left to their own devices, sir. Ah, sir, this all results from the overbinding of his boyish days. Doubtless his friends acted upon principle, but they have overstrained their duty. Badderly's mind is like a bow unbent. But he does not wish to alienate his friends, and so, sir, I find, to my great grief and indignation, that he has been making a tool of me all this while. Shameful thing of Badderly; but you don't know, sir, how his high spirit has been saddened down—never suffered to make his appearance with a smile upon his face. You think I am sometimes over-strict, sir; but what would you have said had you known and seen what poor Badderly was made to do and be? But the continent has reversed it all. Badderly says that he is determined not to be old whilst he is young, and he will enjoy himself. So, sir, he has injured me so much as to commit all his extravagance in my name. He would fain have had me partake, but that, sir, ah that, I trust you know to have been impossible!—*that* you

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would not for a moment, I am sure, even suspect. No, amid all this grief and vexation, I am still happy in the certainty that you would not harbour a doubt of my sobriety of mind."

Horace Harvey cast up his eyes with a look of conscious innocence exceedingly well forged.

"Horace Harvey, do you mean to say that you did not partake of the disgraceful revelry that was going on here last night?"

"I partake! Dear and honoured sir, what do you mean? It is not possible—no, you cannot—it is *im*possible that you could imagine that I would be partaker in such misdoings!—that I would even lend my humble countenance to the sanction of such a disorderly association. No, sir, I am sure that in your heart you know me too well, you do me too much justice, to harbour such a suspicion even for a moment!"

"Where were you, then? Answer me that."

"O sir, if I could tell you what I suffered last night! Such a night of sorrow, anxiety, and grief! Sir, when I saw the preparations that were going on, I expostulated with Badderly, set before him the evil of his way and its certain consequences, but he only ridiculed my honest endeavours to dissuade him from his own ruin. Ah, it did not strike me then that he might be working mine! But finding every effort unavailing, I took my hat, and determined not to be present at what I could not prevent. It was in vain that he held me, and would have constrained me to remain even by force. I even tore my coat in breaking away from him, and I spent the night, sir, up to five o'clock, in wandering about the fields and streets, sir—yes, the whole of the night up to five o'clock, returning at intervals, to discover if their bacchanalian revels had ceased; and when I found by the darkness and silence that all was over, I crept in here, sir, to my miserable bed, resolved only to wait until the morning, and then come and consult you on all that I had better do. Ah, sir, how kind of you to come to me instead. Pray, direct me! Pray, order me! How gladly and how joyfully, as in duty bound, will I submit myself to your directions! Only condescend to issue, that I may obey them!"

Had Mr. Sterndale at any time of his life been addicted to rakish society, or ever spent his young days in intemperate frolic, he might have doubted his godson still. But he was generous, and therefore easily persuaded; innocent, and therefore unsuspicious; too upright to suspect duplicity; too guileless to imagine the possibility of double or treble dealing. Ay, it is refreshing in this world, which is indeed but a maze of deceit, sometimes to meet with these single-hearted people, just to save poor human nature from one vast anathema, and to lead us back again through its intricacies to our starting-point of good opinion of our fellow men. Most benignly was it ordered that neither the visual nor the mental organ should see more than might contribute to its own happiness. When the line of demarcation is overstepped, we find corruption in everything. The bodily eye finds the pure draught of water, which erewhile refreshed the fainting frame, teeming with nauseous reptiles; the eye of the mind looks into the hearts of the individuals who move round him, and finds—what?—why, nests of vipers.

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Happily, however, for Mr. Sterndale, he was very comfortably blind. He had no idea of looking for evil unless it were forced upon his notice, and, even then, had the natural faculty of knowing how to shut his eyes without being aware of the fact. Joined to this happy facility was also the power of habit. The feelings *will*, over and over again, revert to an old channel, though they have been directed into a new. Mr. Sterndale had been in the habit of thinking well of his godson, and he could not, at a moment's notice, change the fashion of his feelings. It might be that the warmth of his kindness was a little abated—that a something like the faintest possible blight over the blossoms had breathed across his good opinion of his godson, but still the fruit was not a matter of despair.

"Well, Horace, I must allow that you have in some measure excused yourself, though there is still some sort of feeling which I have about the matter—a little idea that you have not been ingenuous—a—a—well, no matter what. Perhaps you could not help all that has happened, and I must not blame you for not being suspicious of your schoolfellow, for one cannot put old heads upon young shoulders—though, by-the-by, I sometimes think that your head is rather too old for your years. This is the first time I have had to find fault with you for being over juvenile, and I suppose I must not be too severe—though when I look around me on this scene of confusion, I confess that I am almost disgusted to find you in any way mixed up with its debasement. However, let that pass. I dare say it is more offensive to you than to me. Ah, I see! I see! You need not tell me so. Well, but what I was going to say is this—I cannot for a moment think of your remaining here another day. You must leave this place. It would not be consistent with your future vocation to remain in such society now that your eyes are open, and you are aware of the depravity of your old school-fellow. Such a scene as I witnessed last night! Well, let it pass. But you must leave here, and that immediately."

"But, sir, dear sir, perhaps, when he is cool and unimpassioned, my expostulations might have some influence upon Badderly. I might, perhaps, have the happiness of reforming him. Ought I to avoid the task, even though undertaken at the price of some self-denial and pain? You would not have me shrink from my duty, dear sir;—and besides, I confess that I have still, notwithstanding all his unworthiness, some affection lingering within me towards my old friend, for the sake of our school-days spent together. Suffer me to remain here, if but a short time, dear sir, that I may use my best endeavours for reforming Badderly."

Now, Horace Harvey had some idea that he was walking upon ice, because he felt a sort of crackling beneath his feet, but he was so unwilling to give up the luxurious self-enjoyment of his chambers and his boon-companions, and perhaps a little too elate in his rejoicing that he had escaped a very large-sized danger, that he rather unwisely ran the hazard of drowning altogether in his own venturesomeness.

"Horace Harvey," said Mr. Sterndale, "you give up him or me."

Horace Harvey's heart failed him. He felt a qualm and a quake

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come over him, and he would at once and unhesitatingly have given up more than he possessed.

"And I am thinking, Horace, that I have done unwisely in withdrawing you from the protection of your own parents. I have been wrong, grave and steady as I have always thought you, even to a prodigy, to leave you to the temptation of gay companions and your own resources. Your parents are worthy, painstaking, honest people, and, though they are humble, they are still your parents, and it would have been better if I had left you under their guardianship. I feel how wrong it is to weaken the love of relationship by setting a child above his own family. If you are the good youth I have always thought, you will be glad to return to your parental roof, and show at once your duty, your right feeling, and your affection."

Had a thunderbolt fallen upon Horace Harvey, he could not have been more crushed and confounded. The humble walk of life in which his parents moved appeared to his unfilial feelings surrrounded by a river something between a Lethe and a Styx, without a ferry-boat. Mr. Sterndale's liberality had raised the child far above the parents. He had stood sponsor for the boy, had bestowed upon the little modern the name of his ancient favourite, and had charged himself with the education of the embryo genius, and that genius now stood perfectly aghast with pale dismay at the idea of being consigned to the ignominy of his paternal home. What! he come to this, who, on the strength of his benefactor's bounty, had actually cut all plebeian connexions, and never associated with the *canaille!* Did Mr. Sterndale mean to insult him! At any rate, it was the greatest injury that had ever entered into the contemplation of man, and if there was one atom of invention yet left in his fertile brain, he would not, no, not for all the godfathers in the world, submit to the injury and the degradation.

And yet, with this determination in his head, Horace Harvey mildly, gently, affectionately and deferentially, said,

"Whatever you think most proper for me, that, of course, I shall feel myself most happy in doing. Would you think it right that I should go over and request my honoured parents to make room for me under their humble roof?"

"Well, you are a good, humble, and docile youth, Horace, after all. Yes, that is what I would have you do. Go to them, Horace, and then come and tell me what they say. It will be a great pleasure to them—and, besides, they shall not be losers—neither shall you—I have no wish to be churlish. Good-bye, my boy; at twelve I shall expect you."

The kind, unsuspicious old gentleman turned with a benign, cheery face from his godson, and wended his way, occasionally crunching a piece of glass, or treading upon a knave of spades, or a queen of hearts, or an olive stone, or a pair of snuffers, until he had extricated himself out of that scene of dire confusion. When he had fairly shut the outer door, Horace Harvey drew a long breath, asked himself how he did, and did not exactly know how to answer his own question.

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Howbeit, at twelve Horace Harvey presented himself, pale, modest, bashful, downcast, with deferential looks, with a gentle layer of disappointment on the surface of his manners, through which a sort of under-tone of satisfaction was not at all apparent—at least, not to Mr. Sterndale.

"Well, Horace, what speed? You have seen your parents, and of course they will be glad to receive you?"

"I am sorry to say that I have not seen them, sir."

"How, Horace? Why not?"

"You had scarcely left me this morning, sir, before I had a message from them, charging me not to visit them, at least for some time. One of the servants—the servant, I should say—has got some kind of fever—the scarlet fever, or the rheumatic fever, or perhaps the typhus fever, sir; and though they have escaped themselves, they are anxious that I should not incur the danger. But, sir, if you still wish it—"

"I wish it! I wish to run you into danger! I am almost angry with you, Horace, for the supposition! No, certainly not!"

Horace Harvey's bark sailed with the breeze, but now there came a slight capfull of wind.

"Would you, then, wish me, my dearest sir, to remain where I am—of course only just for the present—for a few weeks?"

Wrong again.

"I am surprised that you can think of it—propose it!"

"Only, sir, as a painful alternative."

"It is not the alternative. There are five thousand houses in London that would take you in for money!"

Horace Harvey looked down so modestly, so deferentially, so submissively, that Mr. Sterndale's heart smote him for having spoken so harshly. A feeling, too, that a slight shadow of severity had influenced him to send his godson back again to a home which he himself had unfitted him to be happy in, and an emotion of alarm at the possible fatal consequences that might have ensued, all worked together in his amiable mind. Now, the selfish have an extraordinary advantage over the unselfish in this world—the latter always, on the slightest pretence, take against themselves. A warm feeling is easily excited, and then they fancy that feeling has injured another. On this supposition, they immediately fly to an opposite extreme, in their endeavour to make amends for an injury they have never inflicted. All this was exactly what passed through Mr. Sterndale's generous heart.

"You shall come and stop with me here, Horace!" exclaimed Mr. Sterndale, in a glow of pleasure, as people always are with their own generosity.

"Sir! Here! Did you mean here, sir?" exclaimed Horace Harvey inquiringly, and not half so delighted as he ought to have been.

"Yes, here, Horace, here. I am quite in earnest, my good fellow. Here you will be quiet, and safe, and happy. I am quite in earnest."

"I am caught and caged!" exclaimed Horace to himself. "What a prison!—but then, to be sure, the doors are gilded. I can't get out! I can't get out! Well, this is the odd trick of our game! I see it is of no use flouncing!"

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"My dearest sir, my gratitude—unspeakable," and Horace Harvey put his handkerchief to his face.

"Not a word, Horace, not a word! Now go and make your arrangements, and be here by dinner-time—five o'clock, you know—five o'clock. And, Horace, I should like you to take your full share of the expenses of those odious chambers; it is not for our credit—yours and mine—that you should be under obligations to that profligate;—here, take this cheque, and pay your full share. Not a word, Horace;—there, go, my good lad! Your feelings are too strong—too much for yourself—too much for me!"

THE GRAVE BESIDE THE CACTUS.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

THERE are no voices round me,
  But the voices of the dead;
They reach my ear, unmix'd with fear,
But musical and wild, and clear
  As the echos that are bred
Of winds and wires, together knit
By cunning hand and careful wit.

Yet sorrow is the burthen
  Of every sound I hear—
Recallings sad of seasons glad,
When hope and health each moment clad
  In tints, that ne'er turn'd sere:—
Oh! the past is aye a dreary theme,
The dry bed of a shrunken stream!

Those voices sound not harshly,
  Nor do they mean me ill,
But ah! they speak of what has been
Till painëd thought, with anguish keen,
  Doth through my bosom thrill;
And o'er me chilly shadows fall
From coffin'd shape and crumbling pall.

The dead—the dead beside me,
  The long-lamented dead,
Do sit and look upon the book
Within my mind—where, like a brook,
  Flows dull, and deep, and red,
The current of my stainëd course,
Made sanguine by my heart's remorse!

No word of stern upbraiding—
  No glance of anger there;
They but recall those days when all
Was bright around my Indian hall,
  Where then in joy *we* were;
Ere I had learnt what time can do
In rendering truth itself untrue.

There is a hedge of Cactus,
  A grave beside it deep—
Madras's sun shines bright upon
The silver lizards as they run
  Where thou art at thy sleep!
Why didst thou leave me, thus to be
Of all fair thoughts a mockery?

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THE PALAIS ROYAL.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"What sounds are these?
It is the murm'ring night-sounds of her streets,
Which the soft breeze wafts to thine ear thus softly,
Mix'd with the chafings of the distant waves."

BAILLIE.

ST. MAUR found he could not shake off the unpleasant impressions of his dreams; they clung to him the more strongly; if he succeeded, for an interval, in engaging his attention in watching the ever-changing animation and incident on the quays and on the bosom of the river, when he turned to his own chamber, there stood the dial, memento of his visions—bringing to the imagination the pale phantom of the abbey, or the dying nun.

What was the import of these dreadful phantasies? And again, why should the words of the departing Isabelle have so oppressed his heart? Was he, in truth, under more than mortal influence? And was the influence evil or good, whose spell still cast its shadow, even in the bright sun-light, when even coward-guilt is brave?

Awe-struck, he attributed that to supernatural agency which was but the rout and disorder of his own mind. Since the separation from Isoline, he had been seized with remorse, which occasionally acquired the mastery, but which latterly had been overborne by the constant exercise of the faculties, and by his subjecting himself to new and pleasing influences. He had ever banished reflection, and circumstances aiding, had gained a partial victory over deeply-seated feelings; but he erred in believing them vanquished.

The fatigue of body and mind undergone in Gourville's hurried, midnight campaign, the benumbing cold suffered in the long watch, and the want of rest, had produced exhaustion and disorder in the frame. The mind sympathised, was shaken and weakened, and the ever present, though almost dormant, under-current of remorseful feelings, gained the mastery, and ran riot, filling the mind with distempered visions, whose tinge could not be easily effaced.

Under this influence, he moved, walked, and thought in a charmed circle; the apartment, the articles disposed around, bore an unusual impress. He took down his sword, examined it—it was the same he had ever worn, with its notches, rust-spots, and marks of carnage: it was himself who was changed.

He sought the old remedy in mental distress, that of bodily exercise—betook himself to the necessary ablutions and purifications in the transition of a soldier reeking from the battle-field, to the bedizened

[1] Continued from page 115.

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gallant of the boudoir. He dressed elaborately, with unusual care, straining attention to the minute matters of personal equipment; but in vain, the visions would not depart; he would have summoned Jules for the sake of company, but dreaded the subjects which his valet would doubtless dilate on. When prepared for the visit, the mirror reflected the rich dress, adorned with jewels and lace; the hat, with its drooping, feathery fringe, shading a startled haggard face, picture of the despair which reigned within.

He took the goblets from the drawer—the war-prize with which he should triumph over Du Tremblay—his hand trembled as he looked at the rich chasing which encircled the royal arms. He sighed on reflecting with how much pleasure he should have presented the offering at the feet of Isoline—'twas with despair he sought to banish the picture of her rewarding smiles. Whither was his fate tending?

He pictured his destiny like to one in a frail bark, borne by an irresistible current away from the object of his dearest hopes; with eye cast back to where she stands despairing, whilst each moment the lengthening distance gradually shuts her from view.

A trumpet sends its shrill, echoing notes over the waters of the Seine; he flew to the window; it was a detachment of his own regiment marching along the quay, greeted with the applauding shouts of the Parisians for the late victory. He laughed himself to scorn to think of his own pitiable state; he, the premier captain of the regiment, often the officer in command. Buckling the goblets beneath his mantle, he sallied forth, resolved to dissipate the secret horrors which shook his soul.

The sun was losing its power in declining day, and the chilliness of a late autumnal wind beginning to be felt. Though leaving the palace with the intention of passing direct to the house of the president, he lingered irresolute; he felt that he was taking a step beyond recovery; so wavering were his feelings, that on crossing the Pont Nôtre Dame he turned towards the left instead of towards the Hôtel-de-Ville, strolling in the direction of the Quay of the Louvre and the garden of the Tuileries, before he could summon courage to proceed to De Broussel's.

Walking amongst the trees in the garden of the Tuileries, a solitary passenger, in a cold evening of declining autumn, totally dissipated the rising enthusiasm inspired by the trumpet's martial sound. The wind whistled through the crisp leaves which fell at his feet, or were driven eddying across the path; the clouds lay piled up in their cold-tinted shrouds in the far east, and the edifices visible, looked forlorn and miserable, miserable as the youth himself. He had often walked on the same spot on his first arrival in Paris, braving, as he best could, the horrors of poverty, present and in store, but he never felt till now the extreme of misery. And why, he asked himself, should it be so? Whilst pining in the obscurity of an attic in the Golden Angel, the post of secretary to an archbishop was beyond his hopes—the prospect too dazzling to realize even to the imagination. And now that he had tasted the sweets of office—eaten the bread of royalty—been connected with cardinals, princes, and archbishops, the mighty of the land—known their secrets, gained their confidence—attained in some

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degree, in his own person, a name and a reputation—was he more happy?

This was the question he put to himself as his feet brushed aside the strewed, dry leaves of the Tuileries garden; and in sorrow he answered the self-interrogation.

It was with humiliation that he was forced to admit that he was happier in the Golden Angel, a half-famished loiterer, rich only in hope, than now, pillowed to rest in a luxurious chamber in the well-appointed palace of the lordly De Retz. He was then independent of caprice, master of himself, unhurt by love's shafts, the treasures of hope's golden urn all unspent. Now a slave to others' biddings—obnoxious to commissions, if not of positive dishonour, far removed from the simplicity of conduct he desired to pursue—and what was worse, bankrupt of peace of mind—a renegade of love distracted with remorse.

Why not quit his present occupation—would it not be preferable to make pilgrimage to Isoline's cloistral retreat—there learn from her own lips—though bars of iron stood betwixt him and his for ever lost mistress—his doom? It would be consolation—it would be happiness, to hear her loved voice once more, though upbraiding and resentful. But what would avail such a course? It could not draw her from the cloister—it could not restore that which had been, but which could never be again; but it might increase her grief, if it did not add to his own.

His thoughts reverted to Louise, happy, gay, innocent, and—as he thought—a trifle unfeeling, and hardened in her cheerfulness—the smiling home which witnessed her mirth—and the fond circle, to which he was ever a welcome addition.

These thoughts were tranquillizing and soothing, though they did not reassure him; it was a bright oasis in the dreary mental vision of the present lot, but a spell was upon his spirits, and he could only look back, had eyes only for the past.

Making an effort to shake off the distress, he quitted the gardens, walking briskly towards the Rue St. Antoine. He passed the Hôtel de Chevreuse, and caught himself lingering at the portal, as though willing to enter, and delay his appearance at the residence of the president.

Every step which brought him nearer the end of his journey increased his agitation; he could not conceal from himself, or even banish for a moment, the reflection, that the present visit would not pass like others, but would be attended with consequences, irretrievable by any after-proceedings or steps of his own.

Should he present Louise with her golden spoil, it would be equal in her own eyes, in the eyes of the family, to a formal declaration of affection. It was this consideration, which at first lurking at the bottom of his heart, speaking through conscience, in a low, almost unheeded, voice, was now by aid of the same self-monitor—finding its admonitions disregarded—threatening in a louder tone, making itself felt, till his frame vibrated with terror.

A dreadful struggle began to tear the soul—each step was an agony, from which he sought relief. A street-quarrel occurred—

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swords were drawn; he threw himself in the way, that his aid might be sought by either party—but the combatants were separated, and led off by the passengers.

He was now at the Hotel-de-Ville; the little shop where Jules once dwelt, was in view—he thought of his loquacious valet, envied his fate. All men he thought happier than himself. He could see De Broussel's house in the darkening perspective; light shone in the windows of the principal floor—the family, he knew, were there assembled, perhaps expecting him, for the fame of Gourville's exploit, and his own share in the adventure, had been talked of, throughout Paris, all the day long.

By that light sat Louise—in a few minutes he should be by her side! So spake conscience, scorching his heart with words of fire. His face was bedewed with cold perspiration—the joints trembled, and he could scarcely drag himself onward. But slowly as he moved, though each house, each window passed, was scanned, noted, engraved on his memory, as never objects had been imprinted before, the distance was accomplished, and he stood at the gate of Broussell's old mansion.

He lifted up his hand, but let it fall, he could not summon courage to knock. Fly while there is yet time! cried the secret monitor. 'Tis the eleventh hour, and but one chance remains!

Striving to disembarrass himself of the feverish excitement, he prayed for a moment's repose, that he might commune with himself calmly, and be no longer the sport, as it were, of unnatural, perhaps, demoniac influence. What were wanting now to revive his drooping withered heart—was there no relief at hand—no trumpet's sound, no warlike inspiriting blast to breathe fresh courage into a sinking soul? 'Twas but to knock at the portal, and the rubicon was passed—and yet his arm was withheld, as by the charm of talisman.

If the space before the old gray-haired functionary's house had been suddenly lit up with supernatural glare—the arena for two legions of terrific, embodied spirits, each enforcing its commands with dreadful tortures in the event of disobedience;—the one counselling his entry into the president's domicile, the other forbidding him, he could not have suffered more agony, than now, stretched on the racking wheel of torturing doubt.

Powerless, enfeebled, he burst into tears; his softened nature gave way in sobs and cries; but it brought relief. His heart was melted; Isoline herself seemed to speak, bidding him hope, gently enticing him away. He yielded to the influence—without daring to look back, or cast one glance at the window of the chamber, where the joyous, innocent Louise was perhaps, at that moment, talking of his military exploits, expecting momently his appearance, he retraced his almost tottering steps—with mind enfeebled yet—but not devoid of consolation.

He had gained the victory over doubt and irresolution; his happiness was in ruins, for Isoline was lost; but he resolved to dedicate himself to her memory, do penance at the shrine where she immured herself, seek her forgiveness, or, if not permitted, pass the sad hours in hovering near where he knew his Isoline was lodged.

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Each moment his heart grew lighter, resigning itself to, and possessed by a feeling, saddened by melancholy, yet not wholly embittered. 'Twas the calmness of a wrecked heart which has made peace with its own sorrow.

In spite of all, he knew not why, there was a glimmering of hope, but he dare not entertain it; a feeling of extreme thankfulness, as though he had escaped imminent peril; a devout gratitude for a providential rescue from aims that were dishonourable, thoughts that ought never to have been encouraged.

He now felt firmness to sustain reflection, to point his thoughts inward, to probe and analyze his mind, to dwell even on his own conduct to Isoline. He was fast recovering from the mental disease which had so long preyed on his spirits. He walked on rejoicing in the change, full to overflowing of gratitude to the Mercy to whom he had prayed for relief.

On crossing the Pont Nôtre Dame, the quietness of the scene arrested his footsteps; he leaned over the balustrade, listening to the dark waters of the Seine, which eddied round the buttresses with a low gurgling sound. The moon struggling through the clouds, flashed on the rippling current; the indistinct outline of tower and palace grew more visible; the city's noise was hushed, save a low murmur which stole upon the ear, breaking the charm of solitude. Sometimes the sleeping pulse of the city's life beat quicker; the rumbling of wheels, cry of lacqueys, and clatter of hoofs, indicated festivity and dissipation; whilst the distant glare of torches, seen for a few seconds on the bridges and far-stretching quays, accompanying the homeward-bound equipage, gave momentary activity to the scene.

The night was cold, yet he felt not the chill, but stood musing over the events of his past life—upbraiding himself for weakness, forming wise resolves for the future, seeking to reconstruct the shattered fane of his hopes. Severely he blamed his conduct in not repairing to St. Cloud immediately after the assault on the Palais Royal; even if he had incurred the suspicion of deserting the Fronde, or been taken prisoner by Mazarin's forces, and suffered imprisonment in a fortress, or met a worse fate, he would have proved his constancy to Isoline, merited her sympathy, and prevented the rash resolution which she had since formed and put in execution.

When he thought of Louise, he shuddered to think how nearly he had been brought to losing himself for ever in his own estimation; of outraging the fond memory of Du Plessis. Turning in his emotion, he felt the pressure of the fatal goblets—these evidences of perjury should distress his senses no more; he cast them into the dark stream, and as he heard the splash, wished that he could so easily bury in his own heart the emotions to which they had given rise.

Slowly moving from the bridge, he approached the old towers of the cathedral, which threw their deep shadowing gloom over his footsteps; the door was closed, but he entered the porch, and regardless of the cold winds which swept the public place, or Parvis, as it was called, in front of Nôtre Dame, knelt down, and was long absorbed in pious meditation. He at length arose, chilled, benumbed, but refreshed in spirit, humiliated, but not despairing.

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In his own chamber he dropped asleep, no more disturbed by mysterious dial, or haunted thoughts, and reposed as calmly and fearlessly as he had laid himself to rest.

CHAPTER XXV.

"How long have I been blind? Yet on the sudden
By this blest means, I feel the films of error
Ta'en from my soul's eyes."

MASSINGER.

It was the waking care of St. Maur to devise such a plan of action as would permit full liberty and scope for his intended pilgrimage, without endangering his reputation with Condé and the Fronde. He did not like, in the critical state of the faction, to incur the obloquy of desertion; he might depart for the south, he thought, through the instrumentality of De Retz, whose own weakness would the more readily allow his sympathies to extend to the grief of his secretary. Under cover of a mission to Beaufort, or to provincial frondeurs, he might quit Paris with honour. But how was Isoline to be discovered?

He knew not the name of the convent, or the title and quality of the abbess her kinswoman; had never heard her mention such a relative; and to seek information at St. Cloud, either of Bartholin, or by an appeal to a higher quarter, was throwing himself into the lion's jaws. Of the tender mercies of Anne of Austria, and of the crouching cat-like Mazarin, particularly since the defeat of De Nogent, he had very much dread; and to be mewed up in Vincennes, Ham, or Havre, with Isoline's fate unhinging his mind, was too dreadful to contemplate. St. Cloud, therefore, must not be thought of, and Avignon ought not to be attempted without further information.

In this dilemma, he bethought himself of the abbess of the Val-de-Grace. She was the friend, the confidant of the queen, but she was of a Dauphinese family, with whom that of St. Maur had intermarried a century and a half ago; the abbess was, moreover, the friend of Isoline, who was very much a favourite with this influential superior. The Coadjutor had taken especial care that the clergy and the convents should not suffer during the troubles; and as it was not his object to provoke the queen and court *à l'outrance*, he had bestowed more than usual attention in providing for the temporal wants of the habitants of this royal foundation, believing that at a future day his politeness would be appreciated.

St. Maur, therefore, had every reason to believe, that as secretary to the Coadjutor of Paris, his reception would be gracious, and were it, on his introduction, to threaten otherwise, he had plenty of resources to propitiate and bribe the goodwill and attention of the lady-superior; half-a-dozen oxen, and as many sheep, he very justly thought, in these famishing times, would buy all he wanted. She would, at least, know the name of the convent at Avignon to which Isoline had retired, possibly had been in correspondence with her—but this was too much to hope for, or expect.

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He felt great trepidation in knocking at the well-known gates in the Rue du Fauxbourg St. Jacques; it brought vividly to memory the eventful night in which he had been escort to disguised royalty—the laughing voice and piquant raillery of Du Plessis rang in his ears.

A decrepid lay-sister of the foundation answered his appeal for admission, received his message to the superior, and returned to conduct him to the conventual parlour. The lady-abbess was a well-bred dame, of about fifty, or possibly a year or two older; severe in manners and appearance, but with an ease of speech and action, becoming one accustomed to confidential intercourse with royalty.

She was seated reading, when St. Maur entered the parlour, but arose at his approach. Tremblingly alive to the nature of his reception, he could not but perceive that his visit was embarrassing; she perhaps dreaded the anger of the queen for affording countenance to a traitor like himself. Anxious to make a favourable impression, he alluded, on taking the seat pointed out for him, to the care which Monseigneur had charged himself with, of providing for the daily necessities of the Val-de-Grace during the season of inefficient supplies. He added, that grateful for the hospitalities which she proffered when he occasionally waited on her majesty to the Val-de-Grace, and not forgetful of the slight tie of blood and relationship—distant though it was—he had of his own accord, having the control over all the provisions stored for the use of the archiepiscopal palace, taken the precaution of that morning sending to the bailiff of the convent, certain beeves and sheep, which he hoped would minister serviceably to their wants. He had, in the last forage, added so much to the stock, that he could well afford to be profuse.

It seemed to the youth as though the abbess was much disappointed with the purport of his speech. The slight confusion observable on his entrance had disappeared; the evanescent brightening up of her prim, starched visage, had faded into blank monotony. Still he must not lose the real object of his interview.

With much preamble and circumlocution, he at last approached the subject; the superior relaxed in her austerity, and by occasional friendly questionings, drew from the youth much of his distress of mind. Without saying how far it was in her power to satisfy his inquiries respecting Madame Du Plessis, she began expressing doubts whether she were not encroaching on the discipline of the holy church in usurping the privileges of his confessor. And in uttering this, her former slightly confused and somewhat comic expression of countenance returned, that he could not doubt but that she was secretly laughing at his grief. He remarked, that he hoped, as she had usurped one part of his confessor's duties, that she would not neglect the more important duty of consolation. She smiled, but it was not a smile of derision.

He was now fairly puzzled at his reception. The mirth, he thought, unbecoming the sanctity of her profession; but then her constant intercourse with the queen and other worldly personages—even with Isoline, who was the reverse of demure—had perhaps made the superior, half courtier, half recluse.

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"I see by your looks, Monsieur St. Maur," said the lady, "that you deem me ungenerous in laughing at your grief; but do you deserve better treatment from one whose sympathies you have estimated at the value of—let me see—six well-fed Orleannois oxen, and as many sheep!"

"Forgive my error," said the secretary, abashed.

"It is my duty to forgive all the world," cried the abbess, interrupting him; "but the superior of the Val-de-Grace holds her goodwill at a higher price, Monsieur St. Maur. And yet I know that which is well worth your purchase."

But immediately changing to a more serious tone, she continued:—

"And so you are truly penitent and contrite—would do penance at Avignon, and seek forgiveness, where I hope it will be given."

"If madame be serious, and not diverting herself at my expense," replied the youth, "I would do all that, and more."

"More! In mercy I hope no sacrilege!" exclaimed the abbess; "what wild scheme runs in your head? Would you attempt forcibly a convent? Do you aim at carrying off, like a Turk or Saracen of old, one of the holy sisterhood? Thank heaven! I have not yet afforded you the clue!"

"You do me injustice!" cried the youth, hurriedly—but he became all at once so struck with the impression that he was bantered by the abbess, that he paused, and remained silent.

Perceiving his embarrassment, and suspecting the cause, she said she would deal fairly with him; and that if he would return at the same hour on the morrow, she would have prepared a letter, addressed to the prioress of the convent at Avignon, which would doubtless pave the way to the accomplishment of his wishes; but that he must not, in the meantime, disclose the nature of their present interview to any one, or communicate his intended journey, till he had received the credentials. He promised faithfully to obey; but sought a boon which he hoped she would grant, namely, to declare whether it was true or not that a dispensation had been obtained by Madame Du Plessis to obviate the necessity of the noviciate term. He had, he said, till now, put entire faith in the truth of the report as it came from her late *maître d'hôtel;* but his spirits were becoming so buoyant with hope, that he could not soberly contemplate such an irretrievable bereavement.

The abbess refused any further information, bidding him obey her behests, and return at the appointed hour; a command he was forced to obey.

The more he reflected on the interview with the superior, the more he felt inclined to believe that affairs were not so desperate as he had believed them. He even caught himself indulging in the hope that the noviciate had not expired—that Isoline had not taken the fatal vows; or, if she had, that there was some reservation—some escape from the dreary waste to a land of happiness. Else, wherefore the equivocating, bantering tone of the abbess, which would be out of place, unless indeed she was the most hard-hearted of women?

He was forbid speaking of his journey, an injunction for which he could not account; it was attended also with inconvenience, for he

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could not, consistently with his promise, communicate his intentions to the Coadjutor, nor take leave of Du Tremblay—the house of the president he dare not, indeed, approach. Jules, also, must remain in ignorance of the journey, and would have but short notice after the morning's interview. But how pass the racking hours in the interval?

He preferred burying himself in the solitude of his own chamber, but found it tenanted by the ever-importunate Jules Martin. Jules had a secret of the utmost importance to communicate, but said he would only impart it on condition, that if Monsieur would not embark in the adventure he proposed, that it should be left to the valet's own management. This condition was so reasonable, that the secretary at once agreed to it; hoping the sooner to be rid of the presence of the man.

Jules had a cousin, gardener at the château de Vincennes, the fortress in which the Prince of Condé was confined. In his circuitous route to St. Cloud, he had fallen in with his kinsman, and during their socialities in the environs of the château, had noticed that the *fossé* was nearly dry, and that no great hurt would attend a fall from the windows of that quarter of the prison where the prince was lodged, into the *fossé* beneath. The steep, sloping bank opposite, had been, in several spots, planted by his cousin with shrubs and plants of large growth, which would afford a ready means of ascending from the ditch. A sentinel, it was true, ever patrolled the terrace fronting Condé's banqueting-room—the apartment where he dined in company with the officers of the garrison. They enjoyed this honour by turn, if honour it were; but the real object was to prevent the prince from ever being alone, and making use of opportunities of escape, which the resources of a mind fertile in expedients would undoubtedly present.

As Jules very justly remarked, the difficulty lay in the prince having the chance of dropping into the *fossé* unperceived either by his attendants or the sentinel; but the difficulty was not insurmountable, and if Monsieur would only pledge himself to join heartily in the adventure, without imparting it to others, or making one confidant of the scheme—for save Monsieur he would have no one share the glory of the exploit—he thought he saw the way clear to carry off the prince in triumph.

St. Maur, who deemed the idea not impracticable—indeed, similar projects had often been discussed by the Frondeurs at the council-board—lent a willing ear to the proposal, and agreed to the proviso of secresy conditionally; for as he told Jules, the adventure might require the aid of more hands, and under any circumstances, the Coadjutor ought to be possessed of the secret, that he might have a cavalry force prepared to cover the retreat of his royal highness, should the escape be discovered as soon as made. Jules felt the force of these remarks, and was willing to submit the whole scheme to the consideration of De Retz, provided he should have the honour of having originated the attempt, and the chief conduct in the execution. This was agreed to, and St. Maur and his sagacious valet went in search of the Coadjutor.

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When the prelate had welcomed Jules, to whom he confessed he owed his deliverance from La Rochefoucauld, he lent a willing ear to the plot. The Dauphinese said it had been brooding in his mind since his return from St. Cloud, and he had at length arranged the entire scheme. The soldiers of the garrison complained bitterly of the hard service imposed at the château; whilst their more fortunate comrades were fighting and plundering—living at free quarters—in all the towns and villages in the vicinity of Paris, they were closely shut up, allowed very little liberty, no opportunities of plunder, and suffered under a harassing, vexatious discipline, in consequence of its being the prison of Condé. Desertions were constantly taking place; and Jules proposed, with the gardener's recommendation, to enlist himself and Monsieur St. Maur into the garrison; it would of course arrive in the usual routine of service, that he or his master would mount guard on the narrow battlemented terrace; that same day should be chosen for the attempt to escape. Monsiegneur the Coadjutor, Jules added, might open a communication with his friends in the fortress through the gardener, and learn the day and hour of the attempt, and appoint a force to lie in waiting to cover their escape to the city.

In reply to the prelate's question, the valet replied that he had sounded the inclinations of his kinsman, and found him willing to risk his safety in joining in the plot.

The Coadjutor turned to St. Maur, and asked if he were willing to follow out the scheme indicated by his servant, in disguising himself so that he might pass muster.

The secretary found himself in a grievous dilemma. He had often declared, and in more than one quarter, an extreme anxiety to be the means of rescuing the prince; it was an exploit, he said, which of right belonged to him, and he had betrayed a jealousy of others' attempt.

But now he had fully made up his mind to proceed to Avignon; hope whispered that it was not too late to save Isoline from the cloister; it was cruel, heart-rending, to interpose a delay, perhaps a fatal delay, even to assist the prince. The Coadjutor, who perceived the indecision, expressed surprise, stating that Jules alone, in the interior of Vincennes, would probably be ineffectual to the end proposed.

St. Maur was not even prepared to make a confidant of De Retz till after his interview with the abbess; he therefore requested till to-morrow to make up his mind to the adventure. It was galling in the extreme that he, of all men, should exhibit reluctance to such a service; and he could not fail noticing the surprise of the Coadjutor, and even of his own servant; but there was no help, and he left the prelate's closet with Jules, vexed, annoyed, and discomfited.

At the appointed hour, he repaired to the convent of the Val-de-Grace, and was received by the superior in the same apartment—the parlour, appropriated to the reception of visitors. She commenced with thanking him, in the name of herself and the sisterhood, for his politeness and attention to their temporal and worldly wants. Even nuns must be fed, and the bailiff had acknowledged receiving what he would have found it very difficult to obtain in the markets.

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St. Maur, who would much rather that she would discourse on Isoline, was disconcerted, and endeavoured to lead the conversation to the promised letter. He wished to extort from her whether Isoline had really taken the vows, and, if so, how she was possessed of the information.

But the superior avoided his questions, dwelling on the advantages of the convent of the Val-de-Grace over the other holy foundations in the city, in having such a polite caterer as the secretary.

Chafed and vexed, yet determined not to be foiled, he informed her that the hour appointed for leaving Paris had arrived, and that he only waited the letter to the prioress; but if the superior had promised more than she found herself able to perform, if she would only declare the name of the convent and of the prioress at Avignon where Madame Du Plessis had taken refuge, he should feel extremely grateful.

The abbess, changing her manner, said, with a very grave face, that it was useless his proceeding to Avignon—that Madame du Plessis was not there—in fact, that she was much nearer home—was in Paris—in the convent of the Val-de-Grace—under the same roof which now sheltered him.

St. Maur heard this announcement in breathless astonishment. He could make no reply to the superior, but stood speechless, confounded. That Isoline was now, at this very moment, in the same house with himself, seemed as though a miracle had been wrought in his favour.

When he could find speech, he asked the abbess to repeat what she had uttered, that he might again hear the twice-blessed words. With grave ludicrousness, she repeated the announcement, word for word.

He demanded to see Isoline. This request the abbess absolutely refused. He entreated, implored her to grant it, urging the entreaty with all the eloquence he was master of, but in vain; she said it was impossible. Despairing, he even went so far as to threaten force—to bring his troop, fire the walls, and carry off the lady.

The superior, laughing at his blind rage, asked if he were not secretary to the Coadjutor of Paris, the avowed and constituted protector of all the religious houses in Paris. If he were bent on using force, instead of relying on the Coadjutor's Corinthians, had he not better, she asked, seek the aid of Monsieur de Broussel and the people?

This home-thrust staggered him—cooled his boiling rage—he was conscience-struck and silent. The conviction flashed on his mind, that the whole tenour of his actions, even his visits to the president, were known to Isoline and the abbess. Why had not he thought of visiting the Val-de-Grace at an earlier period? He felt it might have saved him infinite humiliation and misery. He was humbled and abashed, and dropping on one knee before the abbess, took her hand, and, with tears in his eyes, besought her intercession with the justly-offended Isoline.

The superior was surprised and confused; it was such an unusual and extraordinary situation for one of her years and sanctity, to have kneeling at her feet a youthful cavalier. She began stammering an equivocal assent, when the door of the parlour opened, and the poor lay sister made her appearance. The message which hung on her lips died

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away on beholding the situation of her revered superior; she looked at her, and then at St. Maur, unable to speak.

The personal charms of the lady superior had not all departed during a long and holy seclusion. The features were regular, the complexion clear and softened, with an impress of high birth and breeding, the figure delicate and upright, and her hand, which the secretary held, of feminine delicacy. The incongruity of the scene was not so great, save in the holy calling of the lady; but that the severely-austere abbess of the Val-de-Grace should be a willing listener to the protestations of a gay and jewelled gallant like St. Maur, seemed too much for the nerves of the conventual domestic; she blushed to the eyes, and fled the room.

The abbess, scandalised to the extreme, flung off the secretary, pursuing the retreating attendant, whilst St. Maur, still anxious for his suit, followed the superior to the door. The poor lady, thus perplexed, and dreading the consequences which would follow the exercise of the lay-sister's tongue, turned to the youth, and bade him wait a while in peace, and she would intercede with Madame du Plessis. She then hastily followed the old woman.

St. Maur suffered a full hour of torturing impatience ere he was relieved by the re-appearance of the superior, who returned in a cheerful mood, but pretending much trouble and discomfort. She blamed herself severely for the interest taken in other people's affairs, and declared, in a querulous tone, that every one was engaged in a conspiracy against her peace.

She told the secretary that, with much entreaty, she had prevailed on Madame du Plessis to grant him an interview, but that, although she had not taken the vows either at the Val-de-Grace or elsewhere, he must not build his hopes too high, for reasons which he was, doubtless aware of, or would quickly learn.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"If I bring with me
One thought but of submission and of sorrow,
Or nourish any hope but that your goodness
May please to sign my pardon, may I perish
In your displeasure."

MASSINGER.

In a garden, of very confined space, appropriated to the abbess's sole use, there was a little pavilion, to which she oft resorted for meditation, as she declared to St. Maur, but which, the youth believed, had been generally the chosen spot of meeting between Anne and the Cardinal, and in which measures for baffling the Fronde were discussed, whilst it was supposed by the faction that the Italian was closely immured in the recesses of the Hôtel Mazarin.

Thither was the secretary directed to repair by the superior, and await in the pavilion the approach of Madame Du Plessis. A secret door, opening from the parlour into a narrow vestibule, led the youth to the garden, which was surrounded by very high walls, and inac-

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cessible of approach from other quarters of the convent. It had been planned, no doubt, as she described it, for the use of the superior, in which she might indulge in exercise, and enjoy the fresh air, without being subjected to the gaze, and perhaps gameful remarks, of the younger portion of the sisterhood.

The pavilion overlooked a little space of greensward, in the centre of which was a tiny jet of water. The garden was neatly arranged, the walks wide and well preserved, but the dropping honours of autumn at this season quickly overtook the labours of the gardener; the paths were strewn with leaves, and the gurgling clash of the falling water—in the warm summer months delicious to the eye and the ear—now struck coldly on the senses.

Left to himself, the youth walked slowly to the pavilion, trepidating and confused; anxious to behold the long-lost Isoline, dreading the interview. Before reaching the entrance, he perceived that it was tenanted; he stopped short, concealing himself behind a tree, desirous of ascertaining who was the intruder into the abbess's private walks, without being seen himself by the party. By the partially-seen dress, he perceived that the intruder was a lady; changing her posture, the face was visible: it was Isoline.

Breathless with emotion, he gazed on the face which had haunted him in dreams, whose sweet lineaments arose on memory, reproaching his desertion, whilst basking in the sunny, innocent smiles of Louise. Unseen, he watched that face, now pale and wan—reminding him of the visionary phantom of the abbey—which had so oft beamed on him with delight. How ardently he desired to rush from his hiding-place, throw himself at her feet, and implore forgiveness for his wandering steps.

The abbess, then, had intentionally deceived him, for he could not but believe that the prior arrival of Isoline at the pavilion was preconcerted. May he be equally deceived, was his present prayer, in her threatened anger!

When he had, at length, summoned courage to approach, it was yet necessary to emerge from his retreat unperceived, which he could only effect, after waiting for the opportunity, which soon occurred, of Isoline moving to the opposite side of the pavilion. The noise of his footsteps in entering caused her to turn; a vivid tremor flashed across her countenance, she changed colour, and, for a moment only, her hand sought the support of the trellice. And it was but for a moment, for her presence of mind and courage returning, she said, with an air of extreme coldness, belied by the trembling tone of voice,

"You do your kinswoman and myself, Monsieur St. Maur, much honour by your visit. I hope so much valuable time is not lost without permission of Monseigneur the Coadjutor."

St. Maur, who had acquired, since we first introduced him to the notice of the reader, considerable discipline of mind, and strengthening of the faculties, through constant intercourse with the leaders of the Fronde, and participating so often in their councils, was not so much disconcerted by this attack as he would have been in an earlier stage of his brief career.

Without trusting himself with any premature expression of tender-

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ness, he solicited that she would be seated, as he had much to say, if she would afford a patient hearing. She cast on him a half look of surprise, and seated herself on a chair close at hand, intimating by a slight gesture that she would listen.

He spoke of his long course of suffering since the parting on the morn of Condé's arrest, when the flattering reception afforded by his royal highness, the restoration to favour, and the commission entrusted to his care by the imprisoned prince, so wrought upon the feelings, that he felt extreme anger at Isoline for persuading him to desert his former patron. This anger, and consequent estrangement, proved, he said, the cause of all subsequent misery, for when returning affection wound itself round his heart, and he sought for her, the search was in vain; there was no vestige or trace of her movements to be found in the besieged city; no intelligence of her being at St. Cloud with the court, as he questioned every prisoner brought into the city, but without avail; and when, at length, he found means to despatch an envoy, he learned, with grief and remorse, that she had taken the veil at Avignon, having procured a dispensation to obviate the necessity of the noviciate term. Herself lost, his own happiness a wreck, he had been unwillingly drawn into visiting a family, till the attentions he constantly received rendered the intercoure less irksome, but from which he had lately fled in dismay, when fully aware to what such an intimacy would lead, resolving to dedicate himself to seeking out Isoline, even though a cloistered nun, praying for her peace and forgiveness.

Such, he said, was his history, in which he read his own condemnation; but though so culpable, he prayed her to reflect, ere she turned aside from his penitent steps, or threw away a heart which still loved, which clung more fondly than ever to early hopes, which had wandered till, overcome by remorse, it had returned, even though but to mourn over its own ruin.

She was silent, with eyes averted, fixed on the ground, seemingly irresolute, afraid to trust herself in speaking, or of encountering the ardent gaze of St. Maur. He took courage from her silence, approached the chair where she was seated, knelt at her feet, and taking a hand which was not withdrawn, but which lay impassively in his own, besought her to grant him one look, one word of hope, that he might not wholly despair. He was now, he said, about to engage in an adventure of great peril, but of equal honour—he might never see her more—the present hour, in which he stood soliciting some little token of relenting, might be the last in which she would behold him. If she would but speak, bid him prosper through danger, or look on him but for a moment as her eye once beamed on his footsteps, it would be a talisman against peril—would console, encourage his drooping spirits—cheer him in death on the field of battle, or on the scaffold, or be the charm inspiriting him to brave every stroke of adverse fortune, and lay fresh laurels at her feet.

She raised her eyes, looking at him attentively, whilst saying,

"How can I believe these the sentiments of one, who left me unheeded, perhaps to perish, whilst the palace was the prey of the market-places?"

"How, indeed, can Isoline believe it!" exclaimed the youth mourn-

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fully. " St. Maur himself can scarce credit his own memory. But if Isoline would only blot it from recollection, it would light up in the heart an undying flame, which would end but with life."

" And Louise de Broussell," said Du Plessis, turning upon him a glance with somewhat of her former archness, " who will be the consoler of that poor maiden ?"

St. Maur was not so much disconcerted by the allusion, as when made by the abbess; it then fell unexpected, creating fear and dismay—he now stood better prepared to abide the shock; reflection on his intercourse with Louise convinced him, that however much the family might regret his secession from their circle, that the maiden herself had entertained nought beyond a sisterly regard for her deliverer. He narrated to Du Plessis the circumstances which attended his introduction to the president. " He had no fear," he said in concluding, " of the happiness of Louise by his absence from the Rue St. Antoine."

" Well, there is some hope of her happiness," said Isoline, " since she proves insensible to the allurements of the *preux chevalier* St. Maur."

" And there will be some hope for him, if Madame du Plessis prove not insensible to compassion," remarked the youth, watching every movement, striving to elicit a ray of hope in every change of voice or gesture.

Though so young, the fair Du Plessis had gained more experience than usually fell to ladies of her age; the ever-changing fortunes of the circle which surrounded Anne of Austria, the intrigues by which station and influence were maintained, had laid open to her view much of the weakness and vanity of mankind; she herself possessed a clear, firm, and unyielding mind, which had benefited by the harsh discipline it had suffered. Her penitent lover knew and appreciated these qualities; and whilst, on the one hand, he was filled with alarm at the idea of her remaining firm in her rejection of his suit, he was convinced he should not regain her affections by an extravagant demonstration of passion, which might have been more successful with an inexperienced maiden.

He thought she had shown some slight signs of relenting while he was speaking of the perilous adventure he was bound on; he again led her to the consideration of this subject, as eloquently as he was able, petitioning for some mark of favour to carry on his journey.

" And what may be the nature of this strange peril ?" asked Isoline, " since I am no longer at liberty, after the recital of your history, to suppose it proceeding from a fiery brother-in-law, burning to avenge a sister's quarrel ?"

" I may yet have Monsieur du Tremblay on my hands," replied St. Maur, attempting a smile; " but the journey I am now bound on is of higher import than my poor concerns—I know not when, or how I shall proceed—I shall gain renown, or lose an unworthy life."

A sudden thought seemed to strike Isoline; she arose from her chair hastily, and bidding St. Maur arise—for he was still kneeling—

" I know your mission—it is not an unworthy one—to say only that St. Maur was engaged beyond the walls of Paris, would be to declare

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it. Nay, look not so alarmed, I will not betray the secret, even to the lady-superior."

She paused, hesitating, doubtful, afraid, as it seemed, of giving utterance to her thoughts—but at length continued—

"Let us make a contract of peace, Henri—I know what you are pledged to—it can be no other than to liberate his royal highness. I am now quit with the court—have no inclination longer to withstand the malice of the cardinal, and her majesty proves but a feeble safeguard against his treachery. I care not whether the prince be free or not, for I still love the queen. But return to Paris with your idol, and you shall not complain of my cruelty—it is the price I set on my forgiveness! Farewell!"

She flung to him a narrow scarf, and retreated hastily from the pavilion—he attempted to detain her, but she broke from his grasp, and forbidding him to follow, was soon lost to sight.

Oft kissing the token of her regard, he folded it in his bosom, and slowly retraced his path through the garden. In the conventual parlour was seated the superior, poring over her huge clasped volume. He was approaching to thank her for the consideration she had bestowed on his affairs, when, in great alarm, she pointed to a very distant seat. He still continued to approach; she arose, clasping the large volume in her hands, as though intending it as a weapon of defence, and begged him on no account to come a step nearer; that he was a dangerous man to the peace either of convents or families. He, smiling, promised compliance, on condition that she would answer his questions, which was agreed to; he wished to know from the Superior the motives of Madame du Plessis in retiring to the Val-de-Grace; also the origin of the report of her having taken the veil at Avignon.

The abbess replied, that there was but little to add to what he was now most likely in possession of. When the Palais Royal was assaulted, Isoline escaped in great distress to her hotel in the Place Royale, from whence, fearing further danger, and distracted at the absence of St. Maur, she repaired for safety to the Val-de-Grace. In this seclusion, she learned that he had joined the Frondeurs—taken up his abode at the Coadjutor's palace—and was altogether employed in the affairs of the faction, taking no care to make himself acquainted with her retreat, and confirming the opinion which she had formed on his never appearing to her rescue at the palace,—that either of his own deliberate free will, or through the persuasions of others, he had forsaken her for ever. Subsequent events, which the superior said she need not again allude to, only tended to strengthen this view of his intentions; and poor Isoline, though despairing of her lover, and inconsolable at his neglect, had yet sufficient firmness to resist the entreaties of the abbess, who wished, in pity to her friend's state of mind, to make known to the secretary the secret of her abode. She had resisted this step, alleging that if his affections were not evanescent, he would seek her, and if they were, it was well—although to her cost and sorrow—that he should continue estranged. To try him still further, Du Plessis, through the superior's agency, had caused it to be circulated at St. Cloud that she had taken the veil at

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Avignon, doubting not that the intelligence would speedily reach Paris. To her grief and agony, she found that the only fruits of this policy, was his connexion with the family of De Broussel, daily growing more close, and destroying the faint vestiges of hope which yet clung to her heart. Still Du Plessis was firm in her intention of leaving him to his own free course; and was only aroused from the depth of despair by his unexpected and startling visit to the Val-de-Grace.

The abbess admitted that she could scarcely contain her own joy—far from any regard to such an unworthy cavalier as St. Maur, though she now averred that she had slightly changed her opinion on his conduct—but through affection for her fair charge, whose happiness was compromised by his desertion. She was glad, she said, that he had had his share of suffering, and was more rejoiced to hear what she had been just informed by the lady herself, that she had held out the myrtle and the olive-branch to the penitent wanderer.

St. Maur, deeply impressed with the narration, arose to take leave; forgetful of her prohibition, he was again advancing, when she held up her hand, declaring that if he transgressed, she would undo all that had been done. Such another scene as that which, to her horror, she had witnessed in this parlour, would cause a scandal, that would reach as far as Rome.

Afraid of trusting himself in the presence of so close an ally of her majesty as the abbess, with any expressions respecting his journey, lest its purport might transpire—and he felt the more alarm as Isoline had so readily penetrated his intent—he contented himself with thanking the superior at the proscribed distance, and retired from the convent.

Now was it time, he exclaimed, as he bounded over the roughly paved streets of the capital, to seek De Retz, and announce his readiness for the enterprise. To rescue the prince; to win Isoline; these were deeds worthy of his name. Rare trophies of love and honour were to be won, and he braced up his thoughts to the high endeavour.

Jules was delighted with the changed conduct of his master, who seemed not the same being, so much alteration was wrought in his manners since the hopeful parting with Isoline. Affairs in Paris were soon arranged; he wrote to Du Tremblay, stating that business of great importance to the welfare of the Fronde required his departure on the instant to the south, and begging him to tender his adieux to the De Broussel family. Elsewhere, at the Coadjutor's instigation, who was desirous of blinding the Parisians to the real destination of his secretary, the same report was set afloat; the impression intended to be conveyed was, that he had gone with instructions for Beaufort.

A system of communication having been arranged between St. Maur and De Retz, and all minor points carefully discussed and understood, the prelate bade farewell to his *protegé*.

"I feel certain of your success, St. Maur," he exclaimed, "I can read it in your eye; since you first talked to me of the adventure, you have been charmed by some cunning witch. Never saw I such a sudden alteration. Would that I could change destinies with you!" he concluded with a sigh.

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At night, St. Maur and his valet, both habited in the dress usual to disbanded soldiers, left Paris by the Porte St. Antoine, the gate being opened to their egress on production of an order from De Retz. Passing through the fauxbourg, or suburb of St. Antoine, which was also protected by some loose and irregular lines of fortification, though without sentinels or artillery, they emerged on the grand road to Vincennes, but presently quitting it for a by-path known to Jules, soon entered the park or forest of Vincennes, and arrived without molestation at the cottage of Jean Limier, the kinsman of Jules, having care of the gardens attached to the château. The little cottage was situate about a quarter of a mile from the fortress, hidden from its view by the forest-growth.

Here they found everything prepared for their reception—a cheerful fire, for the night was very cold, good substantial fare, in which the flesh of the forest's pride and ornament was not forgotten—humble, but warm beds, and a very ready and attentive host in Jean Limier.

Before retiring to rest, and in accordance with the suggestions of De Retz, St. Maur engaged the gardener in a parley respecting the adventure. He told him, that if he felt the least sinking of heart, or desire to back out of the enterprise, he had better now say so, and he should not only be held free from all harm, but rewarded for his sincerity. He must not disguise from himself that his own life, and the lives of at least two others, must necessarily be risked in the adventure; but if he should exhibit cowardice or backwardness during the progress of the plot, the lives of his kinsman and of St. Maur would certainly be the sacrifice. But if he held through with good heart and faith, the reward should equal his demand, if it were at all in reason; and if the prince were freed, it would prove the fortunes of both Limier and his kinsman.

"Monsieur need not take such pains with Jean," cried Jules Martin; "I will engage for his fidelity—for if he prove false, I will assuredly, *Jour de Dieu!* cut his throat."

"You will never be man enough, Jules," cried the gardener, "to cut any one's throat, unless he offers it to you in the way of your profession."

Then turning to St. Maur, he assured him that he and his kinsman, Jules Martin, had talked it over, and were fully bent on the scheme; that for himself, he thought it a glorious chance for one of his poor condition to signalize himself; but how, friend Jules—and he turned slyly at his kinsman — could summon heart to venture into the lion's den he knew not, as he had not even stomach for a Parisian trooper.

Desirous of preventing the least chance of strife, however amicable, between the two, St. Maur changed the conversation, asking the gardener if he were prepared to submit them as recruits at the château, and whether they looked *comme il faut;* and the gardener, he added, must be a good judge.

Jean, thus appealed to, said that he certainly had had considerable experience of recruits; he was half-soldier himself, and being daily in the château, and with the garrison, could not only tell, at a glance,

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whether a man had served, but from what province he came. Monsieur, he said, was perfect in his costume and bearing—but his hands and neck were too fair, and his hair must be knocked about into a little disorder. Walnut-juice would remedy the defect of hands and neck, and if monsieur would permit, he would in the morning operate upon his head; for the remainder of the night he might just as well remain a gentleman. His kinsman, he said, had not much the air of a *militaire;* he must pass, therefore, as a raw recruit.

These matters settled, the gardener prepared to retire to rest, and pointed out where his guests were to sleep. St. Maur said he should take a stroll in the park, and his friends need not be alarmed at the noise of his return. Jean said that the fortress was patrolled day and night, and if monsieur were perceived from the walls, straying among the trees, even if it were thought he were only a deer-stealer, that would equally subject him to the chance of a bullet, as though he were suspected of higher aims. The secretary assured him that he would not venture into the open area, but keep within shelter of the trees, but he had been of late so mewed up in Paris, that a walk in the forest would have great charms in his present mood.

Saying this, he lifted up the latch, and crossing the narrow yard, found himself in the old forest of Vincennes. And it was, truly, a delight for one long shut up in a beleaguered city, or quitting it only for a few hours on a forage, to find himself straying at liberty beneath the old oaks, almost decayed with age; his feet, so long accustomed to the narrow, ill-paved streets, now immersed in the deep pools of drifted leaves, or striking against the overlaying roots of the monarch of the forest. The moon shone through the thinly-clothed foliage, and he continued strolling on, by aid of her light, till, wholly forgetful of the gardener's caution, he found himself beyond the line of forest, and on the large area in the centre of which arose the Château de Vincennes.

At all times an imposing edifice, it was now so especially, presenting itself of a sudden, like a fairy-scene, to the unexpected gaze of the solitary wanderer, wrapt up in his meditations.

The moon shone over a vast line or wall of building, indented with massive towers, midst which rose one higher than the others, and on which floated the draped fleur-de-lis. The castle was surrounded with a deep and wide *fossé* or ditch, faced with stone.

Retreating hastily within shelter of the forest, St. Maur stood contemplating the fortress—the prison-home of Condé. But little, reflected the youth, does the prince at this moment think how near to his abode stands the most devoted of his followers! Though late, there was yet some appearance of life in the château—lights visible in several quarters—and several times there was distinguishable a glancing though feeble glimmer, possibly, as St. Maur imagined, reflected from halberd or screw-bayonet of the moving sentinel.

There stood in solemn grandeur the scene of his future enterprise! It was there, in the courts and halls of that castle, which now lay pictured in the quietude and repose of a visionary scene, that he must fight a way, stealthily and courageously, to the ear of royal Condé. It was from those walls he must bring him free—and the bright re-

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ward, the friendship of a grateful prince, the applause of France, and, dearer than all, the heart and hand of Isoline!

CHAPTER XXVII.

> Yon castled steep,
> Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
> So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
> A meteor of peace.

The gardener roused his friends at an early hour, and after the trio had partaken of a hearty breakfast, he proceeded to finish the transformation of St. Maur, spoiling the trim beauty of his moustache, colouring his neck and hands of a deeper hue, being far too white and delicate for those of a vagrant campaigner.

Few instructions were necessary, as he should, having the *entrée* of the castle, see them daily, and would communicate from time to time what monseigneur the Coadjutor should desire to be conveyed; he would also report the progress of their adventure to the prelate.

There remained only to give a character of the proposed recruits to the governor; for although the garrison service was exceedingly disliked since the imprisonment of Condé, fresh men were not placed on the muster-roll without a rigid scrutiny. His word, he said, would be sufficient guarantee, particularly as he should proclaim relationship with Jules, who had also determined to be enlisted in his own name—it was so humble that no suspicion would attach to it, and he did not wish to lose any portion of the renown which would cling to the name, if the enterprise were successful. St. Maur chose the *nom de guerre* of Pierre Dubois, who had served several years in the French army, so long, idly, and inefficiently employed in Catalonia. He had on this account become disgusted with the service, and sought more promising occupation than subsisting on the starving rations dealt out in the Spanish province. Of Jules it was not necessary to say much, as his connexion with the gardener was sufficient.

That they might have a better view of the fortress, Limier took his comrades the entire circuit of the exterior, pointing out the apartment appropriated to the Prince of Condé, stating the depth of water in the *fossé*, and where most easily fordable; also the best spot where they might clamber up the sides after crossing the ditch. And he would take care, he said, to improve the facilities for rising out of the moat, whilst working in his vocation on the banks. He was the more anxious that they should take advantage of the present opportunity of examining that part of the proposed line of escape, as in all probability it would be the only chance, for after enrolment the soldiers were never seen, indeed were forbidden, to walk where he was now leading them. Even now, as he said, they must not appear to loiter, or it would very soon be noticed on the other side.

St. Maur made inquiry respecting the gentleman now seen riding across the covered way or bridge which crossed the moat, and who was attended by several lightly-armed troopers.

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"*Ventre St. Gris!*" cried Jean Limier, "that is monsieur the governor—and he is riding in this direction—he will certainly have a reckoning with us."

St. Maur had never before seen Chavigni, whom he knew had been retained governor from his hatred towards the Prince of Condé, he being otherwise very much disliked by Anne and the Cardinal. Chavigni had enjoyed great favour during the late reign, and ranked highly in the estimation of Louis XIII.; but now affairs were changed, and of all his posts, places, governments and pensions, there remained but the commandantship of Vincennes. This would have followed the others but for the above-named reason; as it happened, the court thought they could not select a trustier gaoler than the elderly gentleman, who seemed to have made up his mind to challenge the intruders by the manner of approach, putting them between his steed and the *fossé*. The quick eye of St. Maur, now well-practised in military movements, perceived that the attendants had taken a wider circuit, that they might, without in the first instance affording suspicion of the motive, cut off the retreat into the forest of himself and companion, if they had been disposed to pursue that course. He had no longer doubt that their peregrinations had already given offence and suspicion.

If this opinion needed confirmation, it was established by Chavigni, having first questioned the gardener and learned his story, and surveyed the two recruits, returning to the château, bidding Jean and his friends follow; the train was brought up by the troopers, so that, as Jules whispered to St. Maur, they were already prisoners. Hearing Jules speak, Limier turned round, and by a sign awed him into silence; no more words were spoken by any of the party till they had crossed the *fossé*, and were close to the guard-room. The governor dismounted, and was met at the door by the officer on duty, and ushered with the usual military salutation into the chamber; Jean and his recruits remaining in the custody of the troopers.

After several minutes' delay, they were ordered in, and found the officer seated at a table, waited on by a soldier in undress, and Chavigni standing with his back to the fire-place.

"And who are these recruits of yours, *Maître* Jean?" asked the officer. "You must recollect well, the last man we took at your instance was flogged twice for staying all night in the village, and ran away before he had been three months in the garrison."

Jean looked at the governor before he made reply, and seeing no signs of anger, ventured, on being rather a favourite, to say, that his majesty's service had not suffered by his recommendation, as the beating was attended with much good effect upon the discipline of the soldiers generally, and when his friend ran away he was owed two months' pay—the military chest being at that time empty—so that the royal treasury was as much benefited by the desertion as the morality of the troops had been improved by the flogging.

The officer frowned, but Chavigni, who was a man of the world, a courtier, and a statesman, and who could encourage familiarity at will in dependants without endangering the respect due to his high station, answered that at present all his men were so well behaved, that they

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stood not in need of incentives to good behaviour; he was not, therefore, at present anxious for scape-goats, but for orderly quiet soldiery in new recruits.

Jean Limier assured monseigneur that the present pair was a better sample than the runaway; that the elder of the twain was his cousin, who could not earn a living at his trade of gardener, and was very willing to enlist, but if he were not eligible, he, Jean, was very willing to take him as assistant in the gardens of the château.

"No! no!" cried the officer; "a gardener is sure, with drilling, to make a good orderly garrison-man. We cannot part with him."

"And the other—that younger aspirant—is he your kinsman?" asked the governor.

Jean reported him as had been agreed on at the cottage, but said—very cunningly taking his cue from the humour of the officer—that he really was not prepared to part with both—that he wanted assistance in the gardens, and though Pierre knew little of gardening, he would prove more tractable, perhaps, than his cousin. His object in visiting the château that morning was, to present one man to his majesty, and solicit permission of monsieur the Count de Chavigni to employ the other in the gardens; and he brought both, that monsieur might have the choice.

This after-thought of the gardener was intended merely to increase the eagerness of the officer to enlist both, and it had the desired effect so soon as this gentleman had heard the character and qualifications of Pierre. He told Jean that he was certain monsieur the governor would be of his opinion, and would retain both—Pierre especially, as he could write, and would in consequence be speedily promoted to the rank of sergeant, and possibly still higher.

Chavigni acquiesced in this reasoning, and after cautioning Jean not to bring strangers round the *fossé* and lines, but conduct them at once to the gates, if they had business at the fortress, he wished the officer good morning, saying he should continue his ride in the environs.

The gardener then returned to his occupation, leaving Pierre—for by such name we shall call St. Maur whilst at Vincennes—and Jules with the officer, Captain Vaugirard, who, after formally enlisting both into his own company, handed them over to the care of the sergeant, to be clothed, drilled, and disciplined.

For two weeks after enlistment, nothing of very material importance occurred. Pierre, as well as he was able, though he found it extremely galling and distasteful, mixed with the soldiers of the garrison, subdued his feelings so as to comport himself in language, pursuits, and bearing to a level with his comrades; acquired an accurate notion of the several wards in the château, the tastes and habits of the governor and the officers; mounted guard, though not as yet near the person of Condé, although he had caught glimpses of the prince; and very often received kind messages from De Retz, through the faithful Jean Limier.

The history of Pierre is the history of Jules for the first two weeks, after which the former, for the quietude of his habits, personal cleanliness, and other qualities in which he shone conspicuous over his comrades, was chosen by Captain Vaugirard as his servant, waiting upon

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him at meals, and performing other services appertaining to the station, very humiliating, but which brought exemption from mounting guard and other military duties.

Matters continued in this state, till the captain one day informed Pierre that on the morrow it would fall to his turn to remain near the person of their illustrious prisoner. It was the duty of the officer in waiting, he said, to attend on the prince during dinner; and his royal highness had usually, as matter of courtesy, invited him to a seat at the table. It was the only mode left by which Condé had it in his power to exhibit regard or contempt for the officers; in cases of displeasure, he suffered his companion to stand an idle spectator during the meal. Vaugirard had at first been somewhat a favourite, but latterly had reason to suspect that he had lost ground with his royal highness. He said that the only parties present were the prince, waited on by a single attendant, who was in the service of Chavigni—for the court would not allow the royal prisoner the aid of any of his own domestics, lest means of escape should be furnished through such hands—and the officer in waiting, attended by his regimental servant. He wished Pierre, therefore, to be extremely circumspect, and attend to his duties, without staring at or offending his highness by any indecorum or extravagance, as it would be retaliated on the captain; and the gentlemen of the garrison were naturally anxious to please the prince, as he might one day be again at the head of the French armies. Vaugirard proceeded to give his servant instructions how to behave, promising a handsome gratuity if he acquitted himself well. Pierre, who trembled with conflicting emotions during this discourse, ventured to suggest that his friend, Jean Limier, the gardener, might receive instructions to bring to the table some choice fruit, pears and grapes, on which he very much prided himself in rearing. Vaugirard caught the idea readily; it would, he said, be a very acceptable addition to their table; and that the fruit should be fresh, he would immediately seek out Limier and give him the necessary instructions, and that he was not to gather it till the very last moment, and then bring it direct to the prince's apartment. He would give orders to admit Jean, so that there might be no delay; but he begged Pierre to keep the thing a secret, for his brother officers were all striving, by various little arts, to gain interest with his royal highness. The addition to the dessert coming unexpected, would be viewed graciously as a flattering attention, for Condé sometimes complained of the way in which the table was served.

Pierre found he had made great progress in the goodwill of his officer by this hint; he regretted the deception—but stratagems were allowed in war, and as Condé had been entrapped by artifice, there was no breach of honour in using the same means to effect his escape. His object in suggesting the present of fruit was to secure the presence of the gardener at a moment when even his personal strength might decide the fortune of his royal highness, and he had more confidence in the courage and capacity of Jean than of Jules, for the impulses of the latter were from vanity rather than valour, and he had doubts of his strength of nerve at the critical moment.

With Jean and himself to aid the prince in overpowering Vaugirard

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and Chavigni's butler or domestic who waited at table, there remained only to secure Jules as the sentinel on the terrace, without which the scheme, however matured in other respects, was hopeless. It was not Jules's turn to mount guard on that day, and if it had been, it could hardly be expected that the lot would fall to him to parade the terrace, and particularly at the very hour required.

In this dilemma, Pierre sought Jean Limier at the cottage—his freedom from the ordinary routine of service allowing the opportunity—and, fortunately, found him at home. The gardener was delighted with the early chance of putting their grand plot into execution; he did not think the difficulty of placing Jules as sentinel so great as Pierre imagined, and requested that that part of the scheme might be left to his care. He should, he said, first ascertain who would be the sentinel mounting guard from twelve to three o'clock, and the information gained, would so manage with the man, according to his temper, habits, and failings, as to contrive he should yield up his post to Jules. It was an irksome station, and the men gladly shirked it, but he must create some temptation to induce the one to desire a substitute, and for the other to accept the post naturally and without suspicion.

But, as Jean Limier asked, was not the prince to have some prior information; and how, or in what way, were the two parties present to be secured without creating confusion and alarm? Pierre replied, that Condé was so quick-witted, that one half word was sufficient; it only remained for the gardener to conceal about his person two or more carefully loaded pistols, a coil of strong yet thin rope, and prepare the facilities for ascending the opposite bank of the moat.

Pierre had but one more essential order to give, which was to the effect that the chosen body of horse which De Retz had selected for the enterprise, and which were lodged in the fauxbourg St. Antoine, should, during the hours from twelve to three, advance into the forest, closely as possible, without being seen, approaching the château; for one quarter of an hour was perhaps the utmost time they could calculate upon before alarm was given, the enterprise being executed in mid-day.

The young man then quitted the cottage, taking the village of Vincennes in his way, whilst there, contriving to possess himself of a strong silk cord and a pair of pistols, with several other implements deemed necessary.

Returning to the château, he told Jules to put himself entirely under the guidance of his cousin, who would instruct him what to do. Jules was impatient to know what was in progress, but Pierre thought it best to refer him to the gardener, who knew his kinsman thoroughly, and would take pains to prepare him for the exploit.

"To-morrow, then, is the eventful day!" was the exclamation of Pierre as he laid himself to rest, He was too agitated to sleep, and lay thinking over the details of his scheme—for a moment dropping asleep, and waking with a start—till at length, towards morning, he enjoyed the sound repose essential to support him through a toilsome day.

The rooms occupied by the Prince of Condé consisted of a dining saloon, which his royal highness seldom used except at the hour of

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meals, for it was the station of the officer in waiting, whose presence was, of course, at times a restraint. This apartment opened into a long narrow gallery, in which the prince could take exercise within doors; it was terminated by a bed-chamber, to which there was no other approach, and which constituted the whole space of action permitted the prince, with the exception of a bastion in front of the gallery, its surface formed into a little garden and terrace, protected by an embattled breast-wall. This was the sentinel's post night and day. At a depth of thirty feet, the moat or *fossé* washed the foundations of the fortress.

The Captain Vaugirard, arraying himself in his most showy habiliments, left his room at an early hour, to take up his quarters for the day with the prince, bidding Pierre come at half-past twelve o'clock, as dinner was placed on the board exactly at the hour of one. He had not stepped many paces from the door when he returned, telling Pierre that he had noticed his tremor and anxiety, but bidding him be of good courage, for the Prince of Condé was very affable, and would pardon any little errors he might commit, though he must take extreme care not to exhibit any intentional disrespect. Still more to cheer the young man, he added, that after he had been a few minutes in the presence of the illustrious personage, his fears would vanish, and he would be as much at ease as though the captain were the only gentleman present. Pierre made a suitable reply, and Vaugirard again departed.

The young man was indeed unable wholly to subdue the outward manifestations of emotion; not through personal fear, or from despair of success, but so many mighty interests and fortunes hung upon the exploit, which the most trifling cause might disarrange. He was in that state, that he could have wished sleep or oblivion to seal up his senses till the appointed hour. Everything was prepared that rested with himself; nothing remained but to wrestle with, or calm his own thoughts, till the time appointed to resort to the prince's quarters. His anxiety was extreme with respect to the success of Limier with Jules, but as the gardener had requested it to be left to his management, he restrained himself from interfering.

So passed the hours, slowly indeed, but surely, bringing at last the appointed time for Pierre to wait upon the captain and the illustrious prince. Is Jules at the station on the terrace? This was the question oft asked of himself; he durst not, for fear of creating suspicion, either by the question itself, or by his emotion whilst asking, take any open measures for satisfying his anxiety.

It was exactly midway between twelve and one o'clock when the young man entered the dining apartment of the prince. There were present only the captain, loitering at the window, and a domestic in Chavigni's livery, engaged in setting in order the dinner-table. Pierre, after the usual military salutation, received orders to assist the servant, and whilst engaged in this task, took the opportunity of passing to one of the windows, with the hope of seeing the sentinel on the terrace. The bastion on which the terrace was formed reached no further than the termination of the gallery, so that, in the first casual glance, Pierre could only distinguish part of the musket and the cap of the

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sentinel through one of the embrasures. He was forced to return unsatisfied to his humiliating duties—humiliating to one of his rank, but cheerfully undergone for the sake of the purpose to which they were consecrated—till the dinner being placed on the table, Vaugirard retired to the gallery to usher in the prisoner.

Pierre felt his heart palpitating whilst the captain was absent. He flew to the window, and there, to his extreme delight, beheld the face of Jules looking through the loop-hole or embrasure. One glance of recognition passed between the confederates, and they passed from each other's sight; Jules to continue his short walk along the terrace, and Pierre to confront the hero of Rocroi, now entering the saloon, followed by Vaugirard.

Condé looked pale and thin, but the eagle glance had lost none of its fire, and an affable smile played about the mouth. He was dressed in a rich hunting suit, which he seldom changed for any other, his hair rather disordered, conveying the impression that he had grown rather careless of his appearance. Vaugirard, who had some misgivings concerning the nature of his reception, was visibly delighted when invited by the prince to the board. Chavigni's servant, addressed by Condé by the name of Hubert, took a station at the prince's elbow, whilst Pierre stood behind the chair of the captain.

The young man now felt imposed the task of making Condé acquainted with his person, but this seemed impossible, so long as Hubert maintained his present position. He was forced, therefore, to await the chance of circumstances, congratulating himself that Jean Limier had gained the very important point of fixing his cousin as sentinel.

To have judged by the tone of the conversation, no one would have imagined that the prince was a prisoner, so unembarrassed and free was his discourse, so respectful the demeanour of Vaugirard. Often did Pierre attempt to arrest the eye of Condé, but though unseen by the captain, his manœuvres were exposed to the gaze of Hubert. Once or twice Condé glanced at his face, and he thought the prince was struck as though by its resemblance to features he had seen before.

From a discussion on the wines of France, the conversation took a political turn. Pierre knew it was forbidden by the governor for the officers to afford the prince the slightest intelligence concerning the actual state of the kingdom and its internal relations. This prohibition, which sealed up the mouth of Vaugirard, contrasting with the accurate information of Condé, formed a very diverting interlude to the prisoner and the two attendants. The captain, in obedience to orders, was obliged to confess ignorance of the march of Beaufort for the north, though Condé assured him that it was now very old news. And he so rallied the captain, that the latter was abliged to own that he was not altogether ignorant of Monsieur de Beaufort's movements, nor even of the quality and number of the troops under his command. But Vaugirard, though admitting this, had too much prudence to be driven to acknowledge the last resting-place of the duke, or where the army was now encamped. Condé very graciously promised to tell, if he and his servant, Pierre, could keep the secret; as for Hubert, he

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said, he could depend on him. This drove the captain, who had for a long time submitted to his royal highness's banter, to throw himself at his mercy, beseeching forbearance.

Condé, after first eying Pierre with unusual attention, said that Beaufort must be at that moment marching along the banks of the Seine, and was, probably, close upon St. Cloud. Vaugirard started and looked suprised. The prince, laughing, said he should be sorry if King Beaufort, *le roi des Halles*, had caused any alarm to her majesty—indeed he thought it not possible, whilst Turenne had so large a force at his command, double the number of Beaufort's army.

At this moment there was a knocking at the door opening from the ante-room. Hubert went to inquire the cause, and the attention of Vaugirard was drawn to that direction—he was, probably, thinking of the gardener—when Pierre, catching the eye of Condé, pointed to the door, then to the bastion, and hastily withdrawing his hand, placed one finger across the lips.

A peculiar change, which Pierre could not describe, though he never forgot it, passed across the face of the prisoner. His lips moved, though he spoke not, and he smiled.

That smile reassured Pierre;—the same eyes had beamed on the veterans who overthrew the Spaniards at Rocroi—had inspirited his troops to regain the field of Nordlingen when all seemed lost! Could it fail with his devoted follower?

The door opened, and Jean Limier entered, bearing a very choice assortment of the autumnal fruits—all that the Pomona of France could offer to a prince's table.

Vaugirard rose as Limier approached with his burthen, and made an apology for the poverty of the dessert, but it was the best he could find worthy of his royal highness's table. Condé expressed himself much pleased with the captain's attention, and begged that the gardener who had brought the fruit might be detained, as he had several questions to ask the man relative to his own occupations in horticulture on the narrow garden-strip on the terrace. It was almost ludicrous, he remarked to Vaugirard, that whilst Mazarin was becoming a soldier, his own pursuits should be restricted to rearing a few flowers.

Did the prince already comprehend their project? Did he understand the gardener was a confederate—how, otherwise, wish to detain him? These reflections rapidly flashed across the mind of Pierre. That Condé recognised him was very evident, but that his slight gesture with reference to the party knocking for admission should be so cleverly constructed, was another evidence of the prince's quick-sightedness and tact.

He felt the crisis of the adventure was fast approaching—it was necessary it should be put in execution before the gardener was dismissed, and he again sought to catch the eye of the prince unperceived of Hubert. But this was now almost a hopeless task, for Hubert, standing behind Condé, had his eyes often fixed on Pierre, who called to mind the caution he had received from Jean Limier, that Chavigni's servant was not only a spy on the prince, but on the officer in waiting for the time being, and placed in his present service

to prevent his royal highness having secret conference with, or corrupting, the gentlemen of the garrison. He was a very useful menial to his employer, but despised and hated by every one else. It was a knowledge of the fellow's character, Pierre thought, that prevented the Prince seeking further intelligence or displaying signals, which would be unavoidably seen.

It remained, therefore, for Pierre to give the cue to the gardener, and strike the blow.

TO CAMOENS:

(ON A VISIT TO HIS TOMB, AT MACAO, CHINA).

" Por meio destes horridos perigos,
Destes trabalhos graves, e temores,
Alcançam os que sao de fama amigos,
As houres immortaes, e graos maiores.
Naõ encostados sempre nos antigos
Troncos nobres de seus Antecessores;
Naõ nos leitos domados, amire os finos
Animaes de Moscovia Zebellinos."

Inscribed on the tomb. Lusiadas: canto vi. est. 95.

A quiet, holy spot; sacred to thee
And Memory! Let Genius offer Heaven
Praise endless—not alone that thence is given
The boon—exalting, to so high degree,
Our inmost soul—a talisman to see
And read the workings of the heart of man;
But eke, pure, solid Immortality—
Life's tribute to a care-enclosing span!
And though 'twas thine to sorrow, Camoëns—yet thine
Was but the lot of many of thy kin:
Forgive the world—here Mem'ry has a shrine,
Where pilgrims, passing, would be shriv'd of sin.
Tis thus—as exile, soldier—wayworn too,
dare this grateful solitude to woo.

F. J. G.

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TALES OF A TOURIST.

THE CONTRABANDISTA.

Oth. I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' use. OTHELLO.

DAY was about to appear; its first faint blush already tipped, as with a line of light, the indented summits of a lofty mountain range, and seemed to put to flight the last lingering shades of night and wan morning's mist, that hovered over the lovely valley of B——, on the French side of the Pyrennees.

A woman softly opened the window of a small but comfortable cottage, seated on the border of the road, which crosses the valley throughout its whole extent. She threw around her an anxious glance; but the eminences near had not as yet, under the influence of the warm sunbeams, raised their watery veils, like lovely slaves unfolding their young charms to their sultan's ardent gaze, and she could not, therefore, catch a glimpse of what she sought with such anxiety to discover. Yet, on letting her eyes fall immediately beneath the window where she had taken her stand, she perceived a man asleep, and leant against the wall of her humble abode. At the sight she uttered a faint cry of surprise, rapidly descended, opened the door, and ran towards him.

It was not he she expected, for at nearer sight of him she stopped. Nor was it a stranger, for when she stood beside him, and could contemplate his features, she suddenly let her eyes fall to the ground, and placed one hand on her heart as though some sudden pain had settled there; then she remained motionless, and murmured, in sorrowful astonishment,

"'Tis Gaspard!"

The blush which mounted with those words to the young woman's cheek and brow, betrayed more than themselves how much the unexpected sight disturbed and agitated her, and the slow, sad movement with which she turned away to re-enter her house, allowed it easily to be perceived that, in doing so, she obeyed the voice of duty, all powerful, but fulfilled with pain. However, before the sacrifice was accomplished, Jeannette raised her eyes, her head refused to follow the motion of her body, and she regarded Gaspard with that passionate gaze of the women of the south, which is so characteristic of their warm, unstudied feelings, and seems to breathe the very essence of true love.

Yes! it was Gaspard, with his glossy black hair escaping in rich luxuriance from beneath his cap of red woollen, whose long ends fell gracefully back over his well-turned shoulders. It was he, with his handsome features, in all the beauty of their twenty-five summers, al-

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ready pale and overcast—but proud and scornful still; the contemptuous laugh, which usually curled the corner of his mouth, yet retained its expression even in slumber. He grasped in his hand the long staff, tipped with iron at either end and which he knew better how to wield than any man on the mountain; his naked feet allowed some excoriations to be seen, and on his shirt of fine linen, fastened by a large gold pin, there were stains of blood.

The young woman gazed on him earnestly and long; then, by a singular transition, that look, which had at first been fixed on the sleeping man, seemed (so to speak) to be carried beyond, without, however, quitting him.

It was because Jeannette recalled to mind that Gaspard was her betrothed lover when he was twenty, and she only sixteen—because she remembered that when he and she, both orphans, went together to a dance, they ever met with a pleased and cordial reception, for both were so joyous, so handsome, so fascinating, that the most indifferent heart felt gratified in seeing them on one another's arm. 'Twas as an event of happy occurrence, one of those rare chances, where everything is so completely and so well assorted, that one feels involuntarily charmed at having it to cross our path. Envy itself was silent in their presence, for, in fact, what woman could have said, "I was handsomer than Jeannette, and he preferred her to me?" what man, "I am more deserving than Gaspard, and he it is whom she has chosen?"

These were the reasons why she gazed on him thus asleep, pale, saddened, bleeding, seeing him only in her mind's eye as he was, gay, lively, joyous. Sweet recollections of past happiness, ye are doubtless become the cause of sorrow or remorse, for tears rush to Jeannette's eyes, and she lets them flow on unheeded! Poor woman! like a child, drawn by pitiless creditor from the paternal home, re-enters there at night unperceived, and alone for a moment, passing stealthily through each well-known chamber one by one, examines the smallest places, ransacks the darkest corners, in search of past remembrances or annihilated hopes—so did Jeannette, by herself for a moment, seem to have glided back into the past of her young life, to have, as it were, visited it yet once more, and, for the last time, to dwell in thought on hopes and happiness for ever dead. And as the child weeps over the joys it once possessed, and those it dreamed the future would bestow, so did Jeannette give way to bitter grief.

Anon her recollections became so poignant, that her bosom heaved, and her heart filled with sobs to bursting; in another moment they would have found themselves a voice, when a shrill whistle, proceeding from the summit of a neighbouring eminence, rang in her ears, and made her start in wild alarm.

She knew the peculiar note well; it announced to her the arrival of her husband, Jean L'Esperon. By an involuntary movement of unspeakable terror, she fled towards the door, forgetting that the sound of the whistle reached her at the distance of at least half a league, and that, in default of that, the morning's mist must have hid the fault she had just committed from the eyes of all;—for it cannot be denied Jeannette is a pious and virtuous woman, as she was a pious

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and virtuous girl, and she too painfully feels that she has opened the door of her heart to receive him for a moment who was formerly its sole inhabitant, and that that is almost as great a crime in the eyes of God, as it would have been in the eyes of man to have opened the door of her husband's house to Gaspard. Therefore did she turn to fly, mentally praying, and promising to confide her weakness to the venerable curé of B——, Monsieur Castel, a kind-hearted and saint-like old man, who was wont to sustain her faith and virtue by his holy words, when, in his walks beside the bubbling streamlet of the valley, she afforded the support of her young arm to his aged frame.

Already had Jeannette reached the threshold of the door, she was about to enter, when a fresh and shriller whistle was heard. Her husband was rapidly descending—yet a quarter of an hour, and he would only be a few steps off his house. On the point of separating herself for the last time from Gaspard, she threw on him one more sad look. He was still asleep! Yes! he was asleep, the unhappy one!—he, so prompt, so rapid, so alert! He, whose ear drank in the smallest sounds, discovered their cause, calculated their direction! He slept! He must have undergone, then, some unusually severe fatigue. What! that whistle not awake him, like the baying of the hound the stag in his greenwood lair!

But L'Esperon would soon be there, and should he find Gaspard asleep at the foot of his own house-wall, what would be think?—what do?

"Gaspard! Gaspard!" cried, or rather shrieked, Jeannette.

He instantly awoke.

That voice rang in his ear like one of those inexplicable sounds which pass clear and sonorous through the crash of human voices, fierce cries, or howling tempests. And why? Because it fell not on his outward sense, which, now benumbed by sorrow and fatigue, slept dreamlessly, but on his heart, which ever watched untired, and instantly responded to the appeal.

"Jeannette!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet, and before he saw her; "Jeannette!" he repeated, throwing around him a look of confused but unspeakable joy. "Ah, it is you, madam?" he said, on perceiving her.

Jeannette answered not, neither did she go away. Not that she yet retained a single thought of him in her heart, but because she knew not how to withdraw, how to explain the reason for her calling to him, and why she had now nothing to say.

A third whistle resounded in the distance; Jean L'Esperon was approaching, and Jeannette, raising her eyes to Gaspard, who gazed on her with an air of mournful curiosity.

"You hear, Gaspard?" she said.

"Yes, 'tis your husband, returning from the chase of the Contrabandistas."*

Gaspard's words, and the contemptuous tone in which they were uttered, brought the hot blood to Jeannette's cheek, for the insult addressed to her husband called sad remembrances to her mind, and she replied,

* Smugglers.

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"Yes, the hunter is returning, and will perhaps find at his own house door the game he could not meet with on the mountain."

"No, Jeannette, there is no contrabandista here. Gaspard is at present but a man travelling on the high road, and who had fallen asleep by the way—perhaps a vagabond, whom the gend'arme might arrest, but no douanier's* prey. Jean L'Esperon may arrive as soon as he pleases. I am in no fault."

Those last words struck Jeannette to the heart. Who was in fault if not Gaspard? And for whom, in awakening him, was she really afraid? She spoke not, and Gaspard continued in that tone of insulting raillery which he had adopted since Jeannette's preference of L'Esperon to himself.

"You may believe me," he said, "your husband, the douanier, can seize nothing here—unless it be this merchandise," he added, flourishing his staff, "and, in that case, he had better prepare to sign his procès verbal in blood."

"Your words are cruel," retorted Jeannette coldly; "they are very worthy of you. You would kill my husband in gratitude for my having awakened you, because I was weak enough to fancy you were in danger here."

"Was that the reason, Jeannette?" cried Gaspard, approaching her. "Didst thou do it for my sake?"

"I did it for all our sakes," answered the young woman, struggling to maintain a cold composure. "I have no wish that another misfortune should befall me."

"Befall thee! And what misfortune has occurred? Are your children ill? Have you lost something? But no—no—I know they are well, that you are happy—I know that all your days are spent in pleasant household cares and singing; no, no misfortune has befallen thee."

Jeannette was a woman; she understood in a moment that the man who was so well informed as to the outward show of her life, must, notwithstanding all the bitter past, be yet fondly and devotedly attached to her; but he never comprehended, when she said she feared another misfortune—he never guessed that that first misfortune was her preference of L'Esperon. Gaspard was but a man; he only saw the surface of the life and heart, and Jeannette's imprudent but involuntary words fell on his ear without imparting either hope or consolation. Therefore did Jeannette gently reply to him,

"You are right, but I know how bitterly you two hate each other."

"And why?" asked Gaspard scornfully.

Jeannette blushed again. Her heart was so full of the love she inspired, that her voice almost gave it utterance, in spite of herself, and the answer to Gaspard's question ought to have been,

"He hates you because you love me, and you detest him because I am his wife."

But she contained herself, and resumed,

"Are you not a contrabandista? Is he not a brigadier of the douane? A quarrel might easily spring up between you. You are brave, and terrible in your anger, Gaspard, but Jean is no less brave and passionate."

* Custom-house officer.

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"O, I am not so unjust as to deny it, and when he was as one of us, and lived by a noble and valiant calling, he was the cleverest and most intrepid of us all; we regarded him, and I the first, as our chief."

"I know it," said Jeannette; "and he has left that post for you—is it not so?"

"O, madam," retorted Gaspard, with a bitter laugh, "he has robbed me of another, which liked him better."

"You have always refused to become a douanier," said Jeannette, without heeding the taunt.

"'Tis true," replied Gaspard, with contemptuous anger, "although it was the only way to reach your heart."

"Ah, Gaspard!" said Jeannette. The taunt pained her deeply.

"Do you deny it?" cried the impetuous young man. "Did you not say to me, when going to be married, despite all Jean's love for you—'Gaspard, leave yonr dangerous pursuit, become a man of peace again, and I am yours?' And because I refused, and Jean accepted your terms—because I remained faithful to my comrades, and he betrayed them—did you not prefer, did you not marry him? Speak!"

"I only did my duty, Gaspard. I would fain have seen you lay aside your wild, disordered mode of life, to become an honest man, but you would not. 'Twas not my fault."

Gaspard for a moment remained motionless and mute, and resumed an instant after,

"Neither thine nor mine, Jeannette, but the fault of Monsieur Castel. He it is who preached it in your ears—who made use of you, as he said, to be the happy instrument of bringing back a wanderer into the right way. Curse on his meddling policy, 'twas he sacrificed you."

"Breathe not one word against the curé," cried Jeannette, "he is my only friend."

"'Tis he who has destroyed you, I say."

"'Tis he, at least, who consoles me," was the faint reply.

"Jeannette!" cried Gaspard anew, to whom those words revealed, as with a sunbeam's light, the love and despair that woman's heart contained—"Jeannette!" But at the moment when he was about to seize her hand, a rustle was heard in the bushes near, and a man of about fifty, with white hair, sunburnt complexion, thin and bony frame, and savage eye, appeared before them, and roughly exclaimed,

"What dost thou here, poor love-sick fool? Hast not heard the raven's croak? Last night, when thou didst bid me keep watch above there, because thou hadst some business in the valley, I expected to have met thee again there.

"Semelaïré,"* said Gaspard, coldly, "I have slept in the night air, at the foot of yonder window, and it was on going out of her house that Jeannette awoke me."

"True or not," retorted the old contrabandista—"true or not what you say, that's your affair, and not mine; but what concerns us both

* So is termed, in the patois of the French Pyrennees, the cooper who makes the wine-casks for the vintage. It is a common thing in the south for a man to be only called by the name of his trade.

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is to make off at once. L'Esperon more than suspects; he and his men have been beating about the mountains all night, and are now returning to rest awhile."

"So much the better; they will sleep whilst we are on the alert."

"Not so fast," said the semelaïré; "thy legs are mere pasteboard beside the stag-like limbs of L'Esperon. Why, man, I've seen him walk seventeen hours without stopping, work three whole days without sleeping, and climb the face of rocks you dare not look upon."

"Well, then, let him follow us, if he can, along the way I discovered last night, and the wonder will be if he doesn't leave his legs there, and sleep so sound that he shall never waken more."

"O Gaspard!" cried Jeannette, horror-struck.

"Away! away! here he is," said the semelaïré; and before Gaspard could answer, the two contrabandistas had disappeared behind the house.

Jeannette remained standing before the door of her cottage. Her heart beat wildly in her bosom with the emotion her late interview had caused, and especially from the coarse commentary the old contrabandista had dared to put upon it. She was, so to speak, absent from things present, her thoughts wholly pre-occupied, when her husband stood beside her.

He was a man of about thirty, handsomer, perhaps, than Gaspard, if that is beauty in man which denotes strength and resolution. Tall, well-made, with an austere expression of countenance, he might have served as a model for those personages with violent passions and obstinate wills, who enact the part of fierce but unsuccessful rivals in our modern literature.

But, perfect as he would have been for the plot of a romance or melo-drama, he wanted many essential qualities to ensure the happiness of a woman like Jeannette, one of the sunny south, born with love and joy in the soul, although a pious education had given the pre-eminence there to duty and resignation. The haughty glance of Jean L'Esperon (all felt who saw it) could neither soften itself to prayer or dissolve into a smile; it was fixed and immoveable by its very force. Jean was a good husband, but his grave visage and rude voice did not proclaim it. His wife, his children, feared him, and he was perhaps the only one in the secret of his tenderness for them.

"You heard me, Jeannette, eh?" said he, embracing her.

"Yes, I recognised your signal, and would have run to meet you if—"

"And been frozen with the cold for your pains—nay, even now you are pale as death, and shivering. Come in, the fire is, doubtless, lit; we want it, wench, for I bring you a companion."

"Soho! soho!" cried a voice a few steps off. "Where are you?"

"Here—here," replied Jean.

Instantly a man, whose dress of new green cloth attested that he had but lately taken in hand the dangerous trade of a douanier, made his appearance, looking around him and saying,

"Now, that's very odd! I fancied I saw some one walking on the other side the house, and therefore thought we hadn't reached your home yet."

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"Has any one passed by?" said Jean.

"I have not seen a soul," replied Jeannette, much agitated.

"Yet, by our Lady of Pau," said the douanier, "I would take on me to swear—"

"Swear not, Pierre Crampon," retorted Jean. "You've already sworn twenty times in the course of our march that you saw men when there were only branches of box and holly, and taken the echo of your own footsteps for those of another. You'll find it's more difficult, mon ami, to be a douanier than a corporal of the line, I can tell you."

"That may be," replied Crampon, carefully wiping his musket, which the mountain mists had damped, with his handkerchief, "but what's certain is, that it's impossible for a man to keep the regulation step when clambering up those ladders without spokes, which you call roads; and I own to not having the best head in the world for walking along those narrow shelves of rock, where there's no room to place the left foot beside the right, and vice versâ, for as far as they go. I don't pretend to deny that you've some cursed precipitous spots above there, where one can't deploy in line of battle, and pour in a regular fire of musketry; but, after all, I must say this, that a man like myself, who—" He suddenly stopped, and rapidly bringing his gun to bear upon the point, exclaimed,

"Believe me now or not, as you please, these's some one in those brambles there. I saw them move."

"Where?"

"There, in a line with my barrel."

"Bah!" said Jean, "'tis perhaps an izard, that has strayed in this direction, or come to drink at the spring hard by."

"Are they good to eat?" said Crampon, his gun still cocked.

"Excellent, when well cooked."

"Well, then, the mistress here shall roast us a joint for breakfast."

And, without another word, he fired in the direction he had marked the movement in the bushes. Jeannette uttered a piercing cry, and Crampon, stunned by the fearful roar of his discharge, repeated as it was by a thousand echoes, exclaimed,

"God! what a noise for a single bullet shot! However, I'm sure I hit, and will go and see whether the fellow's killed."

Jean re-entered the house, shrugging his shoulders. Jeannette, pale and trembling, remained on the threshold.

Her husband's voice was now raised, to add to her alarm, as he exclaimed, from the interior of the kitchen, in a severe tone,

"What have you been doing this morning, Jeannette? The fire's not lighted, and no breakfast ready."

"True, true," she submissively hastened to reply; "I was so anxious at not seeing you that—you know I am ever a coward."

"Well, well," said Jean, "I won't scold you this time. Come, light the fire, and don't tremble so. It might be the first night I had passed on the hills. You're very odd this morning. Well! what are you looking for now? Here are the flint and steel—there the

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matches. The vine-branches, eh? Don't you see them close beside you? You might have lost your head."

"It's all owing to that man firing his gun. Hark! he's awoke the children; I hear Paul crying."

"They must get accustomed to the noise; they mayn't unfrequently be awakened so. Go up stairs and dress them."

"At the moment when Jeannette placed her foot on the stair, Crampon re-entered, holding a branch in his hand.

"Well!" said L'Esperon to him, "what have you found?"

"Nothing."

"I thought as much," sneered Jean, blowing the fire.

"But I hit," retorted Crampon, showing the branch; "there's blood upon these leaves."

"Blood!" cried Jeannette.

"Izard's blood?" asked Jean.

"The blood of man, I'll stake my life," replied Crampon.

"What!" cried Jeannette, rising hastily.

"I saw it in a moment, by the print of footmarks, which were all around."

"The footmarks of a man?"

"Not a doubt of it," said Crampon.

"Jean threw a rapid glance towards the staircase. Jeannette had mounted to the bed-room. Just as he was about to follow her, the cottage door opened, and Monsieur Castel, the curé of the place, entered.

On seeing him, Jean respectfully uncovered; Crampon set to cleaning his musket, and Jeannette fell on her knees beside her children's bed.

Monsieur Castel, curé of the small commune of B——, was one of those old men so rarely to be met with in the Pyrennees, the air of whose mountains, keen and piercing, soon wears out life. In that part of la belle France, above all others, are to be met with, at every step the traveller takes, those young and ardent existences which are devoured by their own fire. The breast, inundated by an atmosphere where oxygen predominates, swells and vibrates with the mere pleasure of breathing, until the very abundance of its vitality irritates, injures, and destroys it, amidst dreams of eternal health, and the most smiling hopes for the future; for it is the most desperate symptom of the malady when the patient indulges in bright anticipations and scenes of vague delight. Each day of happiness which the unhappy one promises himself, is a day the less he has to live. Two hours before death he talks of a green old age, and the moment when the delirium caused by his distemper makes him believe in an eternity of life, he expires without the consciousness of his end. Perhaps therein he is less deceived than those who pity him; perhaps he at that moment attains the bright perennial spring he has dreamed of unknown to others, and none can sufficiently fathom the height, and the length, and the breadth of God's wise purposes, to be able to affirm that the hopes he imparts to those he strikes with early death are not an earnest of the reality he has prepared for those that love him.

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Be that as it may, when it so happens that some of those frail and lively existences, which struggle for victory with the air and skies of that southern clime, successfully resist and triumph over both, they become healthy, strong, vigorous; no illness seems to have power to attack them.

Such conquerors are almost always withered, meagre, nervous old men, with skin wrinkled and yellow as parchment; their voice is clear and strong; none of the infirmities which render old age sluggish, wearisome, a burden to itself and others, are known to them; their sleep is short but profound; to them (so to speak) there are more years in life, more hours in the day, than to other men. They double the time allotted by nature to the rest of human kind.

These exceptions are rare, but all have a singular conformity in appearance and habit. Thus Monsieur Castel, like all old men similarly blessed, arose every day at four o'clock in the morning, and retired to rest at midnight. Every day did he leave his house at a very early hour, and saunter forth into the fields, as yet unvisited by the labourer, who, on his later arrival, would take shame to himself on seeing the old man, whose great age would seem to demand a lengthened repose—for Monsieur Castel had nearly reached his ninetieth year—risen before him. But the worthy ecclesiastic had only been curé of the commune of B—— for the last seven or eight years, and it was in the commencement of his ministry there that he used all the influence of his words and austere virtue to bring about Jeannette's marriage with L'Esperon. And why?

Monsieur Castel, come from the interior of the mountains, accustomed to respect and see respected the laws of the land, and hurried on by his zealous nature and priestly office to visit with severest blame every the least appearance of wrong or disorderly conduct—Monsieur Castel, we say, had, from the first moment of his arrival in the commune, preached with ardour against smuggling and smugglers.

In his sight, smuggling and robbery, smugglers and robbers, were one and the same. And it was in the heat of his first pious indignation that he burned to give his flock the lofty example of a young girl preferring an honest citizen, who had re-entered the path of duty and obedience, to him she loved, but who persisted in revolt and misconduct.

Years passed away without either the untiring diligence or fervid eloquence of Monsieur Castel succeeding in effecting any change in the deep-rooted habits of the mountaineers. But, in obedience to the simplest laws of nature, which enact that of two things, placed in continual contact, and submitted to a mutual action, one must swallow up the other, Monsieur Castel, who could not alter the rude habits of his flock, ended by himself being won to their ideas with respect to smuggling.

On seeing honest fathers of a family, respectful sons, men full of piety and good works, engaged in such culpable industry, its very guiltiness was insensibly diminished in his eyes. A crime which harmed no individual in particular, but society in general—whose consequence was not immediately perceptible—a crime that (so to speak) inflicted no open, bleeding wound—that stole directly from none, and

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whose victim it was impossible to name—lost, by degrees, its gravity in the eyes of the venerable curé, and anon he spoke of the guilty, whom he had at first anathematised, with less heat and abhorrence.

Doubtless he felt no share of the public contempt which on all occasions pursued Jean L'Esperon for what was called his treachery; he added not his voice to the universal blame which exiled Jeannette from the friendship of her young companions, for having linked her destiny to that of their common enemy; but when he saw the result he had been the means of obtaining for the one and the other, he pitied them sincerely in the depths of his soul, and deemed himself bound thenceforward to become their constant support, their assiduous guide, their secret consoler.

But little of his watchful kindness did Jean L'Esperon stand in need of. He had never dissembled to himself that the position he had chosen would be one of endless war and enmity. If, perchance, the settled hatred and open contempt which on every side were his, stung him to the quick, the pain he felt only served to irritate him; and it was by becoming more and more rigorous in the exercise of his duties that he revenged the common reprobation of his neighbours.

Nevertheless, an unceasing cause of chagrin was added to those mere passing ones in the breast of L'Esperon. He loved Jeannette—Jeannette was his, had married him, and not a soul could dare to say, at any hour, at any moment, she had failed in tenderness towards, in care of, in devotedness to, her husband; but he was twenty-eight when their hands were joined by Monsieur Castel at the village altar. Before becoming the severe husband of Jeannette, and the active, pitiless brigadier of the douane, he had been the brave and joyous contrabandista, the handsome partner in the dance of every pretty girl, and knew right well what it was to love and be beloved; he had seen more than one young and lovely face covered with happy and confused blushes at his appearance; had surprised more than one furtive glance from bright black eye admiring his fine form, or seeking out his envied notice; had felt all the love which the most indifferent words, when uttered in a voice of emotion, could betray; all the desire of pleasing him contained in the coquettish care to avoid his sight; and he had met with none of all this in Jeannette.

She was full of a holy and tender affection; rejoiced, condoled with him; was anxious about his absence, declared her happiness at his return; but to all these outward signs there wanted an inward sense. Never had he seen in Jeannette's eyes that unspeakable joy which has no other reason for its existence than the internal thought, "I love him!" Never had he discovered in her that pride of affection which delights in dwelling on the object of its love, without other cause for the feeling than the being able to whisper to itself, "He is mine—mine!"

Without having the least reproach to make his wife—without a word, an act, to justify the sentiment—L'Esperon was jealous. He felt he was not loved. Therefore did a pang shoot through him, cruel and terrible, when Crampon, with the bloody branch in his hand, declared that he had seen the footmarks of a man near the house.

The trouble of Jeannette, the unwonted neglect in her household

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cares, the man, of whom a glimpse was caught by Crampon, all struck him at once, and overwhelmed his soul with rage and agony. So, when he saw Monsieur Castel enter, L'Esperon hailed it as a providential interference. A thought so fierce, so furious, had crossed his bewildered brain, that even himself was startled at it, and he accepted with gratitude the obstacle which so opportunely came to place itself between his anger and its object.

The reason is, that in hearts long tormented by the same painful thought, passion has (if we may be allowed the expression) worked its whole way in silence. It has placed itself, in imagination, in every situation to which chance might conduct it; has discussed, on that supposition, the part it would have to take, looked it in the face, and irrevocably resolved upon its execution. Thus, L'Esperon had asked himself, more than once, and without any motive so to do, what would be his conduct did Jeannette betray him, and had answered his own question that he would kill her! So, when the thought that she had played him false flashed upon his mind, he had not to deliberate on what course to take; he had but to be assured of the crime. The chastisement was already decided.

When Monsieur Castel entered, he wore an anxious air. He sat down in the chimney-corner, and asked after the health of Jeannette in a more earnest manner than usual.

"I don't know how she is to-day," answered L'Esperon, abruptly; "I have scarce seen her."

"Something more than ordinary has happened, L'Esperon," resumed Monsieur Castel; "you don't generally receive me thus—you do not usually speak of your wife in that careless manner."

"Ma foi!" retorted L'Esperon; "I speak of her as she deserves; and you are right in saying something more than ordinary has happened: when I returned home this morning, I found her much agitated, and nothing ready in the house."

"Breakfast hadn't even been begun of," added Crampon, hanging his new hat near the fire to get a thorough drying, "and that has vexed the brigadier—he has such a sharp appetite."

"Is that all?" said the curé.

"That or something worse; for——"

"Jeannette is a virtuous wife," interrupted Monsieur Castel.

"Why do you defend her, when I accuse her not?"

"Because I can easily perceive you do so in your heart. Because what has taken place this morning has given rise to most unjust suspicions in your heart, I feel certain."

"Something has taken place, then?" cried Jean, rising, and turning towards the staircase, which led to the bed-room.

Jeannette had descended thence, and was now standing leaning against the banister.

"Yes," she said. "I'll tell you the whole truth, which nothing but a weak fear has prevented me before doing. Dear husband, I confess myself to blame there."

"Well! go on," sternly broke in Jean.

"This morning," she resumed, "on opening my window, I saw a

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man asleep at the foot of our house. I went down to know who it was."

"And it was Gaspard, I'm sure of it," fiercely interrupted L'Esperon.

"Yes," said Jeannette.

"The handsome Gaspard," remarked Crampon; "the ex-lover of Madame L'Esperon, eh?"

"Take care what you say," cried Jean.

"If I have offended you, brigadier, I'm ready to give you every satisfaction."

"Ah!" said L'Esperon, with a gloomy air, "it's not your blood I long to spill."

"And whose then!" exclaimed the curé.

"Look how pale that woman is, and you will know," said Jean; "she has guessed my meaning—she, who loves him yet!"

"I am innocent, Monsieur le Curé; believe me innocent!" cried Jeannette.

"I know it, my child, I know it," answered the old man, placing himself between her and her husband.

"But what were they saying to each other then for two whole hours, for she rose at six o'clock; it was eight when I returned home, and the moment before he was still here, for Crampon saw him running away."

"Hold there a moment, brigadier," interrupted Crampon; "not quite so fast; "all that I said was, I saw a man pass quickly by, but never that it was the handsome Gaspard. Besides, I couldn't, for I don't know him by sight.

"Who has told you it wasn't him?

"And who has told you that it was?" retorted Crampon.

"Besides," said the curé, "Gaspard was not alone when I met him a little distance off; the semelaïré was with him, and Gaspard was endeavouring to staunch a slight wound in his companion's arm.

"There!" said Crampon, with an air of triumph, "didn't I tell you so? It was he, whom the brigadier took for an izard, and whom I was sure I'd hit."

"Just so!" cried a voice, which proceeded from the door of the cottage; "and take care you don't fail to kill him outright next time, or else my word for it he'll not spare you!"

It was the semelaïré. Crampon, on seeing him, darted to the door. The semelaïré withdrew, but the moment when the douanier crossed the threshold, he suddenly stopped, uttered a loud cry, clapped his hand to his head and fell. Every one ran to his assistance; the semelaïré had disappeared.

This incident changed the current of each individual's thoughts, and the douanier was transported into the interior of the house. He was only stunned; the blow which the Semilaïré's staff had dealt him was deadened by his hat.

Crampon returned to himself in a while, but was for some time like a drunken man, incessantly repeating:

"Good! good! Well—very well!"

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When his senses had completely returned, he looked around him; then perceiving the curé, said with a savage smile,

"Curé, you may eat butter with your spinach, for I promise you a burial."

L'Esperon looked at Crampon, and made him a sign to be silent. Then, resuming an air of tranquillity, instantly said,

"If that brave lad hadn't been hurt, I should be almost glad of his accident; it has given me time to reflect. I see I was a fool. 'Tis some affair of contraband they came to arrange here."

"I've no doubt there was some contraband in the case," said Crampon, with a knowing air.

Jean pretended not to have heard him, and resumed:

"I beg your pardon, Jeannette, and yours also, Monsieur le Curé. Wife, go bring the children; we'll all breakfast together.

Jeannette stretched out her hand to her husband, and then went up stairs.

"I am very glad to see you reconciled again," said Monsieur Castel; "for united hearts are especially necessary in a household, when bad news arrives."

"What bad news?" asked Jeannette, who at that moment appeared with her children.

"Can there be any bad news to fear?" said L'Esperon, with an air of happiness that was not usual to him, "when a man has such a wife and children as mine?"

"And it is to them especially that the news would prove bad, should the case occur."

"What is the matter?" said L'Esperon.

"A new law," answered the curé.

"To suppress the douaniers?" demanded Crampon.

"No; but an enactment, to the effect* that if one of them be wounded in the exercise of his functions, and do not die of his hurts within the space of twenty days, he is not to have any pension, even though he should be thereby disabled from future service."

"Capital! capital!" cried Crampon. "What a charming effect that will have!"

"What other, think you," said L'Esperon, "save to disgust honest men with an employment so ill recompensed?"

"The consequence will be," answered Crampon, "at least such is the effect upon myself, that when one's face to face with a contrabandista, one 'll slay him at once out of hand, for fear of being wounded oneself."

"You're right," said Esperon, unthinkingly; "'tis the only way of dealing with those gallants."

"What gallants?" asked Crampon in surprise.

"Psha! I meant contrabandistas." L'Esperon hastened to reply.

"How can you entertain such thoughts?" said Monsieur Castel.

"Ma foi! Monsieur Curé; they come in spite of myself."

"You wish to wage a deadly war with the contrabandistas, I see."

"And if I do, so much the better," said L'Esperon; "for should

* A fact.

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I be slain, or mortally wounded, at least my widow and children would be entitled to a pension."

The curé seemed embarrassed, and resumed:

"No doubt; but nevertheless on condition that death takes place within the twenty days."

"O!" said the brigadier, with an air suddenly grown serious, "that is abominable! Deprive a wife of a pension because her husband does not die fast enough! It's sufficient to make one give up the place; and were I quite sure of it, I'd——"

"O!" cried Jeannette, "that you would do so!"

L'Esperon regarded her fixedly, and continued:

"No, no—it's not the time yet—we'll see, we'll see."

The breakfast was by this time ready, but just as it was about to be placed on the table, a knock was heard at the door; a messenger brought a letter for L'Esperon—it bore the seal of the Douane, and on the brigadier reading it, an angry flush covered his cheeks.

"Ah!" he cried, "such is ever the way superiors treat you; you may kill yourself in their service, and these are the thanks they send!"

"What's the matter?" asked the curé.

"The superior is always jealous of the inferior," remarked Crampon; "I'd a serjeant of that sort, and on leaving the regiment, I just quietly knocked him down with his own halberd, in return for his past tyranny."

"Well!" said L'Esperon, "one's no better treated in the service of the Douane. Complaints are made that the night before last three mules, loaded with tobacco, crossed the frontier through our want of watchfulness. At the same time this letter informs me a convoy holds itself in readiness at the Spanish village of C——, and will be attempting to pass every moment."

"Who'll be its guide?" asked Crampon.

"The semelaïré, probably."

"Good—very good. To a 'de profundis' chanted in your best style, curé," added the douanier, tossing off a glass of wine. "And will Gaspard be there?"

"I know not," said L'Esperon, looking away; "but come, make haste—we must fix our plans; I'll walk a part of the way with you."

The breakfast was finished in silence; as soon as it was over, the two douaniers took their arms and went forth.

Jeannette, left alone with the curé, related to him the scene which took place that morning between herself and Gaspard; and the love her heart yet retained was so plainly visible in the course of the sad recital, that the old man constantly raised his eyes to heaven, with a look of sad repentance for what he had done.

Meanwhile L'Esperon held the following conversation with Crampon:

"You wish to kill the semelaïré?"

"Yes."

"Well! I wish to kill Gaspard."

"Done."

"As we are forbidden to fire, unless compelled, it would be dangerous to attempt the business all alone."

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"You think so!"

"Now, I have a proposal to make."

"What is it?"

"That we should take our posts together; and then, if you catch a glimpse of the semelaïré, fire at once, shoot him like a dog; I'll take my oath he attacked you."

"Good—very good; and if you fall in with Gaspard, you shall knock him off like a sparrow; and I'll swear before the magistrates that he set upon you first."

"A bargain!"

"A bargain!"

"Now, go you to the station, and say we shall want fifteen men for to night; meantime, I'll endeavour to find out the route by which they intend to pass.

"And how can you tell it? Do they leave any marks?"

"They'll mark ten different ones to deceive us, but they forget I was once one of themselves. Gaspard is not in this canton for nothing. He has perhaps discovered a passage, which I used formerly to keep for myself. If so, we have him and the semelaïré fast."

"I accept the augury," said Crampon, with an elegant wave of the hand.

In another moment they had separated. Crampon went towards the village of B——, and L'Esperon plunged into the receses of the mountain.

The evening of that day a body of douaniers were clambering up the face of the rocky height, that immediately faced the house of L'Esperon; when they had reached about two-thirds of the perilous ascent, Jean disposed his men so as to keep watch over all the ways leading from Spain into France, and strictly enjoined them not to quit their posts on any pretext, even should they hear the sound of an engagement; the reason he gave for which was, that it often happened the contrabandistas would drive a mule or two in a certain direction, laden with articles of little value; and whilst they were seized amidst a resistance adroitly calculated to draw all the watchers together, the real bulk of the smuggled goods was safely conveyed over other and undefended passes.

After L'Esperon had seen that all was right in that part, he continued the ascent with Crampon, and when he had reached the summit of the mountain, struck rapidly down to the left, and through bushes of briars and holly descended half way down a deep gorge, buried as it were in the heights that on all sides commanded it. At its foot flowed a torrent of roaring but shallow water; yet the huge and uneven masses of stone that formed its bed, seemed to render it incredible that any one would use it as a passage; and the side of the hill was so steep, that it was with difficulty Crampon could keep on his feet, and he oftener slid along on his heels than descended.

The moon had risen, and shed an inanimate and motionless light on the wildly romantic scene. For it must be confessed, for the benefit of those who only dream of the "bonny leddy" moon as depicted in the vagaries of the genus irratibile vatum, her light is neither soft nor mild, but falls direct and shadowless. She defines

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the outline of objects within her sphere with a harsh and Holbein-like fidelity, and unlike the sun, whose rays break in rebounding, like diamonds splintered into a thousand fragments, each brilliant as the original whole, are scattered, penetrate, and enlighten everywhere even to the shade; hers is a light that falls, and sleeps where it has fallen.

At the moment when L'Esperon and Crampon reached the place where they were to take their stand, the moon had not mounted to the summit of heaven's vault, and her radiance penetrated not into the black depths of the ravine. The spot where the two douaniers posted themselves, was no other than a small cavern hollowed out of the side of the hill; a kind of esplanade, a few feet wide, stretched out in face of it, and might serve for a resting-place at need; but the unaccustomed eyes of Crampon saw not that on the right hand and the left wound a path, that was scarce a foot broad, and covered with moss; he perceived not that the place where he stood could be reached in any other way than as he and his companion had done, namely, through bush and briar, and making use of hands and knees.

Scarcely were they upon the esplanade aforesaid, than L'Esperon darted rapidly into the cavern, making Crampon a sign to follow him; but he, little accustomed to the majestic spectacle that lay beneath his gaze, remained for an instant standing on the narrow shelf, and contemplating with eager admiration the savage gorge below; and it was only at L'Esperon's pressing request that he at length concealed himself by his side.

"Blunderer that you are," whispered the brigadier to him, "you've perhaps ruined all. The contrabandistas would instantly retreat, or change their route, should they have only caught the glitter of your musket, or the motion of your shadow. At this hour all things are still upon the mountain save man, and if he is not a contrabandista, he must be a douanier."

"The remark is just," replied Crampon; "but as I saw nothing move above or below, that resembled a human being, I can't imagine how I could be discovered."

"See you not that the moon's light falls full upon us, whilst the other side and the ravine beneath are in obscurity? I tell you they must ere this have begun their march: do like me, and you will doubtless hear the iron shoes of the mules resounding on the flint stones of the torrent."

They bent low down with their ears to the ground, but no perceptible noise reached the sense of either, and L'Esperon added as he arose:

"They are further on than I thought. They have descended the hill opposite, passed the torrent, and the convoy is probably now making its way along the narrow strip of sand which borders its bed. That's lucky for us, for they couldn't catch a glimpse of us from thence. For the rest, they'll need a good half-hour yet to reach the bottom of the ascent which conducts hither; and still another hour to come up with us, so wrap the pan of your gun carefully, lest the powder get damped, and draw your sabre, for should your shot fail, you'll not have time to clap your hand upon its hilt before you'll feel

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the blow of a quarter-staff on your scull; and you know what they are already."

"Good—very good!" said Crampon, as he obeyed the instructions of L'Esperon; and then sat down beside him on the ground.

"But, tell me," he resumed, "how are you so certain they'll pass this way?"

"Because I recognised the usual signals; a branch broken in a peculiar way, two wisps of straw placed in the form of a cross upon one another; a stone plucked from the moss that covered it, and which shows that the hand of man has passed by there; a thousand other such slight marks, which might lie a hundred times in your path unheeded, have informed me, without the possibility of doubt, the route they intend to follow, without even a momentary digression.

"But does not he who has found out the way serve as guide to the convoy?" asked Crampon; "and consequently himself show them the route they are to take? Why then is it necessary to mark it?"

"That's often the case, no doubt; but a contrabandista may, through some accident, be out of the way; and as the smuggled goods must not be endangered by his absence, another takes his place, and follows the prescribed route as confidently as if he were the original discoverer, so well are they accustomed to their marks of recognition."

As they were discoursing thus, L'Esperon suddenly bent his ear to the earth, and exclaimed in a hurried whisper to Crampon,

"They're at this moment engaged in the ascent, yet ten minutes and they are irrevocably lost."

"Did you not say just now it would take an hour to reach here?"

"Undoubtedly; but once entered the narrow pathway that skirts the side of the hill, the convoy must either pass in front of us, or fall into the torrent, for there's not an inch of room to turn a mule round; and unless some demon snatch it up in his claws, and lift it in air to place its tail where its head was, the train must march forward or come to a stand still. That's the reason why I took possession of this spot, the only one where they could make an evolution.

Crampon in his turn glued his ear to the soil, and much less acute as it was from want of exercise in catching sounds than that of L'Esperon, he distinctly heard the low, dull, tramp of the mules on the ground, covered though it was with moss.

"Good, very good!" said he; "see, the moon is shining in unclouded splendor; and although I would rather take my aim in open day, I gage that I recognise my man, for all he left me so little time to remember his features in.

L'Esperon replied in a yet lower whisper than before:

"Dost imagine they'll let you see their face, or hear their voice? No, by the holy cross! All that you can catch a glimpse of, will be features black as night; and should any sound reach your ears, 'twill only be the echo of the blows you deal or else receive. But it is time we keep strict silence; listen but to this last caution: should it be the semelaïré who appears first, I'll drop the butt-end of my musket to the ground, and you may expedite him at your ease;

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should it be Gaspard, I'll clap my gun to my shoulder, and you must let me work my will."

Crampon nodded his head in token of assent, and both remained motionless and completely silent.

As L'Esperon had foreseen, an hour passed away before the convoy arrived sufficiently near for them to show themselves. Jean, attentively listening to the sound of their march, only restrained the impatience of Crampon, by telling him every now and then with remarkable accuracy the exact distance it was off. At length, when it was scarce five-and-twenty steps at most from the cavern, L'Esperon cocked his musket, and made signs to Crampon to do the like; then placed his sabre, drawn, in his belt, and both rushed forth at the same instant, and appeared upon the esplanade.

At the cry of "Qui vive!" which they loudly shouted, the convoy was suddenly stopped; the two men who were at its head spoke rapidly and in a low voice together: they were Gaspard and the semelaïré. Great was their present risk and responsibility; either were they to gain a handsome sum, or lose all they possessed, for they had engaged to convey the goods safely for a premium of £18 per cent., and that once paid, they were responsible for the value of the merchandise.

As L'Esperon had foreseen, it was impossible to turn the convoy back, and therefore it must either pass by dint of main force, and it was their life the contrabandistas staked against their fortune, or be seized and precipitated into the torrent, and then their ruin would be accomplished. Their decision was not long in being come to, for their determination had doubtless been taken beforehand; at the same instant both men disappeared, the one at the right, the other the left-hand of the narrow pathway; Gaspard by letting himself slip down the steep descent, as though he had plunged into the bowels of the earth, the semelaïré by darting upwards, and disappearing in the thick bushes of prickly bramble.

L'Esperon kept his gun ready cocked, and pointed in the direction of Gaspard, and signed to Crampon to keep guard over the upper portion of the ascent, as there his enemy might be expected; both attentively marked the movement of the bushes and copsewood clothing the hill-side, but all was still under the range of L'Esperon, whilst in that of Crampon a great and increasing agitation was to be seen. The latter, his eye fixed on the moving branches, followed them with the barrel of his piece, ready to fire the moment he perceived an object for his aim.

In effect, the rustling of the branches indicated the rapid course of the semelaïré; and Crampon, seeing the bushes on the edge of the esplanade move violently to and fro, as though the contrabandists were about to spring forth,—Crampon, we say, clapped his piece to his shoulder, pointed it in that direction, and at the instant catching a glimpse of what resembled a man's head, took a rapid but cool aim, and fired. The object, whatever it was, disappeared; L'Esperon exclaimed, "Too soon!" and the semelaïré appeared standing in the pathway, staff in hand, and unhurt.

The fact was, the contrabandista, knowing the inexperienced man

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with whom he had to deal, when within seven or eight feet of the esplanade, had shaken the bushes with his staff, as though he were contriving to climb the steep ascent. His stratagem succeeded, and Crampon, on seeing the small earthen cruse, which the semelaïré had fastened to its tip, fancied it to be his enemy's head, distant therefrom the whole length of his arm, and staff of six feet long.

Crampon was taken by surprise at his failure; but being a man of resolution and coolness, threw away his gun, seized his sabre, and advanced to meet the semelaïré.

That step destroyed him. In the narrow pathway he placed himself between the contrabandista and L'Esperon, so as to render it an impossibility for the latter to give him any assistance.

Then commenced between the douanier and his enemy a mortal combat, confined to a space of a few feet long, and scarce one wide. If on his part the former lay under some disadvantage from the shortness of his sabre, the latter was equally so from the length of his staff; for if the douanier might be reached by the contrabandista without being able to touch him in return, on the other hand the semelaïré had not room, from the hill rising almost perpendicularly beside him, to wield his weapon with ease.

However, the struggle began; Crampon parried adroitly enough the first few blows that were aimed at him, catching them on the point of his sabre; L'Esperon meanwhile, his hand on the trigger of his gun, first threw a rapid and earnest glance over the place where he had seen Gaspard disappear, and then on the field of battle. Crampon was advancing step by step; he had driven the contrabandista back upon the head of the first mule of the convoy; yet another instant, and he had him within the sweep of his blade, and the semelaïré's staff would be of little avail to him, when a blow of that terrible weapon, falling on the douanier's wrist, forced him to drop his sabre; and he had scarce stooped down to pick it up, when a second on the head brought him to his knees. That movement uncovered the semelaïré, to whom his enemy had hitherto served as a buckler, and L'Esperon presented his piece at him, in order to save his unlucky comrade, on the point of being finished by a third blow of the tremendous staff. He fired, and the ball entered the contrabandista's breast, who fell, but in his fall fastening on Crampon, dragged him, along with himself, to certain death. Both rolled headlong down the hill, and disappeared in the torrent.

Rapid as was the movement of L'Esperon, he had not time to throw his gun away, and pluck his sabre from his belt, before a blow from the staff of Gaspard, who had glided unperceived behind him like a serpent, caught him above the knee, and felled him in his turn; his thigh was fractured, and the douanier remained extended on the extreme edge of the esplanade, without power to move.

The pathway was now free for the passage of the convoy, and in effect it swept past the wounded and now impotent brigadier; men and beasts defiled in silence, whilst Gaspard, standing besides L'Esperon, watched him with an attentive eye. The least movement, the slightest cry, on the part of the douanier, and his rival's staff had brained him as he lay, or foot hurled his unresisting body into the

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abyss. L'Esperon knew it well: he moved not, and was silent, though enduring an agony of torture, for his heart was filled with one of those intense hatreds which, instead of yielding to the mortification and impatience of the moment so as to throw away life, silently await a future time to take a bitter and a deep revenge.

When the whole convoy had passed, Gaspard, whose face was smeared with black, and whose flashing eyes were alone seen to glare in the moon's cold light, remained for a moment alone with L'Esperon. Probably he agitated within himself whether he should rid his path of that man, who had robbed him of all life's happiness; but a sentiment of pity, doubtless not addressed to its immediate object, induced him at length to retire without a single word being exchanged between them. * * * * *

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* * Eight days afterwards, L'Esperon lay sick in bed. Night was come; an overpowering weakness chained him to his couch, for that very morning he had undergone a terrible operation: they had been obliged to amputate him at the thigh. His children were asleep in their crib; 'tis the happy privilege of their age to hush all their sorrows in repose, and in infancy even tears induce "tired nature's sweet restorer, blessed sleep!" Jeannette stood at the foot of her husband's bed; Monsieur Castel was at its head. Profound silence reigned in the sick chamber. The young woman and the old man, those two sad watchers, dared not even exchange a look.

At this moment a slight tap at the outer door roused them from the almost stupor into which they had sunk. Monsieur Castel made a sign to Jeannette to go and open, for it could only be a tardy visit from the physician. Jeannette obeyed, and beheld——Gaspard!

The surprise of L'Esperon's wife was so great, that she could not suppress the cry of astonishment which the sight of the contrabandista snatched from her lips.

The sound made Monsieur Castel start, and awoke L'Esperon from a troubled doze.

In measure as the other senses of a dying man are excited, when his eyes are covered with a premature veil, his chill, damp, hands retain no feeling, his ear still catches sounds, yea better than it has ever done before. Thus, despite the care Jeannette took to lower her voice in speaking to Gaspard, who answered her in like manner, L'Esperon lost not one word that was uttered in the chamber below.

"You here!" said Jeannette, "you, who have assassinated my husband! you, who have deprived me of his love so thoroughly, that for eight days past I have not heard a word of tenderness or pity for me fall from his lips! Hence! hence!"

"I have not assassinated your husband," replied Gaspard; 'twas in pity to you I killed him not on the mountain; and yet had I known what would be the event, I had done it at the risk of my head falling on the scaffold, so as not to have left you an impotent husband, a burden and not a support. Listen, Jeannette! I have just heard of the new law which has been enacted, and that condemns you and your children to want, should your husband escape death, or not die within twenty days."

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"Whatever happens," said Jeannette, "God will aid me, if not man."

"Well!" answered Gaspard, "there is a man, a friend, who will never abandon you. I am he. Lo! here is gold I have amassed in the pursuit, for remaining in which you have deserted me so cruelly; 'twill serve to maintain the children of him you preferred to myself."

Speaking thus, Gaspard placed a bag on a table near, and would have gone forth; but Jeannette darted between him and the door, and said in holy indignation,

"Take back your gold! See you not it is all stained with my husband's blood?"

"I will do no such thing," replied Gaspard, crossing his arms, "but calmly wait here until your husband calls for you above, and then leave your cottage."

"Well then!" resumed Jeannette, "I'll throw it in the high road, and God grant the hand of him who picks it up be not burnt by the contact!"

Gaspard arrested the arm of the wife of L'Esperon, as she was about to fulfil her high-souled declaration, and said in a voice the most supplicating,

"You only think of yourself, unhappy woman, you forget your children. Know you not that L'Esperon has slain old Semelaïré, the honestest and best man in the country? Already you and your husband both are the object of every one's hatred, but now you have help or pity to expect from none. That you are bold enough to endure cold and hunger without shrinking, I do not doubt; but your children, Jeannette, your poor children, will be asking you for bread, and have it not!"

It was too much—the wife, the woman, had withstood his words, but the mother melted!

"Alas! alas! my children!" murmured Jeannette, hiding her face in her hands, whilst agonised sobs resounded even to the ears of L'Esperon.

A moment's silence now took place in the room on the ground floor; and L'Esperon, who had drunk in the whole foregoing conversation with a gloomy air and greedy ear, said to the venerable curé,

"Is it really true that the law is as you told me the other day, and as Gaspard now says it is?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the curé; "but I trust it will not be too rigidly enforced."

"Whatever happens," resumed L'Esperon, "I know a way of saving my wife and children from want. Will you oblige me, Monsieur le Curé, by going down to tell Jeannette so; and let her hesitate no longer between the gold of that man and the fear he has inspired her with for our children's future support."

Monsieur Castel left the chamber. At sight of him, all her courage returned to the unhappy mother. She seized the bag of gold, and threw it out of the cottage.

"Hence with you now!" she said to Gaspard; "behold the only protector, whose assistance I will ask, should God be pleased to take away my husband."

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" And whilst I live, that assistance shall never fail you," said the curé; " and although I am very old, I trust that God will grant me yet to live long enough for Jean to recover, regain his strength, and realise the project which is to save you all from want."

The curé had hardly finished speaking, and Gaspard scarce gone forth, after saying to Jeannette, " Beware! this is he who caused your first misfortune!" than that project was already accomplished.

When, after having closed the door of the house, Jeannette and the curé ascended to the chamber of L'Esperon, a stream of blood flowed along the floor—the bed was inundated with gore; both darted towards the patient, and snatched off the clothes, to see the reason why the hemorrhage had so quickly and so abundantly soaked through the bandages placed on the wound. But there were none, L'Esperon had torn them off; and when the curé cried, in a voice of deep affliction,

" " Unhappy man, what have you done?"

The dying one replied in a faint tone,

" Saved my wife and children, for I shall die within the time prescribed by the law.

A few minutes after he expired!

IRISH SONG.

SWEET BALLINATRAY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Bright isle of my heart! we must sever;
The ship is afloat on its way
That bears me, alas! and for ever,
From thee and sweet Ballinatray.
In the moonlight, as lovely before me
The land of my boyhood is spread,
Wild visions of fancy come o'er me,
And bring back the years that are fled.

I inhale the sweet breeze from the mountain,
O'er which in my childhood I stray'd;
I drink once again at the fountain,
Round which with my brothers I play'd;
They sleep, by their green laurels shaded;
They live not, like me, to deplore
The home by the stranger invaded,—
The land I shall visit no more.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "HISTORICAL REVERIES."

CHAPTER XVII.—*continued.*

Hocheim, Oct. 15.

At the moment I was relating to you, a few weeks ago, all that was said and felt amongst us, though unwilling myself to believe it, I received, in few words, confirmation of all these disastrous events, by an order from the prince, couched in these terms:

"Messieurs Denis, Prévost, de Nexon, and de R . . . . will set out instantly to go with all speed to Mayence; they will endeavour to throw themselves into the place, and will inform the Elector that they are sent by me to contribute to its defence.

(Signed) LOUIS JOSEPH DE BOURBON."

Ten minutes after reading this order, written in very great haste, on a little scrap of paper, with the prince's own hand, we mounted all four in a post-carriage to hurry to Mayence, and offer, as French artillery-officers, any small help our talents could give, to one of the German sovereign princes, an ally of Royalist France.

It had occurred to the Prince of Condé, fearing that the republican general Custine, who had just gained possession of Spires, might also turn his course towards Mayence, and endeavour to render himself master of that fortress, the true key of the empire,—to offer, in aid of its defence, the only means in his power at the distance at which he was.

My three comrades were better informed and much older in the service than myself; one of them, a lieutenant-colonel, having fought in the seven-years' war. We travelled night and day, not without meeting many hindrances from the disturbed state of the country, its inhabitants being at hostilities with the Austrians, and, at the little town of Offembourg being detained several hours in the middle of the night, much against our will, by the officer in command there, under pretence that the French were marching upon the place, and upon arriving at Mayence, found, that though the enemy had not yet appeared before its walls, all was in motion to prepare for its defence. Some of the inhabitants appeared annoyed to see us; we were stopped rudely at the gates of the city, (the streets of which were thronged with armed citizens, hurrying up and down, and dragging cannon to the ramparts,) a slight tumult was raised under pretext of our being French, and we should even have been in some danger if I had not

[1] Continued from vol. xxxix. p. 103.

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drawn upon all my resources in knowledge of German, which I am constantly replenishing from my little grammar. After many words, I at length got so far as to obtain consent that we should be conducted, under an escort, and in our vehicle, to the residence of the officer in command of the place; where we did not arrive, however, without being surrounded by a great concourse of people. I got down first, as being the youngest, and also as best qualified to serve as interpreter to our little caravan; happily, the officer understood French; he quickly entered into my explanations, harangued the populace, and had us conducted to the palace of the Elector, where the members of the government were then sitting.

The Elector had left the palace, and we addressed ourselves to the governor, who appeared very much surprised to see us. Our leader having communicated to him the order of which we were bearers, he appeared sensible of the attention on the part of the Prince of Condé towards his sovereign, and assured us he would let him know of it the following day; adding, that he would now immediately assemble a council to confer with the magistrates of the town and the military commanders on the means of employing us.

We retired into a salon to wait the result of this deliberation, and were invited to dine at the palace with the leaders of the administration, which we agreed to do; but we remarked in the conversation of all these gentlemen a great deal of embarrassment and indecision, and particularly a very great degree of uneasiness from the danger of their position, seeing, as they said, the very small means they possessed of offering any resistance to the French.

Immediately after dinner they took us on one side to inform us that, great as might be the advantage they had reason to expect from our assistance in organizing the artillery and defending the city, they could not just at present assign us any function, without first acquainting the inhabitants with what was about to be done; as these latter would not see without uneasiness their dearest interests confided to French officers, if pains were not taken to explain to them the purity of our intentions; that the singularity of recent events had excited so great a ferment among the people, that great skill was necessary in managing them, especially with regard to anything that related to supplying any want in the garrison; that at present there were only troops in it to the amount of eleven hundred, but that they were waiting the arrival of more; that the noise which our arrival had made in the morning rendered certain measures necessary, that we might be treated with all the consideration which was our due; and that they begged we would not take this delay amiss, as they should hope, after to-morrow, to be able to put our devotion to the cause to the test.

We represented that if our services were agreeable, we were anxious to set about, as soon as possible, an examination of the artillery of the place; because, considering the certainty of the enemy's approach, not an instant was to be lost in making preparations.

They agreed with us in this; but, an hour after this explanation, they called our superior officer to let him know that upon reflection they found it would be best we should not sleep in the city; that they

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proposed conducting us to a house belonging to the Elector, in the village of Hocheim, three leagues distance; and that they begged we would not object to go and establish ourselves there, until the moment should arrive in which they could request our return, which would be before long.

Strange and pusillanimous as this measure appeared to us, we could add nothing to what we had just said, and confined ourselves to repeating that it was the Prince of Condé who had sent us, and that we should think ourselves wanting to him if we did not punctually follow any orders and instructions given us either by the Elector or those who represented him.

Our own secret belief was, that what was dreaded the most, was the presence of four individuals whose eyes would be penetrating enough to be a check upon certain persons friendly to revolution, in any perfidy they might wish to act.

It was now announced to us that the carriage which would convey us to Hocheim was in the courtyard, and four horses which we found harnessed to it soon brought us to this village. Here we have been four days, at a house of the Elector's, where we daily carry on our preparing our provisions just as if we were with the army, and the governor very punctually sends us the gazettes, marking out the position of the enemy, who have not stirred since our departure, and appear to be waiting for reinforcements.

We have already written twice to the governor himself, the Baron de Guimnich, to know more positively what he means to do with us, but he replied both times in an evasive manner, and we are still waiting further orders; a most singular position to be in, and a shameful loss of time, which looks as if some cowardly purpose lay behind it,—since with the slightest disposition to do so, it would have been easy within the last week to make preparations that would have very probably arrested the progress of the enemy, while some Austrian battalions might have been demanded to strengthen the hands of the garrison. Reflections such as these are the constant subjects of our conversation.

Hanau, Oct. 21.

We are *in flight*, my dear father! disgraceful and painful it is to have to say so! but listen to what I have to tell you.

Yesterday, at six in the morning, loitering idly in my bed, in the midst of the little village of Hocheim, I was aroused from my royalist reveries by a loud report of cannon, followed by a second, and a third, and then many more. I darted from my couch and sprang to the window, whence I saw distinctly the smoke of a number of guns pointed against the ramparts of Mayence, and that of the cannon of the town replying to them; as a bird flies, the distance was about half a league, and I had not the slightest doubt the town was attacked; I hurried to dress, and while doing so, the deputy mayor burst into my chamber, exclaiming in German, "The French are arrived! That bodes no good to *you!* You must be off directly!"

I ran to my comrades, whom I found sleeping profoundly; they started from their beds to come and judge for themselves of what I

told them, and after a few words of deliberation as to what we ought to do, we agreed to write again to the governor to remind him that there we were, waiting his directions, whether to throw ourselves into Mayence, or to retire to a distance if he had no intention of making use of us. We added that it appeared probable the place would soon be entirely invested, so that it would be impossible for us to gain entrance if our recal thither were deferred; whilst any delay in the event of their declining our services would increase the difficulty of our rejoining the Prince of Condé. In fact, we already saw the French hussars scouring the country on the left bank of the Mein, the boats however having all been drawn over to the right bank, on which lies the village of Hocheim, in the tongue of land formed by the Rhine and the Mein, near the mouth of the latter river.

The *schultz* of the place immediately despatched an estafette with our letter to Mayence; but the express returned an hour after to tell us that he had not been able to get into the town, as the bridge of boats had just been drawn back to the further side. This threw us into the greatest perplexity, as we could not resolve to go without a positive refusal in writing of our offers of service; when, happily, the passing of a battalion of troops belonging to the Circles, on its way to Mayence to reinforce the garrison, furnished us with the means of getting ourselves out of our difficulty. The officers having told the mayor they were sure of getting into the place, as, if the usual bridge were not restored, a flying one would be thrown across to facilitate their entrance, we profited by this to make our letter reach the governor, and two hours after received an answer from him couched in the following terms.

"I know not, gentlemen, how it can have happened that you did not receive yesterday the brief line I addressed to you, to announce to you the enemy's approach, and to beg you would not further prolong your stay at Hocheim; we find ourselves in a position so deplorable that we have everything to fear; do not, therefore, lose an instant in making your way to a distance, if you have not already started; for we should be extremely distressed to know you were longer in so dangerous a situation.

"Accept our grateful acknowledgments.

"THE BARON DE GUIMNICH."

No sooner had we read this than we took the road to Frankfort, our hearts full of a thousand forebodings, all of the darkest kind. At midnight we reached the gate of that city, and were refused entrance, no doubt because we were emigrants, already the marked sheep, especially in the eyes of the magistrates of free cities, who have little love for the defenders of royalty. It was in vain to present our passports given by the prince, which had been hitherto respected; we were not allowed to enter even for a few hours' rest in the first inn, and to inquire our way—we could not continue our road along the bank of the Rhine, as the enemy were occupying parts of the shore, so, to avoid falling into the hands of the republican wretches, who would have shown us no greater favour than the guillotine, we were obliged to take the longer route by Hanau, making a very great circuit.

Mahlberg, Oct. 24th.

I have just left the Prince of Condé, after presenting myself to him with my comrades to render him an account of our errand.

He informed us of the entry of the French into Mayence, which took place on the 21st, the day after our departure. We had suspected this would happen, and the melancholy countenance of the prince lightened up at the sight of us, for, having learnt the taking of the city by Custine, he feared we must have fallen into his power.

After hearing this piece of news, as disastrous to Germany as it is to the French monarchy, we were told others still more deplorable; amongst them that of the disbanding the army of the king's brothers and that of the Duke of Bourbon, while that of Condé is in daily expectation of the same fate. What, then, is to become of these five-and-twenty thousand Frenchmen, exiles from their country! many of them without a crown in their purses, and with not even a hope of obtaining any regard from strangers, who refuse to comprehend the justice of their cause! And this great enterprise, the expenditure it has made necessary, the sacrifices of every kind offered as holocausts to royalty, even to the widow's last farthing spent in equipping her child to serve his king—all, all are to be swallowed up in the abyss of the revolution, without having done the slightest good to our unhappy country!

I fear, my dear father, we are as far from penetrating the intrigues that govern the cabinets of Europe as we are those of the Jacobins!

Why are not kings like those brave Swiss, who have just shown the world a soldier's duty is to die at his post rather than yield? Accept our tears of gratitude, moral and simple people! admirable in your homes, honourable among strangers! a day will come, doubt it not, when our history shall transmit from age to age the glorious end of your fellow-countrymen, dying for our king upon his palace-steps!

Will a day come when men will believe that that virtuous monarch's assailants were rebel subjects and native soldiers? And we, Frenchmen too, and our hearts full with the love of our country, cannot be allowed even to shed our blood for the safety of our monarch's house! O revolution, how hast thou humbled us! And you, my father! what is likely to become of you in that France where the slaughter of our kindred is the order of the day? Ah me! were one alone upon earth, misfortune would be more supportable.

The frightful recital of the horrors of the tenth of August has been succeeded by a frightful detail of the sublime death of the victims of the second of September. It is a consolation that the heart can feed upon such grand examples of courage and of virtue. Alas! if we too are to be disarmed, and condemned to bend our necks to the axe of the executioner, let us hope that we shall die the death of Christians! Adieu! adieu!

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"Who sadly told the slow revolving years,
* * * *
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
Their destined triumphs and their glad return?"

HERR.

Villengen, Nov. 15, 1792.

My dear father—In resuming my discourse with you, I must begin by telling you that the corps under the orders of the Prince of Condé has not yet gone down amid the political shipwreck the emigrants have just endured. Our general, whose solicitude for his companions in misfortune is like that of a father for his children, has just obtained an order that the supply of bread and forage furnished to the emigrant nobles by the emperor during the campaign shall be continued, and that the soldiers receiving pay shall have the same wages as the Austrians. For many months he has furnished their pay himself, as well as supplying out of his own funds the necessities of many of the nobles, but his resources are so far exhausted, that this expense is now out of his power.

In a very touching letter he made this known to them; and it was amidst these mournful prognostics that we were cheered by the arrival among us of the Dukes of Bourbon and d'Enghein, and the Princess Louise, on whose account their father had been suffering great anxiety, as he had been separated from them, and unable to obtain any news of them, ever since the grand catastrophe of the disbanding of the royal armies and the invasion of the Low Countries by the republicans. He clasped them tenderly in his arms, then, leading them into the salon to which the nobles were hurrying to welcome them, he exclaimed, "Here they are!" for he knew how ardently we had been longing to have them once more with us. Their return had been delayed by the great circuit it was necessary to make in order to reach us, and the short stages, needful on account of their horses, which might not have been recovered had they left any of them behind on the road.

The Prince of Condé and his son live together in so close an intimacy, that any one who saw them might suppose them two brothers, in the middling ranks of society, and strongly attached to each other, for they usually appear arm-in-arm, and there is no great apparent disproportion in their ages.

The whole corps of the Prince of Condé is established for winter quarters in Suabia, in the midst of the Black Forest. The artillery are still so fortunate as to be fixed at head-quarters, in the little town of Villengen, the situation of which is singular, being in a platform on the mountain-heights, not very far from the source of the Danube. It is a perfect Siberia; the severity of the climate does not allow even corn to be cultivated; all the surrounding country consists of nothing but woods and prairies; and for several days past all these vast tracts have been so covered with snow, that nothing but sledges are made use of, a state of things which is not likely to come to an end, they tell us, till the return of spring, but to which one soon accustoms one's

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self, upon seeing how little the inhabitants care about it. There is, however, one among the attendant circumstances of which many of our comrades tell us, and which certainly cannot be very agreeable to support. In some of the retired spots, in the depth of the ravines, or at the summits of the hills, where many of them are lodged for their winter quarters, the dead are sometimes kept for whole months, until the roads become practicable, and the ground sufficiently cleared from the snow to allow of burying them. It is even said that, in this case, they hang them in the chimney to prevent putrefaction. As I have not yet *seen* the thing, I must not vouch for it; nevertheless, I fully believe in its truth; for, in fact, how *should* they carry a heavy burden from a solitary hut to a distant church, having in their way to cross icy slopes and deep ravines, in the midst of gusts of snow, and exposed to avalanches like one which all but swallowed me up in travelling by sledge from Oppenau to the little town of Fraedenstal, on the crest of the hills? At furthest, if in Egypt it is the custom to embalm bodies to preserve them, why in the Black Forest should they not smoke or even salt them? since the object is the same, with the slight exception of their being in one case intended to last only for a few months, in the other for ages. I recommend you, however, my dear father, not to relate this to my little cousins, as, if they ever come to travel in the Black Forest, they will never dare to sleep in a room without a chimney-board.

A fact more positive, and to us extremely singular, is to see all the inhabitants of the country round Villengen, those who frequent the markets, or who come in on Sundays to mass, arrive on sledges, loaded with their provisions, and carrying, as well as themselves, their wives, who are very well dressed: these sledges they pile up in the middle of the market-place, before leading their horses to the stables; and the feet of these latter are so well secured with irons, and they trot with such sure-footedness along even the slippery descents, that the most timid, after the first few steps, can feel no fear, as they may be said never to come down.

Twice a day, also, you see the young girls of the town drive their cows to drink at the public fountains: it is the only moment in the day when these poor animals breathe the open air during six months of the year; and the consequence is, their hoofs are so long, that they have the greatest difficulty to perform that short journey.

The good peasants, and other inhabitants of the Black Forest, are very pleasing in their aspect, notwithstanding its air of gravity; they appear so happy and easy in their circumstances, so gentle and simple in their manners. They make little use of any but *wooden* candles, at least in the country, however well off they may be; a slender splinter of wood, about two feet in length, being fixed into a split iron, pretty much like those used by our peasantry to hold their candles made of resin; and this they carry about in their hands from one room to another, and even into barns and sheds, without any concern at the danger of setting them on fire. These long *allumettes* are obliged to be continually replaced by fresh ones, which burn faster or more slowly, according as they are held more or less inclined; and this task

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is generally the charge of the younger daughters of the family, to whom it finds occupation enough for all the evening, especially when they do not so far economise these rustic tapers as to use up the *ends* of them.

Fancy a tolerably tall man, with a rather cold physiognomy, a felt hat, with a broad brim, worsted stockings, without boots, a scarlet waistcoat, with white metal buttons, over the waistcoat a great leather belt, and over the belt another waistcoat, over that a long and ample coat, which *can* be, and often is, buttoned up before and behind, leather breeches, and his hands in his pockets, and you will have an idea of the *tournure* of an inhabitant of Suabia.

These people use a great deal of milk, consume but little bread, even where soup and broth carry the day; their drink is beer, and a little white wine, of a very moderate quality, from vineyards on the Rhine and the Necker. We, while lodging amongst them, fare as they do, and do not find it at all amiss, so easy is it to habituate oneself to anything; while the mind finds an infinite variety of objects to awake its interest in their character, costume, and ways of life, the excellence of their morals, the number of children in each family, the household prayer, and the grace recited by the father at every meal.

There is something very touching, too, in their feeling for the dead: on a Sunday you see men and women scattered in all directions over a churchyard, kneeling each at the foot of some cross, of simple wood or of richly wrought iron, that marks the grave of some member of a family; many of them weeping, and all praying in humble fervency, undisturbed by the confused noise and bustle of the neighbourhood. Slips of box, and other evergreen trees, everlasting-flowers and marigolds, are reared by their hands on each little spot of earth, the last dwelling-place of some being who was so dear. Here they come to offer up their supplications to God, in the firm hope that *one* day, on the same spot, others will honour their dust.

All that is admirable in these Germans, the construction of their houses, built of wood, and thatched with straw, and the quantity of furniture they contain, afford me subjects of continual reflection; for alas! we were in France much too far removed from such a state of things! and there are many among us who would ever thankfully consent to spend the remainder of their lives thus, if it be decreed by Providence that we should never return to our native land.

As for the *stores* here, I am not joking when I assure you that they are a kind of small *houses*, often of many stories, built up of pottery-ware at the corner of each apartment; they only need a few windows to be made in them to give each the appearance of a small habitation in which several men might stand, sit, or lie. The rooms themselves are very large; I share, with fifteen of my comrades, one which is immense, in the old convent, which the emperor Joseph has had changed into a barrack, and in which we have each of us nothing but a little couch, with a mattrass and a solitary coverlid; but wood being very abundant in this country, we are supplied with it in plenty, and each of us takes it in turn to rise very early and light the fire.

Another use of this sort of edifice, approaching nearer to the mar-

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vellous, has entered our heads within the last few days; I think none but Frenchmen and emigrants would have thought of employing their time in such things; but, like children whose masters are preparing for them greater tasks, we amuse ourselves in all manner of ways in the interval. We have amongst us excellent cooks! *that* is incontestable! and, tired of the eternal boiled meat which we see for ever appearing after our soup, these latter conceived the idea of making into pasties, slices of the goats and stags certain intrepid hunters had slain, no doubt in the memory of their favourite passion and their ancient rights, in the neighbouring forests. The infringement or non-infringement of legal or proprietary jurisdictions, are questions not to be dived into here; *I* have done nothing more than follow at a very respectful distance; but what is very certain is, that you would be overcome with laughter, if you found yourself about to ascend or descend the stone staircase of our barrack, at the moment when our soldier-nobles, those whose turn it is, are occupied in the preparatory labour attendant upon these baked dishes. After having well washed the centre of each of these stairs—hollowed out by the feet of so many a monk—these intrepid swordsmen, in this hour of their repose, employ the blades of their sabres in chopping up upon these steps morsels of venison. There are then mixed up with them, lard, fat, and various other sorts of seasoning, all made to amalgamate by unremitted labour, in the performance of which the chief gourmands relieve one another; and, when at the point of perfection, all this mixture is walled up in an enormous earthen jar, the orifice of which is sealed up with the crumb of our black bread; which done, there is a rush to deposit it in the very centre of the stove, which, having been lighted ever since the morning, answers perfectly to an oven. I leave you to imagine the exquisite odour which this chef d'œuvre of military cookery diffuses through this abode of honourable misfortune. Alas! life would pass there gaily enough, if the detention of our king and the situation of our kindred were not weighing upon our hearts!

Villengen, Dec. 1792.

A carriage arrived yesterday evening at Villengen, just as night was coming on, and we were assembling as usual in the prince's saloon. Everything, even the passing through of the humblest stranger, is an *event* in this little town; for nobody comes thither unless business brings them. The apparition of this carriage at the door of the inn in which the prince is lodged, was sufficient to put us all in motion; the emigrants are inquisitive, and often gossips, which is natural enough, considering they have nothing to do; and many even yet flatter themselves they may hear of the arrival of a counter-revolution, persuaded that Providence will bring it about some day. We saw descend from the carriage a tall young man, of an agreeable countenance, robed in a pelisse; he appeared to us a foreigner, as did every one in his suite. He passed through the midst of our circle, inquiring for the prince, and proceeding immediately to his presence. *Here* was subject for reflection! Five minutes after, he returned to the top of the staircase, with one of the prince's gentlemen, to tell some one in his suite, in a language I did not understand, to take out

what was in the carriage. The first things laid hold of for this purpose were some very small bags, of which we heard it mysteriously whispered, "they are gold." Good heavens! how heavy they are; two men can hardly lift them! it takes four to get them up the staircase! Finding ourselves mixed with the prince's servants in the narrow entrance, we lent a hand to get them up the first flight; and then re-entered the saloon, with our minds full of what we had just seen, and impatient to know more. "Patience!" I said to my comrades; "the prince never delays long communicating to his friends any good news he receives!" and in fact, at the moment I was speaking, the prince appeared, preceded by the Duke of Richelieu, whom he presented to the nobles surrounding him as an envoy from the great northern power; adding, that he was commissioned by the empress to say how much she was affected by our misfortunes. The party accompanying him were Russians, and come from Petersburgh, Catherine being unwilling to see the French nobles die of hunger, for the Prince of Condé had laid our situation before her, while the Duke of Richelieu, one of a race recalling such glorious memories, and who was known to have served with great distinction under the Russian banner against the Ottomans, had had a part in the negotiation which followed. Condé at least wished to attribute to him the merit of it in our eyes, which he as modestly declined, replying, "It was the voice of your highness alone which excited the empress's interest; it is most flattering for me to have been employed in a mission so honourable."

We looked upon the Richelieu with enthusiasm, and retired with hearts full of gratitude towards Condé, our adopted father; but the morning a little tempered the joy with which that night we were rebuilding castles in France; for this communication, sent by Catherine II. to the Prince of Condé, accredits the report which has been long in circulation; and we are utterly cast down to learn, that this empress offers to the Prince of Condé and his companions in arms, an asylum in her territories, in case the French nobles, victims of their fidelity to their king, should find no hope of returning to their own country.

If this step is great and generous on her part, it presents so dismal a prospect to *us*, that we had rather let ourselves be put to death in France, than accept such an offer.

And the bags of gold that we helped to lift yesterday, contained, they say, the money destined for the expenses of the journey from the Black Forest to the Sea of Azof! Well, if we must *freeze*, or if we must *fast*, we shall only cry to heaven for redress the more.

Villengen, Dec. 1792.

I know not why it is, my dear father, but I often fancy to myself the thoughts I am tracing to you on paper are to reach you within a few days after, as if communication were open between us. It is a sweet illusion, and often helps to inspire me with fortitude for enduring this cruel separation. Again then, to-day, I set about as usual giving you the most trivial details, which I would so much rather I were telling you by word of mouth. Alas! perhaps I never, never may!

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My money is all but exhausted; that is to say, I have only about a hundred francs left, and my watch, which I am endeavouring to sell; but that is difficult enough, at any price. One of my comrades, a Breton noble, has pretended a wish to buy it; but I found him out, and prefer letting it go for eighty francs to a German who has offered me that, rather than take six louis for it from a friend who may soon want them himself, and have nowhere to turn for such a sum. I cannot help wondering how what I had at Worms can have lasted me thus far; yet, at the rate of expense at which we are now living, what I have will last me six months more. Every other day we receive a ration of not bad bread, the only kind of *pay* I have accepted any share of at present. I have left our barrack, which was really too noisy—it was not even possible to write to you; and we have settled ourselves, one of my comrades and myself, with some good Germans, who find us in board and lodging for eleven kreutzers a day, or about eight sous and a liard (fourpence farthing) of our money. For this we have every day, at noon, some soup, a morsel of boiled meat, and a dish of vegetables; and in the evening I make my supper upon a small basin of skimmed milk, which costs me three liards, (farthings,) and in which I sop my bread; and then we retire to rest, each of us in a bed in which we every now and then find ourselves swimming between two mountains of feathers. So do not think too much about me, my dear father, for you see I might be worse off than I am—and indeed bodily wants are nothing—it is the heart that needs relief! Yours is, no doubt, struggling like mine now, with the presages of coming crime.

Villengen, February, 1793.

He is, then, *no more!*—that virtuous monarch, Louis XVI., is gone! I have but just left the church of Villengen, where the prince gathered together his soldiers round the altar, to celebrate there the obsequies of the king, assassinated with all the forms of revolutionary rage!

Our chieftain could ill command his voice in addressing us; and our tears fell fast upon the pavement of the simple edifice where were met the assembled nobles of a banished monarchy.

"You know, gentlemen," he concluded, "that, in France, the king dies never! May heaven preserve from every danger that surrounds him that precious and interesting child, who, born for our happiness, knows of life nothing but its misery! The king is dead, gentlemen, the king is dead!—but, long live the king!"

And all who listened, almost ere they could stifle their sobs, repeated with a shout that cry so national and so full of feeling, "*Vive le Roi!*" which the people of another land, among whom we stood, caught up and re-echoed.

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THE MESMERIST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

He stands before a gathered throng, strange knowledge to unfold,
Charming the dazzled fancy like the fairy-tales of old;
Yet must he brook the idle jest, the cold and doubting sneer,
He hath no beaten path to tread, no practised course to steer.

The wondrous science that he strives to bring to life and light,
Is softly, faintly, breaking from the misty shades of night,
And scoffing Prejudice upbraids the pure and genial ray,
Because it doth not burst at once to bright and beaming day.

He tells the healing benefits that through this power arise,
How sweet and soothing sleep may seal the weary mourner's eyes,
How raging madness may be checked, how sufferers may obtain
The boon of deep oblivion through the keenest throbs of pain.

Anon he dwells on loftier themes, and shows how Mind may claim
An empire independent of the still and slumbering frame;
Can ye doubt the proofs, ye careless throng, submitted to your view?
Can ye hold them in derision because yet untried and new?

Know that improvements ever wend a tardy course on earth,
And though Wisdom's mighty goddess gained perfection at her birth,
Her children reach by slow degrees the vigour of their prime,
For the wisdom of this lower world requires the growth of time.

None wish ye on the statements of a single voice to rest,
The marvels ye have witnessed ye are *urged* to prove and test;
Survey them in their varied forms,—inquire—observe—inspect—
Watch—meditate—compare—delay—do all things but neglect!

If ye bear in mind the lessons that to-day ye have been taught,
Ye need not lack materials for intense and stirring thought,
And my simple lay can little aid an orator's discourse,
So gifted with the energy of intellectual force.

But I ask ye, if your cherished ones sharp anguish should endure,
Which the stated arts of medicine had in vain essayed to cure,
Would it not grieve you to reflect ye *might* those pangs allay,
But that jestingly and mockingly ye cast the means away?

Mistake me not—I prize not aught, however great or wise,
If held not in subjection to the God who rules the skies;
To me all knowledge would be poor, all splendour would be dim,
All boons unsafe, all joys untrue, unless derived from Him.

And if eagerly this wondrous power I witness and approve,
It is because I know no bounds to Heaven's amazing love,
And I cannot by the pedant rules of critic caution scan
The depth of those exhaustless gifts His mercy pours on man.

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THE BROTHER AND SISTER.[1]

CHAPTER VII.

"Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts."

SHAKSPEARE.

"REALLY, Gustavus, I am far too stupidly inclined to join the archery meeting at the Desmonds; it will be quite large enough without me. Ladies can always be spared, and if you and Mr. Tellis go in the carriage, you can call for Mr. Grey as you pass, and I know he wants a conveyance."

"Absurdity altogether, dear Janet; they will think it so strange you should not go, and I told Grey last night he might have the miller's pony, if he likes."

"Schutz is a most sensible adviser," said Tellis, briskly tapping his egg, as the trio were seated at breakfast, and some of the party, at least, were to go directly after to this long-talked-of archery meeting; "I think it should be put to the vote; and the master of the mansion always has two votes, one and the casting; and Deborah shall have one vote, and your humble servant one; so, even if you have one at all, which, you know, is never admissible, you will be in the minority. Now to the ballot—what say you, Schutz?"

"Why, if I had a hundred votes, they should all go the same way. You know, Janet, I wish you to go!"

"Now hear your brother, Miss Schutz; and I think, though I believe it is wrong to remind ladies of past speeches—I think I heard you say, 'I always do what my brother wishes!'"

"Very well done, Tellis; so she did, and she can't go from her word. So never mind us, Janet; do go and put on something more befitting the gay scene."

"What must not sisters do to please their brothers?" said Janet, laughing, and Gustavus threw himself back in his chair to reach her for a brotherly salute.

"There is my own Janet. Now make haste, for Tellis has made it so late—"

"Pray, my friend, let the cap sit on the right head. I had been trying all the arrows in the quiver ere I heard the hummy, drummy croaking of your toilet song, for I was just under your window."

"Never mind, Tellis; Janet scolds so for such late hours, that, now the door is shut, I am ready to let you clap the cap on."

Gustavus began to muse to himself whether or no Tellis having expressed a wish she would go, had any influence on Janet, and so he remained silent by eating.

"I am glad your sister is going to join us, after all, Schutz; I was afraid she would not; (Tellis felt that Schutz was scanning his coun-

[1] Continued from p. 166.

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tenance,) for I thought, old fellow, as I am to remain behind with the Desmonds, you would have a dull drive back."

"Not thinking of her at all, only me," said Gustavus to himself.

"O, I forgot we were to lose you, Tellis. When do you mean to come again? Will you come back this way from the Desmonds?"

"Can't say at all—all depends on so many circumstances when I can come back again."

The breakfast ended, the little open carriage came to the door, and Janet was handed in by her brother, with many approving speeches on her dress and appearance; and then a very approving look from Tellis, seated in front, who turned round to take a glance, which seemed to say, "You do look quite as nice as your brother says, if I might say so."

"The parasol, Schutz, is forgotten."

"O, your parasol, Janet! Run up, Deborah—do, my good body," (for the privileged old nurse had come to see them off).

"No, stay, stay, Deborah; never mind it at all; I think I must have left it in the summer-house; I could not find it. Don't stop for it."

"Here, Schutz, take the reins!" and Tellis was half over the bowling-green, to seek the lost parasol.

"Like an arrow from a bow, Janet—look there! Certainly something in it," said he to himself, trying with his whip to reach a beautiful white foxglove.

"O, spare my foxglove, Gussy."

"There it comes!" said Gustavus, as Tellis held it up to show it was found. He handed it to Janet as he jumped in.

"Come, now—all ready!—off she goes!" and away whisked the trio to the scene of the day's amusement.

The party was very large, the grounds very beautiful, the day very fine; and as those days intended to be devoted to amusement frequently end in some contradiction or another, this day's journal would deserve a gold frame; for every one seemed cheerful and pleased with themselves, and, still more, with each other! Many pleasant beginnings seemed rapidly coming to endings; amongst the rest, that of Isabel Berners and Gustavus Shutz—for she too was a guest of the Desmonds. The pretty "sayings and doings" I leave for better journalists than I am; suffice it to say, all seemed to prosper, and when the time came to depart, and Gustavus again took the reins, he seemed particularly smiling, hardly able to refrain from that more vulgar expression of opinion, a broad grin! Tellis had had his amusement at his friend's expense with him as usual, and seeing his friend Schutz more than usually occupied with Miss Berners, he had, of course, found it necessary to give more of his company to Miss Schutz, though he himself thought, "She seems quite as well pleased to walk about with Miss Desmonds and Miss Greys as with me;" and sometimes he wished, apparently, that she looked more grave and thoughtful when he was not by; however, he handed her into the carriage, thanked her for his pleasant visit at the rectory, and said, "In less than six weeks, I hope I may be permitted to return." Janet smilingly assented. "What more could she do?" said Tellis—

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"She said no more, than, in civility, she must," and he turned round to walk from the remaining group rather than join them. He would have been glad to hear Janet's first words to her brother—"I am so glad I went! what a very agreeable day we have had!" Gustavus readily agreed with her, none can doubt.

When the brother and sister were arrived at home, Gustavus at length broke the long silence which they had fallen into after having discussed the day over.

"Janet, would you ever like to have a sister, as well as a brother, to love you, Janet?"

Janet sprung to his side in an instant.

"Yes, Gussy, and that sister Isabel Berners."

"O, the truth is out, then, is it? But it shall never be, unless you heartily wish to have this new inmate in our house."

Janet speedily assured him of her wishes, and told him what was more than he knew, and a comfort indeed to his heart, what his mother had wished; and so, ere they went to their rooms, it was all agreed between the two that so it should be.

"Shall you go to the Desmonds, and see Isabel, to-morrow, Gussy? or, better still, shall I ask her here?"

"O no, certainly; neither, dear Janet; the first I could not stand—and how do you know that she will accept my proposal at all?—and to have her here will then be so very awkward, you know! No, let her return on Wednesday, as she says, home, and, when she gets back, she shall find a letter greeting her, and if we are to be so happy as to get her to come and be *ours*, Janet, then we will e'en speed down to Glastonbury. You can stay with the Penriths, and I will on to see my Isabel, if so it may be."

The ensuing days passed over in a sort of bewilderment of the ideas of both Gustavus and his sister. He tried in vain by indirect questions to find out if she surmised anything from the attentions of Tellis; or if it should be so, would it be her wish? Equally fruitless was his attempt to discover if Tellis made any allusion to his wishes.

"I shall want that hearty, good-natured fellow Tellis here again, Janet, *if* it is to be."

"Not here, dear Gussy, at Glastonbury. You won't want Mr. Tellis for the honeymoon!" said she, laughing.

"O, I forgot it will not be here, *if* it is to be. Did Tellis say nothing about coming again after his visit to the Desmonds?"

"He said something about being here again in less than six weeks."

He did, thought Gustavus; he did not tell me so, he did not know, and circumstances—it certainly must be something.

"In six weeks! that will be a pity, Janet, if it *is* to be, we shall hardly be here in six weeks."

"Then he can come at some other time," said Janet, "when it suits Mr. and Mrs. Schutz."

Janet suddenly stopped, for the first mention of that name now grated on her ear, and Gustavus felt it too, but he instantly turned it to something about "the married couple will not surprise him though," and he told her of all the badinage of Tellis.

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When Janet left him for the night, (for though wrapped up in his own happy prospects, still he was as ever warmly interested in Janet,) he continued his meditations. "When it suits, he can come. I really think she neither cares about Tellis, nor meditates leaving me at all—that will be far the best to my mind, if she really does not wish it. Poor Tellis, though, I think it will be a great disappointment there—but then why should he not try? Why?—very disagreeable, to be sure, if Janet really does not care for him. I do wonder if either of them wish it at all? I think not,—then, truly, I shall be quite happy."

The answer arrived from Glastonbury, and was as favourable as they could desire: but Janet proposed a change in the plan,—that Gustavus should go without her altogether this time; when the important affair took place then she would go, and be present at the ceremony, and remain behind with the Penriths a day or so, and then return to the rectory to receive them. This did not quite meet with the approbation of Gustavus, as he wished for her company; but as she seemed to prefer it, it was agreed he should go by the morning's mail. In the evening, a ring at the gate announced a visitor, and to the surprise of Gustavus, who was alone in the parlour at the moment, he heard the voice of Tellis speaking to Deborah.

"What, Tellis, my good fellow, I thought you were miles off."

"Miles off! did you not ask me to call on my return from the Desmonds? I could not tell you then, for I knew not how long I was expected to stay, but before you left, if you had not been so taken up with the brilliancy of your lamp, Schutz, you should have heard my intentions."

In one burst of pleasure, Tellis was made acquainted with all the movements in progress, and the what had been, was, and was to be. He warmly congratulated his friend, and was for once impatient to depart, "lest he should be in the way."

"That cannot, shall never be, Tellis; and now in the morning you shall go on with me, as you cannot stay behind, you know. Come, now, you may also congratulate my sister Janet."

"On what?" said Tellis quickly.

"On *what?* why on my intended marriage, sir!"

Tellis, deeply colouring at his own stupidity, laughed, and said, "O, I could not think at the instant—I imagined Miss Schutz too meditated a change of prospects also."

"Ah," said Gustavus, "that would sadly mar our anticipated pleasure in always having her here, for Isabel depends upon it as much as myself."

"Is it fair, Schutz, you and Miss Berners should keep all the good people to yourselves? I think"—but Tellis felt he was on quaking ground, and thought it better to desist.

"What were you thinking? whether Janet would still like the rectory? Oh, I hope she would."

"Why should she not?" said Tellis, "you will both do all you can to make it as agreeable as ever; and as Miss Schutz you say meditates no change, of course she will like this arrangement."

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"I do not think I said so much as *that*,"—(and again Tellis seemed to find he had got into an awkward corner in his attempt, may be, to find out if she did or did not,)—"I never heard my sister speak of anything of the kind, Tellis, so I am in ignorance there. Here she comes, but we will not ask her that just at present."

"No, I should think not," said Tellis, in much confusion at the idea of some new scrape; however he got up, and went to meet her, and all awkwardness was lost in friendly greetings and well-timed congratulations, about new relationships; and the evening passed off merrily and cheerfully.

In the morning the two friends departed by the mail, and directly Janet commenced making such plans and arrangements as she thought, if her brother approved of, would best suit for the future. She had talked of giving up her room, but that Gustavus would not hear of; so then she thought of converting her mother's little dressing-room into a room for herself, and in her brother's absence removing such things of her's and her mother's into it, as would be better there, and make room for her sister-in-law's things, without giving her mother's the appearance of being discarded. She felt this fortnight would be fully occupied, and so it proved.

Gustavus could not but approve on his return, but still he felt more at that instant, perhaps, the reality of the great change, than he had done before, and he began to think, will it be quite the same to dear Janet? but Isabel said it should be, and he was satisfied. He, too, busily joined his sister in putting all in order, and in less than three weeks they both set out for Glastonbury, to their kind friends the Penriths, who always received them with almost parental fondness.

The memorable day at length arrived, and Janet and Gustavus went with the Penriths to Mr. Berners, who was a gentleman of considerable property, residing not far from Glastonbury. Mr. Tellis and a few other friends also joined their party. They all met in the drawing-room of Mrs. Berners, who, with her husband and daughters, warmly greeted Gustavus and Janet, and seemed to have peculiar pleasure in presenting them to a large assembly of relatives and friends, as their new relations. The bride looked as all brides are said to do, "lovely," the bridesmaids all smiles, the bridegroom peculiarly happy. Having proceeded to the village church, the ceremony passed over as such do,—a sort of fox's birthday, rain and sunshine, smiles and tears.

Janet and Gustavus had had their farewell greetings over ere they left Dr. Penrith's, for though they were to meet again in three weeks, both now felt it would not be exactly as heretofore; though both rejoiced in this happy event. Janet returned to the Penriths after the breakfast, and the new-married pair had left for Tenby. All the others dispersed, excepting Mr. Tellis, who dined and drank tea with the Penriths, intending to return to his own bachelor home on the morrow; he felt more than even Janet and Gustavus had allowed themselves to think—"There goes much of the real happiness of poor Miss Schutz in life—I wish she were married too!"

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CHAPTER VIII.

" O joyful hour, when, to our longing home,
The long expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, 'They come, they come!'
And hope's impatience quickened every eye!
Never had man whom Heaven would heap with bliss,
More glad return, more happy home than this."

SOUTHEY.

Nothing could exceed the kind and warm welcome Janet gave the happy pair on their return, and it was warmly returned by Isabel and Gustavus. All the household vied in their endeavours to make it a day of congratulation, and the neighbours and parishioners also added theirs. The bells rung merrily as they drove to the rectory.

" Even," said Gustavus, tossing over a number of letters awaiting his return, and throwing an open one to Isabel—" even Tellis gives us a welcome home too, Isabel; and all sorts of friendly messages in it for you too, dear Janet."

A succession of visitors and visiting employed the first few weeks, and then Janet volunteered a visit to the Desmonds; thinking thus, Isabel would best fall into her own plans and arrangements. Gustavus, as usual, could hardly consent to her going, but as she said she " really did wish it," he proposed to Isabel they should drive her over, which was readily acceeded to; and for about six weeks Janet made one visit follow another, which was her original intention, though not expressed to the others, lest they might object. All was smiling at the rectory, but still Gustavus felt greatly the absence of Janet; at first Isabel warmly joined him, but at length she quieted him by saying, " Why should he wish it, as Janet seemed to like it better than remaining at the rectory?" This was not what Gustavus liked to meditate on, if it really should be so; but Janet at length returned his same own dear sister, and he was happy, more happy, than he thought it was quite necessary to express in words, lest it should betray that he thought she would not like it so well as she used to do.

Mrs. Schutz had all the requirements to make a lady of a house agreeable to all around her; she had lived much in society, and took her place as mistress of the house with all the feeling as if she had long been used to it. She told Janet she was sorry if she had inconvenienced herself, by removing the things that used to stand in such and such places; but added, " It was very thoughtful and kind, for I have so many presents of furniture, I shall be quite at a loss where to put them; and, Janet, you may remove the cabinet piano too, if you like it, to your own room, for I think it, you must allow, rather jingling; and I will replace it by a new one. I should like a grand one, but they take so much room, and the room is so small, and my harp takes up so much room."

Janet gladly consented to make room for the dear old cabinet piano in her mother's dressing-room, now her own little sitting-room. When Gustavus heard of its intended removal, he said, " Is it jingling? I used to think it always sounded very sweet. I own I like old friends. Won't it do to sing to, Isabel?"

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"Oh! if you wish it, of course; but I think it is past, a little; but it can remain."

"Suppose you spend the 90*l.*, your uncle's gift, on building a greenhouse!" said Gustavus.

"I am afraid I should never find time to attend to it now, dear Gustavus; married life is so different from single."

"But Janet will," said Gustavus; "and we shall have such beautiful flowers."

"Just as you like, Gustavus," said Isabel, very coldly.

"O! I was only proposing: you know I am not a judge of an instrument, and they do wear out. I am no judge—sing like a raven, Janet, don't I?"

Janet smiled.

"Why, you always say so; I cannot think, Gustavus," said Mrs. Schutz, "I am sure this morning, whilst you were dressing, I heard you, and thought how fine a voice you would have had, if you had only been properly taught."

"We always gave Gussy credit for having it *in* him," said Janet, laughing, "but not for knowing how to bring it out!"

"I can't tell what others may think, you sing quite well enough to please me, Gustavus, and that is all you will wish now; and I will give you lessons—we must practise together, I think."

"Certainly; if you are pleased, Isabel, I am."

But Gustavus thought, probably, this would be a novelty for him to take singing lessons! It was long ere the furniture could be quite settled to Mrs. Schutz's mind. Some she found Gustavus bent on retaining, she did not like at all.

"Janet, there is our dear mother's chair," said she; "for had she been living now, she would have been mine also; you would like that; I wanted you to have that."

"No, I thank you, dear Isabel," said Janet, "I do not wish to remove it, for that I think Gustavus would not like."

"So it seems, Janet, for I asked him to-day, and he seemed more decided than I ever saw him about anything; but, Janet, suppose you proposed quite a new cover of chintz; never mind hiding the purple leather, a leather-covered chair looks so incongruous in a drawing-room."

"It did belong to our old library, and so did mamma's table."

"Well, Janet, if you will propose the cover, Gustavus might fancy he likes it, for it seems to me you have brought him up rather to have no opinions of his own, or not to express them. I think it quite a pity, it looks so childish. Did you ask him to let the chair remain—was it a wish of yours?"

"Mine!" said Janet; "We never spoke of it at all: Gustavus put it there for our dear mother before we came; and I observed since—since,"—and she rather hesitated; "I observe now, he has generally sat himself in it, instead of the little chair he used to sit in at the side."

"Will you propose the chintz cover, dear Janet? I don't like to say any more about it, lest, to please me, he should do what he does not like."

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"I will tell him what you wish, if you like it," said Janet.

"No, never mind—perhaps it is best left alone; and when he sees it look so uncouth amongst the rest, he may propose it himself, for he has remarkably good taste; he quite admired the chintz *I* selected more than all the others in the shop."

Janet was glad to be spared saying anything about it.

When Gustavus and Janet were alone, before dinner was ready, after glancing around the room, and seeing several things had departed, and others changed places, and amongst the rest a curious inlaid West India cabinet, a gift to his little Janet from her father, the day she was christened, and which his mother had placed in this room opposite the window, as she said it looked so well in the full light, Gustavus suddenly turned round.

"Dear Janet, do you like all these new vagaries we have got? if you don't, I wish you would say so, for I am sure Isabel is always telling me, her first wish is to please you, and you should at least have a vote in these matters."

"Really, dear Gussy, I like to see you and Isabel so busy, and so happy; and what you like, I will like."

"Yes, I know your accommodating sweet temper, Janet; but you know you should speak what your opinion is, for Isabel does not know why you have a particular affection for this piece of furniture, or that; or why you should like this to remain here, because our dear mother put it here, or there. Now do you know it would make me quite—what shall I say—*outrageous!*—to have my mother's chair out of the room, or looking anything but as she used it; and Isabel was going to move it; but the moment she found I seemed to wish it to stay, she entered so pleasantly into it, and said her only wish to remove it was, that she might be sometimes sitting in it, and it might make me think of the Mrs. Schutz who once sat there, my valued mother; but I told her it never would painfully remind me of her, for I love to think about her."

Janet mused thoughtfully; but the announcement of dinner, and Isabel entering, made the trio again enter cheerfully into other topics.

Months passed away with increasing happiness to Gustavus and Isabel; and Janet entered into all she could of their plans and arrangements; but to Janet certainly a change was spread over the rectory. Janet keenly taxed herself; was it in herself, did she feel dissatisfied and gloomy? she could hardly find out there was anything to reproach herself with, but she would try to feel more cheerful than she had of late. Isabel was most marked and kind and pointed in her daily attentions to Janet; she neglected no opportunity of treating her with all the civility that could be paid to a much-valued guest; but Janet felt this of itself was a restraint, both on Isabel and herself. Gustavus—dear, affectionate, warm-hearted Gustavus—remained unaltered, but he felt and he grieved Janet was changed; she was getting reserved, and uncommunicative, especially in anything that concerned home or herself. Isabel seemed to find her no companion at all, and such friends as they used to be, each wishing to have the opinion of the other. He was vexed to see it, could not imagine why; at last he said one day, after asking her opinion about some trifling thing as

they walked together in the garden, "Dear Janet, why should you, when I ask your opinion, always seem to have none—'Yes, if you like—just as you think—what Isabel says will do very well.' I would far rather you would say, 'I don't like it at all,' it is so very unlike my old Janet; and I am quite certain my Isabel would feel the advantage of your opinion, if you would let us have it."

(Could Gustavus have really seen Isabel's heart, this would have been the last speech he would have made, so certainly.)

"Don't I do so, Gussy?—What do you mean?" said she, wishing to avoid an answer if she could; and, abruptly turning her head round, she said, "I never see a tall white foxglove, but it puts me in mind of the archery meeting, Gussy; I had such a beauty then, and you tried to decapitate it with your whip."

"Ah! the day Tellis ran so speedily down for your parasol!"

For the present, at least, thought Janet, I am released from answering any more puzzling questions; for as Isabel does not like it, I do not know what to say, and I really will try not to be alone with my dear Gussy.

ON A PORTRAIT

TAKEN IN EARLY LIFE.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

Lift not that veil! it shrouds a face
As fair as aught that earth can show;
Each line with ripe voluptuous grace,
Like roses newly blown, doth glow.

Full many a year hath passed away,
Since loving hands those features drew;
Now age hath turned the hair to gray,
And dimm'd the eye's bewitching blue.

The locks that hung in golden sheen,
O'er swan-like neck and breast of snow;
Ah! who could e'er have then foreseen,
That they would blanch with early woe?

Those ruby lips that half disclose,
Teeth fair as pearls, could ne'er upbraid;
And cheeks whose damask shames the rose,
Whoe'er could dream that they would fade?

Gaze not! though time perchance hath cast
A beauty time alone can give,
O'er lineaments that long have past,
Yet gazing we might wish to live?

No loving eyes could bear to trace,
In forms beloved time's ruthless tale;
And mark how age each gentle grace
Hath turned to blight! lift not that veil!

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THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.[1]

CHAPTER XXI.—*continued.*

But little leisure had the English maiden at this tide to note or inquire touching such matters; for her companion, tarrying but to set down her lamp in a shaded nook, stepped hastily across the court to another small wicket-door, which opening as readily as all the rest by means of a key she carried, they went out thereat, and were straightway standing on the fresh greensward, with nought but the clear heaven and bright stars above them.

They paced on quickly and in silence beneath the tower-wall; but when they were got beyond its shade, May Avis looking up, espied a light shining forth from a small crosslet near the top, which she delayed not to point out to the damosel at her side, much fearing that her hardiness might bring on them both, were they but noted thence, the terrible anger of the Sea-robber.

But that sturdy maiden, who seemed as if she had never been afraid of any wight or thing under the sun, set lightly enow by this peril.

"Saint George to speed!" she said, "Sea-sweeper or Sea-dragon—I would fain see the proudest of them all, that dare gainsay Alcyone, wheresoever it lists her roam! Truly no such fear was it, that moved me to tread so softly, at our first setting forth; but only that I desired not to wake my poor Basil, who had been troubled at tarrying all alone and in darkness, in our caves, whereof poor Sabina, our nurse, was wont to rehearse such store of grisly tales, that fell out what time the old pagans of the country dwelt here. And for our sire, maiden—by my fay, small annoy shall he work here this night, by the token, that he is even now at Auray, some five leagues hence, where high business must needs hold him over the morrow's noon; by which time, as I well trust, thou shalt have little dread of any hereabout. The light thou hast espied in yonder tower, is but the lamp of Rougemain; who hath no will to cross my way, and lacks the power in any case. Now are thy fears stilled? Walk forward with me then a pace ere the moon rises, since time is not yet for our emprize."

The sea-maiden stept onward as she spoke—and, with foot and heart somewhat more assured, May Avis followed, along a path that led above the crags from the seaward rock whereon stood the tower and ruins, to the hills behind—treading as they went on the fresh-blossomed heather, and sweet savoury thyme, and marjorum, that perfumed the night air; for it was now the early part of April, and the season warm and pleasant as the summer of more northern countries. And so fresh and delightful was this sudden welling forth, as it were, of spring, and nature, and freedom, all together, that for the time, those wild sea-shore cliffs appeared to her a very paradise on earth.

[1] Continued from vol. xxxix. page 435.

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When they had walked forward so far that they were now out of sight of all but the topmost point of the tower, they came to the brow of the hill on the side furthest from the sea, where was a single rock standing out from the rest, and overlooking all the country, as she could well discern by the bright starlit sky of that climate—and on this rock the robber's daughter sat her down, bidding her do the like.

"I love the light of summer nights, over all, to walk and wander in!" said Alcyone, after both had continued for a while silently gazing on the shining heavens overhead. "The brightest noonday hath but a beauty of earth and clay, which we can scan, and touch, and grow weary of anon. How all unlike to glorious midnight, whose high majesty we may but look upon far above us, and shape at will our fantasies thereof! Men hold the season for dreary and ill-boding—and yet methinks it were hardest of all to devise an evil deed in presence of those still, beautiful stars, that look down on us in love and pity—in whose immortal eyes, it is said, that all the race of Adam may read their destiny, and shape out their course thereby. How deemest thou of such matters, maiden?"

"In sooth, sweet Alcyone, I never adventured by myself to ponder on such curious and solemn business; but the dear friend of whom I spake to you before, who had gotten his knowledge at the lips of wise and holy churchmen, was wont to say, that all these fantasies were held, by the canons of our faith, for idle and sinful fables."

"For idle—truly, it may be so; as surely, right reason teaches us, that the knowledge which alike concerns all men, had not been left of God to the learning and expounding of a few. But for the sinfulness thereof—methinks the honesty of a craft should be best proved by the good or evil lives of them that follow it; by which rule, parfaie, should astrology be an holier mystery than monkhood—as sore disparagement were it, by my truth, of the poor old star-watcher that tarried erewhile here with us a space, to make compare of his demeanor with the doings of Friar Nicholay;—who comes on holy eves from the Chapel of our Lady at Pontivy, to sell pardons, and shrive by the dozen such of our folk as deem themselves not yet past help of churchman, and then drink and riot the night through with the rest."

May Avis made no reply—for this truly was such a portraiture of the monkish estate as she had never before imagined, and devoutly trusted might not be found again in Christendom—and the sea-maiden sat for awhile as if deeply musing, ere she said, "I marvel if yet he lives, that old kindly man! Many a fresh spring and summer night have we spent upon these heaths, at his side, Basil and I—listening whilst he talked on of his spheres, and his mansions, and his equations, and the like follies. Nevertheless at worst, some good gat we at his hand; for he it was who first taught to little Basil his primer; while to me, who loved not book lore, he gave to know the names and courses of all those fair stars, and the means to reckon time thereby. Nay, over and above this, had he our sire himself for scholar in some of his curious art; by token of many a long and secret counsel they twain would hold together, with much drawing of figures and counting of numbers, whereof none beside themselves could tell the

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meaning. And at the end of one of these counsellings between them, the old man went his way suddenly, and we never saw him more. Ofttimes call I to mind him and his lore, when I sit thus watching the nightly heaven, and think if haply these bright stars be not in very deed, mansions,—albeit other than he dreamed of in his science—wherein the troubled and over-weary of this world shall sometime find repair and rest—alike from love and hate, and all the thoughts and the sorrows that were wont to haunt them here. But see, maiden! the seven stars are set, and the giant stoops on his side!—it is noon of night. Look now eastward! the sky is fast brightening already with the moonlight."

Scantly were the words spoken, ere they beheld the tip of the waning moon, ascending slowly above the broad waters that lay beneath them, to the south and east as far as the headlands of Quiberon; the whilst a line as of silver, small and narrow at the first, fell therefrom upon the waves, waxing momently broader and brighter, until the whole sea glowed and sparkled like a very flood of light. And even as that fair crescent rose higher and higher, the inland country on their left hand seemed also to rise out of the darkness; brow and bent, tower and town, starting up one by one, as by some feat of jugglery, until the whole thereof, to the very ways and paths, lay as plainly before them as if it had been bright noonday. Neither lacked the wild heaths and moors around them some touch of beauty in that soft trembling light, as it danced on the tufts of waving ferns and yellow broom, lighting the tall tower and broken walls beyond, and touching with fitful ghostly gleam, a huge and lofty pillar of unshapen stone, that stood before them on the crown of a little hill some half-mile away.

It was a bright and beautiful sight, that moon-rising, and well worthy to be remembered—most of all of the English damosel, who had never until now beheld aught resembling these serene skies and mighty cliffs. Yet seemed it to her, both at the time, and when she thought thereon in long years after, that she gazed not in that moment on aught one-half so fair and admirable as the face of that young girl beside her; whilst the clear pale glory shone out slowly, little by little, over her dainty cheek and dusky brow, that might well have beseemed the goddess of the night herself.

Suddenly Alcyone sprang up from her seat on the rock, and looked for a space on the country below—then to the tower, where the lamp was no more visible—then sat her down once more on the stone, yet lower than at first, and so as that a pointed piece thereof might wholly veil her face from the moon's beams.

"Now, maiden," she said, "lend thine ear—and take heed as to a matter of life and death!"

With that she pointed out a nook in the rock close by, wherein May Avis took her place, and gave all diligence to hearken.

"Maiden!" then began Alcyone, "thou knowest already, out of doubt, that the Count of Beaucaire hath made abode ere this time in our hold of Roche Kerouel."

"In good sooth, so it hath seemed to me," answered the captive damosel.

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"Of the cause, or of the power that sent him hither, little can I, and less may I, tell; save only that he came not here the captive of our sire, but of another; who bade keep him in safe and secret ward, until such time as his living or dying should be determined on. Which behest was straitly and heedfully performed of Sansloy, who suffered not his coming to be so much as known to any of his people, save Rougemain alone—holding him safely in the tower, but granting him at whiles, for his greater ease and comfort, to come and tarry by day with us in our place in the rock.

"Now of the speech and behaviour of this knight, in all the time he dwelt on amongst us, or of our thought of him thereupon, will I not here speak—thou hast both seen and heard him! Only this will I tell thee—that ere long, Sansloy himself was wrought to desire his alliance—which he in the end humbly proffered to buy, with treasures that had more than sufficed to win back his lost earldom.

"It imports not!—the tale must be told—yea, and truly told. This high and noble Count, then, would none of our fellowship. The lineage of Beaucaire, forsooth, was too great either for love or gold to join hands with the blood of a robber and an outlaw.

"Maiden—thou hast beheld Sansloy!—he who avaunts him at will to sweep the seas, and laughs to scorn both prince and peer alike. *He* it was who had made thus lowly suit!—*he*, who had been thus disdainfully denied!"

"Out and alas!" said May Avis, "this should have been in sooth a sorry pass for all."

"What should have been the end thereof," answered Alcyone, "were bootless now to guess—since, as the case befel, that same authority which sent to our ward the Lord of Beaucaire, suddenly reclaimed him in that very tide. He went his way forthwith—but not ere he had solemn warning, as he loved life, to keep himself in time to come from the sight of Sansloy. This warning hath he by the space of two years heeded; and but for his compassion toward thee, maiden, even now had he sought mercy of the winds and waves, ere he had climbed the side of our Sea-dragon. Since thou art thus in some sort the causer of his present harm, fitting is it that thou strive to rescue him therefrom."

"Yea, soothly will I, dear maiden, no less for your sake than his own,"—quoth May Avis right heartily,—"though heaven send the Sea-sweeper have not already performed his grisly menace!"

"He lives—and lives unharmed at this moment!" answered Alcyone—"Nay, more—until the morrow's noon, his life is sure as thine or mine. That past, if he yet linger here, the doom may not be 'scaped—for him, or for me!

"Now, damosel, mayest thou discern somewhat of my purpose—which is, in truth, by thine aid, to rescue this knight and thyself in the self-same tide; and for this end must thou now seek him alone in the place where he abideth, to the which I will give thee guidance and entrance. There warn him for a surety, that Sansloy hath sworn, by the oath he never breaks, to have his life by sunset of the morrow—and bid him follow thee and escape, without loss of another moment."

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A right joyful wight would May Avis have been, at the tidings of this unlooked-for deliverance both to the Lord Guy and herself, but for the fear lest the terrible wrath of the Sea-robber should be wreaked upon that bold, hardy Alcyone, when her part therein was made known to him. Howbeit the wilful maiden only smiled when she spoke thereof.

"Thou hast a generous, kindly heart," she answered, "but Alcyone can take heed to her own matters—or say it were even as thou fearest, a yet worse hap should otherwise betide her. Now, damosel, take heed!—when thou hast set free this knight, come forth, both of you, by the path I have now showed thee, to this place; and from hence, make as straight as ye may by the brow of the hill, for yon tall pillar on the left, from whose foot thou mayest discern the whole country northward. Cast thine eyes below, and thou wilt espy two ways. Of both beware!—the higher is the passage to Auray—the lower, by the sea-shore, to Vannes and the Morbihan. But keep on by the moors and high grounds above, alway to the east of the green mount thou wilt perceive beyond the pillar, and gain the Méné hills with all haste; the rather shall such road serve your need, in that our Bretons hold strange heathen fantasies touching the old stones and knolls, and not for love nor fear will the sturdiest of them pass that way after set of sun. When ye are come thus far, be sure thou warn thy fellow-voyager, that he tarry not for one hour short of Château Josselin, or some other of the Constable's towns, and God give you good speed on the journey!"

With that she arose, and looked once more on the heavens.

"It is time!" she said,—"now wend we homeward. Of one thing, maiden, be advised—tell not to this proud count, that poor Alcyone is of thy counsel! Well know I his high-heartedness, that would not suffer him to take freedom, yea, life itself, at the hand of her whom he hath disdainfully cast from him."

"But, bethink you, dear Alcyone," said the English damosel, "how should this noble lord be wrought to credit, that I, a stranger, could have found the means to free him thus suddenly from such place and wardship?"

"Say Rougemain friended thee, in his lord's absence, as soothly he doth at this moment. He knoweth over well our dwelling and its fashions, to deem that any other wight should cross thy path hereabout."

By this they were come as far as the tower. "See!" said the rock-maiden, "gate and door, all are free and ready to thy passage. Now must I needs array thee thereunto."

Then she took from a nook in the court-yard the lamp she had left there, and with it a mantle of some dark stuff, which she cast over the damosel Avis. Next she drew forth of her girdle, and gave to the other's hand, a heavy purse. "They that 'scape from Roche Kerouel," she said, "should be but ill purveyed towards a voyage. These few floreins shall be only needful to find you beasts and entertainment from hence into Normandy or Touraine; where I know that you shall lack naught you may require. Now, maiden, hold thou the lamp, whilst I undo the door!"

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Thereupon, quickly drawing back bolt and bar, she cast wide a door in the same ruined tower with that whereby they had first come forth, and scantly a pace therefrom—which gave them entrance into a long, low passage, ending in a turret stair like the one they had come up, and truly in the nigh neighbourhood thereof—being wrought downward through the thickness of that great stone pillar, that served for a prop to the underground bower of the rock-maiden and her young brother.

"Lo there thy way, maiden!" said Alcyone. "The door lieth not many steps below. Press firmly with thy two hands on the iron stud next but one beneath the ring, and it shall spring open before thee. Now go, and be speedy! Beseech—pray—kneel—implore him to flee hence on the instant—if not for his own sake, yet in pity of thee—and heaven prosper thy suit! Fare thee well, damosel—me thou wilt see no more. Be thy way in life fair and prosperous, and sometimes in thy happier days bethink thee of Alcyone."

Even with that word she turned, and hastened up the stair; while May Avis, lamp in hand, held on her way downward, until she saw right before her a door, thickly set with iron knobs—the which, after some short essay, for in truth she trembled, both hand and foot, at the hardiness of her emprize, she opened as she had been taught.

The place whereunto this door gave her entrance was a low dungeon vault, but little worse of aspect than the rest of those she had seen in this uncouth dwelling; save that the walls and roof were yet more rugged, being hewn out of the rock itself, with but a narrow cleft high overhead, to let in air and some faint glimmering of daylight. Arras or furniture was there none, save a heap of heather on the ground, whereon was couched the figure of a man, as if in a deep sleep—but no sooner espied he the lamp and the flowing dark weed, than he sprang hastily afoot, and May Avis straitway saw before her the Lord Guy.

He spake not—but stood looking stedfastly upon her, with eye and aspect so stern, yet withal so sad, that forgetting how closely she was enfolded, even to her very features, in the mantle of the rock-maiden, she deemed him offended at her thus thrusting herself unbidden into his presence, and the words died on her lips with shame and confusion.

"Alcyone!" said the knight at last, in a voice as sad as was his look, "this might well have been spared—to thyself, no less than to me."

"So please you, my lord," she answered, taking heart as she perceived his error, "it is only poor Avis Forde, to whom you have of late vouchsafed so many and great favours."

The knight started, but made haste to smooth both brow and speech.

"Ha! gentle damosel," he said, "right welcome art thou by my fay—though much marvel I what adventure hath sent thee here. (Fool! dolt! were my senses turned upside down, thus to misdeem of *her?*)"

"I came not in sooth wholly by adventure, noble lord," answered the maiden; "but by my own hearty will, and the sufferance of one here, called Rougemain, to bring you tidings, that every door and pass

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between this and the heath without, is in this moment free—and to beseech you, as earnestly as I can or may, to make instant escape hence, as for death or life."

"Grandmercy, gentle maiden," answered the Lord Guy, though altogether unmoved, as it seemed, by this entreaty,—"a thousand thanks for this as for all other thy friendly will and pains on my behalf, which truly, neither in life or death, may I ever forget. But nevertheless, this flight, whereof thou now speakest, may not be. Some juggler's work is here! Sansloy's captives are not wont to roam about thus, and break prison at their list."

"Nay, nay, I say but truth!" said the damosel, eagerly. "Bolt or bar is there none in this stound, betwixt you and the open country my own eyes have made proof of it! Oh, noble lord, dally not thus with the danger! the Sea-robber hath sworn, by that oath he breaks not, to have your life before the morrow's sunset!"

"Yea, for *that* would I trust him, without oath or bond! But deemest thou, damosel, that such being, as it is out of doubt, his intent, he would thus courteously give me the means to rob him overnight of his goodly disport?"

"He himself is, as I well know, away at this tide—at some town long leagues off, and comes not back ere noon of the morrow," said May Avis, waxing pale and sick at heart at the knight's last words—"Oh fly, my lord, in this moment, whilst yet you may! Out and alas! how may I make proof to you of my tale, or of your own jeopardy?"

"In truth, kind maiden, the essay were wholly needless," said the knight, "for the reason, that no more doubt I the one or the other, than that I now behold thee face to face. Yet more will I tell thee, albeit thou in thy gentilesse hast forborne to urge me therewith—(and which should have moved me to flight above all else)—that well know I thy present hope of deliverance rests on mine own. But, damosel, nothing doubt I thou wilt wave both that and thy designs for my advantage, when thou hast heard me. And first will I advise thee, that I know more of the ordering of this device, than haply thou dost. Certes hast thou in some sort for thy friend therein, the man they call here Rougemain, for not so much as a mouse could run in and out of this place without his knowledge—though what hath wrought with him to desire my safety, to the moving of debate betwixt him and the robber, lies deeper than my conning. But the chief guidance of this business is in another and a hardier hand, and a heart too high to reck of fear or danger. To *her* who sent thee, commend me, I pray thee, dear maiden, as courteously as thou mayest; and say to her from me, that Guy of Beaucaire hath not found life so great a good, that he should consent to buy it at cost of hers."

"Alas, my lord, what mean you?" cried May Avis, all aghast at what she had heard.

"This mean I, damosel,—that the ruthless tyrant, whose parentage is her bane, should, out of doubt, allay his first fury at my flight, in the heart's blood of her who devised and aided it—for well know I, that which she hath done, she will freely and fearlessly avouch."

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"Saint Mary!" said the damosel—"She, that he so accounts of? She, who makes and unmakes all here at her will, as I had deemed?"

"Ay, maiden, and truly deemed! Nothing under the sun holds he so 'precious—(and well may he so!)—as that fair girl. Yet in his anger is he like the hurt boar, that rends and tramples all around him. Over long were the tale for this tide, and little joyful the telling; but all too much, as I fear, hath she endured already at his hand, by reason of his ire against myself!"

Not for life itself could May Avis further urge the knight to go forth of his prison, and leave that noble young creature to abye her doom; though when she called to mind what must else be his own, her very spirit died within her at the thought.

"Alas, alas!" she said—"Is there then no help, no repair for both? Oh! gracious lord," she suddenly cried, falling on her knee before him, "forgive the boldness of a poor silly maiden!—but, bethink you,—high beauty, and a noble loving nature, though borne even from a rude sea-cave, yet should not show less brightly in a knightly hall?"

The young count stepped hastily back, and looked sternly upon her. "Maiden!" he said, though in a voice somewhat less stedfast than was his aspect—"forbear! such matters fall not within the judgment of thy sex and age. Only thus far will I advise thee—that those of high and honourable ancestry, albeit have they in some things larger grace, yet in others, as is but right of reason, are they compassed with straiter bonds than lower men. Insomuch, that ofttimes a deed that should be held both seemly and virtuous in one of the commoner sort, in him of noble lineage should be counted both shame and villainy."

In any other case, the damosel Avis had been sorely abashed at this haughty reproof to her hardiness—for the knight forthwith turned proudly away, and began to pace up and down the floor, with folded arms and frowning brow, as if disdaining further discourse with her. But when she bethought her of the fearful strait he was in, and yet further of that young beauteous girl, whose life seemed bound up in his, she felt as if she could have defied yet worse anger from him, so she might but prevail in the end.

"Then, my lord," she said, after a breathing space, "you will needs have me go my way, and tell her who sent me, that here you are firmly fixed to abide; come weal or woe thereof, to you or herself?"

"Yea, damosel,—though after a more courteous fashion. Say to her, with my humble and hearty thanks for this her gracious purpose of escape for me, that Beaucaire hath never ceased to honour and reverence her as he ought—and that living or dying, his unchanging thought shall be of her nobleness and goodness."

With that the Lord Guy returned to his pacing, as if he desired wholly to end the debate. But the sturdy little maiden was not to be thus put to silence.

"By my life, sir knight," she said firmly, "no such false, feigning message will I bear—for false to your own heart do I know your words to be in this moment, despite this stern and angry bearing.

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Surely far other speech should befit, both the time and the ear of her, who whilst she freely perilled life itself in your deliverance, even as it had been some idle toy, yet straitly bade me take heed of bewraying to you her part in the matter, for that she knew your high heartedness should spurn freedom, or aught else, in gift from her."

May Avis here began to hope that she had gained somewhat on the wilfulness of this noble count; for he suddenly stood still, and leaned himself against the side of the vault, as in deep thought.

"Said she even thus?" he said softly. "Oh, rare Alcyone!—why was thy fosterage as wild and rude as the winds that rocked thee?"

But in the next moment he turned toward May Avis as if he but now remembered her presence. "Still here?—Begone, maiden!" he said fiercely, and stamping his foot. "This gear belongs not to thee. Thou art all too reckless of speech—begone, I say! I would be at peace."

"I go, my lord,—praying heaven to send you better and happier thoughts," said the maiden—who, plainly perceiving that further argument should but harden and chafe his stubborn humour, at once left the place—and making fast the door, to save discovery on the morrow, slowly mounted the stair, dreading alike the anger of that fiery Alcyone at her own ill speed, and the effect of her despair at the fixed resolve of the knight. But whilst she yet stood at the top, studying how best to tell her story, behold the sea-maiden herself, who discovering by the sound of her feet that she was alone, had stept hastily forward to meet her.

"How is this, maiden?" she said quickly—"Will he not come with thee? What says he?"

"Alas, sweet Alcyone, he will not. All my prayers and arguments—and many and earnest were they—cannot move his sturdy will."

"Oh, why—why—will he not have pity on himself? Maiden, thou hast betrayed me!" she said, turning suddenly and vehemently upon her. "Thou hast betrayed me, I tell thee—and his pride is dearer to him than his life."

"So help me our blessed lady, dear Alcyone, as I took the whole device on mine ownself (with sufferance alone of Rougemain) even, as it seemed to me, in more than maidenly wise. But he told me straightway that he wotted more of the matter than did I, from first to last—and that he knew you, and none other, for the mover thereof."

"And therefore spurned the aid, in disdain of her who proffered it."

"Nay, Alcyone—by my faith, nay! his speech was of naught, as towards you, but of reverence and courtesy;—and methinks his thoughts, might they but have spoken, should have said yet more than his tongue."

"Ay—reverence and courtesy, forsooth? the gilded coin wherein the great and courtly pay off the heart's service of meaner folk. In any case he will not escape?"

"Alas, he will not."

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"Oh, fool! madman!" cried the girl wildly, "he believes not his peril! damosel, this is all along of thee! Oh wherefore did I trust thee? Thy smiling semblant and faint cold speech have deceived him—he looked on thine unmoved aspect, and listed thy measured words, and deemed thy tale some idle disport—haply yet worse, some feigned device wherewith to draw him to his harm."

"So may I have bliss hereafter, Alcyone, as I long and earnestly besought, even to the chafing him."

"Out on thy tame phrase! thou knowest not to beseech! So please you,—and pray you,—and I would counsel you—*that* callest thou beseeching? But there may yet be time!—the stars pale not as yet—even now, if ruth or pity abide with him, he shall be saved, despite himself and thee!"

Ere May Avis could speak, or so much as think, word in reply, the Seamaiden caught from her hand the lamp, threw abroad the door, and sprang down the stair swifter than light.

The captive damosel stood above like one aghast, hardly daring to think what should be the upshot of such meeting between those two proud and stubborn spirits; one while tempted to follow down, and strive to attemper the wild vehemence of the robber's daughter, ere she was wrought to some desperate purpose; and anon hoping that such rare beauty and affection should not plead utterly in vain, with so young and gentle a bachelor, but that they might all escape together from that dreary, evil den. And thus doubting and irresolute tarried she on, in the place were Alcyone had left her, beside the open door—fearfully hearkening to every faint sound below, and vainly marvelling what should be the end of all this evil.

The Lord of Beaucaire meanwhile, with a heart haply less stout and assured than were his look and speech a while before, was yet pacing up and down his dungeon floor, well trusting that his late sturdy bearing should free him from further urging on the matter. But he found his misdeem when, within a breathing while, a light hasty foot awoke the echoes without—and therewith the door sprang open, and gave to view a small airy shape, standing like a shadow between him and the light of a lamp on the stair beyond.

The knight on this turned quickly round, and would have spoken—but the new guest tarried not his speech.

"Lord Count!" it said shortly and sternly;—"dost thou believe in that which Alcyone affirms?"

"Aye!—even as in the light of day, or the faith of knighthood," he made answer.

"Good!—art thou likewise ever ready to perform, on all points, the law of thy vaunted chivalry?"

"Montjoye, lady!—and who is that chargeth Guy of Beaucaire with failing therein?"

"None in truth, noble count, whose deem one so high as thee should reck of. Some vow is there, as I have been told—for we outlaws of rock and heath con little of your fantastic phrase—which binds a true knight to aid to the uttermost of his might, any in trouble or need, and women above all. Is it not thus, noble lord?"

"Surely—God forbid else!"

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"Lord Count of Beaucaire, wilt thou as at this time, redeem this thine oath?" asked the damosel, still in the same short, scornful fashion.

"With life and limb, Alcyone!—so please you but to teach me the way."

"A lesser cost will suffice," she answered—"Listen, Sir Knight!—a drearier doom than death must in few hours betide Alcyone—wherefrom thou, and thou alone, canst rescue her."

"As how, lady?"

"First, wilt thou swear to do this?"

"Yea, by my knighthood, if I may or can!"

"By my fay, the essay shall be neither hard nor tedious. Of Alcyone's present cause of trouble, needs but for thee to know that it hangs on thy tarriance here. Go hence with all speed whilst there is yet time, and her peril is ended."

"Alas, Alcyone!" said the knight, "this feint, which thy generous pity hath devised, cannot deceive me. All too well know I, that thy real danger lies not in my tarriance, but departure."

"Dost thou doubt? Alcyone swears it!"

The knight remained silent.

"Speak, lord count!" she said again, yet more earnestly. "Dost thou believe? Wilt thou depart?"

"Alcyone," answered the knight sorrowfully, "this may not be! Urge me no more, I do beseech thee, of thy gentleness!"

The maiden, her cheeks and eyes glowing like fire, suddenly sprang at one step, from the stair where she stood, into the midst of the dungeon floor, and looked stedfastly for a moment into the face of the knight. "And how darest thou," she said sternly, "to deny credence to the oath or word of Alcyone?"

The Lord Guy turned away his head—and when he spoke again, his voice was thick and hoarse. "Lady"—he said—"for pity, for charity—I do implore thee, cease—and spare me further question!"

"Nay, Sir Count, first will I have thy answer thereunto. Say boldly, as a man—or if it like thee better, as a knight—wilt thou depart, or no?"

"Alas, alas,—I cannot!"

"Out on thy glozing! we of Roche Keroual are simple and rude of thought and speech. Say plainly, thou *wilt* not—and Alcyone will urge thee no more."

There was silence for a moment, wherein the Lord Guy seemed as if he were calling up both breath and courage. At length he said in a low, though stedfast voice, "Lady,—I will not!"

"Good! now in any case do I understand thee," she said—and without further words, cast close the heavy door of the dungeon.

"For heaven's love, hold, maiden!" cried the knight, as he sprang past her to stay the wicket ere it fell—but all for naught—the lock was fast shut, and might not be again opened from within.

"O rash and desperate!"—he said,—"what hast thou done?"

"Lord Count," she said, "I spake to thee but now in holy truth! I told thee of a near and fearful peril, and besought thine aid to save me, even in the name of that idle fantasy, thy knighthood. It pleased

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thee to deny this suit—whether by reason it was mine, or to content a stubborn humor, it boots not. It hath now pleased Alcyone to seek out short means of escape for herself, by tarrying here with thee the coming of Sansloy in the morning."

"Wild, reckless maiden!" cried the knight. But thou shalt not rush thus madly on thy death!—What ho, Rougemain!—Rougemain! what ho, there, above!"

"Call louder,—yet louder, noble viscount!" said Alcyone, mockingly—as the knight continued by turns to shout for help, and to strike with all his might on the door, both with hand and heel—"Beat more vehemently yet, if thou canst! by my life it shall naught avail. Rougemain—good simple man, sleeps soundly in his tower to the singing of the north wind; nor dreams that any living wight can reach the captive whom Sansloy holds too precious to trust in his wardship."

"Then how camest thou hither?" said the knight, who by this had ceased awhile from his smiting and shouting, for very weariness.

"By my fay, neither through a chink in the wall, nor a hole in the door; but after the manner of other mortals, by help of cliket-key and stair," answered the damosel.

"Rougemain! good Rougemain! what, ho! help! Rougemain, I say!" again broke forth the knight, as he hearkened a faint sound above; but it seemed with as ill speed as before, for he listened long and bootlessly for an answer.

"Out and alas, Alcyone!" he said, "what hath wrought thee to this reckless deed?"

"Mine own need, and thy stubbornness," she answered, in short and sullen fashion.

"Nay, by Saint Denis of France, thou dost me cruel wrong!—yet may I not amend it. Yet answer me, I pray thee, but to this—how camest thou by the key whereof thou speakest?"

"It matters not to thee!" she said—still in the same sturdy guise. "Thinkest thou that Alcyone lacks means to work her will?"

The knight groaned. "Tell me only if Sansloy knows as yet of thy coming hither.

"He knows it not—nor had done—but for thy folly."

"Oh for one to undo the door, and all should go well even now!—Hark!—Rougemain! Rougemain, I say! Now the high heavens be praised! what ho! without there!"

"It is I, my lord," answered the voice of Avis Forde, who, hearing his last call for help, from the place where she stood watching above, had slowly groped her way in the darkness down the stair.

"Maiden!" he said, "for God's love undo the door!—or if thou canst not, call hither Rougemain!"

"Heed him not, maiden, I command thee!" cried Alcyone. "Open not—and begone to thy chamber, as thou lovest thy life!"

But here May Avis, having found the iron knob, hastily threw wide the door, and beheld the Lord Guy standing thereat, with tokens plain enow of his disturbance, both on brow and cheek.

"Alcyone," he said, with grave but courteous air, "here leave we this debate! Go hence without more, in company of this young

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maiden, and take with thee my hearty thanks and prayers, both now and ever."

But that wilful maiden, in place of obeying, suddenly cast herself on the ground.

"Alcyone asks not thy licence to go or tarry, sir knight," she said. "But if, as I well trust, my company mislikes thee, why follow thine own counsel, and begone thyself, from hence and from Roche Kerouel. In any case, here will I abide the coming of Sansloy."

"Damosel," said the Lord Guy, turning him to May Avis, "look to the lamp, and follow me!"—and therewith stepping to the place where sat Alcyone, he at once lifted her up as it were a feather, and bore her hastily but heedfully up the stair.

The English damosel caught up the lamp, and followed as quickly as she might—though little seemed that noble lord's need either of light or guidance amongst those ruinous vaults—for he stepped on before by court, and stair, and passage, as readily as in the broad light of day; whilst the high-hearted maiden, whose strength equalled not her courage, seeing herself thus masterfully dealt with, essayed not at answer or debate; but suffered herself to be borne along, with closed eyes, and without speech or movement, at the will of the knight; who staid not his course until he had gained her own bower, and laid her gently down on the couch within.

Then addressing him to the English maiden once more—"Damosel," he said softly, "thou must hence with me yet again for one brief space. The day is even now breaking, and we have yet to order some small matters that shall else betray to the robber the counsel of this reckless maiden."

Somewhat did May Avis incline in her own mind to blame the Lord Guy, for the pitiless pride that held the respects of birth and place above the affection of this fair, noble young thing, who thus unsparingly hazarded all for his sake; but when she looked on his pale cheek and hollow eye, which told plainly his inward grief through all his stedfastness of word and bearing, and thought moreover of the doom he had so stoutly chosen to abye for himself, ere he would leave the wilful maiden in jeopardy of her cruel sire, she was enforced to confess that he had borne him throughout, but in strait obedience to the law he followed, and approved himself from first to last a most worthy and perfect knight.

They went forth of the chamber without note, or as it seemed knowledge of Alcyone, who still lay on her bed stiff and motionless as in a swoon—and first made fast, with as little noise as might be, the outer gate that opened to the heath. This done, the Lord of Beaucaire again led the way toward the stair that went down to his dungeon.

"Now, damosel, must I crave thy service, to close and lock this wicket on myself; as also that other opening on the court from the side where thou hast thine abode. Such slack watch of his hold at early morning, should not fail to awaken the furious wrath of the miscreant who works his will here without controul. Further take thou heed to lay the keys straightway within the steel coffer that stands on the oaken chest in the pillared chamber—save only the one that belongeth to this place—which, how she devised to come at, God and

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herself only can tell! This last thou wert best give privily to her own keeping, so soon as thou canst get speech of her. Some anger and reproach fear I thou must look for at her hand, in guerdon of thy part in this night's debate; but set thyself, I pray thee, patiently to endure it for a space—and deal gently and lovingly with her, dear maiden, in all things. Wild and wilful though she be, she hath a high and noble nature, and one that had done honour to a happier parentage. Somewhat more would I also speak of at this time, gentle damosel—to pray thy pardon for my discourtesy of speech and behaviour erewhile towards thee, and entreat thee to forget the unreasonable heat of one driven to so sorry a pass, as to be well nigh distraught therewith."

"Now may God and our blissful lady save and keep you, my lord, and send you better hap; as never can I deem they would leave so noble a gentleman in such strait," said the damosel; and therewith turning the key, she made all fast and sure, as the knight had bidden, and then betook her with weary step and full heavy heart, to the chamber of Alcyone.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Betrothal. The Bachelor.

It was, as I have said, with unsteady foot and trembling heart, that May Avis sought the chamber of the lady of Roche Kerouel; for she dreaded not less the vehemence of her grief for the knight's hopeless danger, than her fierce indignation against herself—neither knew she whether to be more glad or grieved, when, on entering, she perceived her still lying stretched on her bed as they had left her. Howbeit, as she softly drew nigh the couch side, Alcyone suddenly raised her small eyelids, and looking up, first on her, and then around the place, as if in quest of some other, closed them again—sending forth as she did so a deep and heavy sigh; and May Avis, drawing some courage from this gentle sign, adventured thereupon to kneel down beside her, and chafe her cold slender hands, tenderly inquiring the while how she fared.

"Well—right well!" said the sea maiden, in a strange hollow voice. "Even as one in whom burning brand hath cured hurt of glaive!—a sharp, but abiding remedy."

She smiled as she spoke, but her smile was bitter and scornful—and her cheek, that was wont to be so dark and pale, now burned with so rich a red, as made even the lively colour of the English damosel to seem dim and faded thereby.

After short space she spoke again, but without opening her eyes—and this time in that sweet, sad voice, that May Avis deemed had scantly its fellow in the work-day world.

"Grandmercy, kind maiden," she said, "for all thy well-designed and willing service. Now cease all further cares for me—Alcyone is healed of her sickness. Only this will I pray of thee—to undo the door of the inner chamber, and set free my poor Basil, who haply is marvelling ere now, wherefore his sister holds him captive thus after daydawn.

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May Avis hastened to turn the door-pin—and forthwith the gentle page came tripping to meet and kiss her, as if she had been another sister.

"But how cometh it then, dear maiden," he asked in the next moment, "that our sweet sea-bird leaveth it to any other to open?—She, that hath never suffered any wight save her ownself to give me so much as a drink of water since our poor Sabina died?"

But at that very word, caught he a sight of the sea-maiden, as she lay in her disconsolate fashion, with her face turned away from the light—and running to her couch side, he began to clip and kiss her hands and cheeks, piteously weeping and bemoaning, whilst he besought her, through his tears, to tell him what had wrought her so sore annoy.

"It is no matter—naught that thou couldst know the meaning of, my poor child," said Alcyone, turning her head round to kiss the small sweet face of the gentle boy. "I am overwearied, and would take my rest yet awhile, without fellowship or heed of any. Go thou, Basil, meantime, with this kind maiden, who, truly, hath been in all things as friendly to me as to thyself, and pray her, of her goodness, to teach thee how to become a great clerk."

The innocent child straightway obeyed the hest, like one who had never yet dreamed of gainsaying word that fell from the lips of that lordly maiden; but when the English damosel would have followed, she was called back of Alcyone.

"Yet one more service, stranger!" she said. "Go, I pray thee, to the tower—the way thereto thou already knowest. Call to thee from within Rougemain, and command him straitly from me, that he give me news on the instant of the coming of Sansloy, and who he brings with him. Be not afaid of Rougemain, maiden! robber though he be, and rude and fierce in his calling, yet to women and helpless folk is he full piteous and tender of behaviour. And truly, in this place, after Sansloy, can he more than any other—nay, even our sire himself is full fain, at whiles, to hearken his counsel. Abide yet!—thou must bear with thee a token, lest he be over wary to give thee an answer. But take not my poor Basil in thy company; he is all too young as yet to know of the troubles of this weary world."

Therewith drawing from her right hand finger a ring, set with a goodly turquoise stone, whereon were graven some strange and mystic characters, she gave it to May Avis.

"Hasten, maiden!" she said, "and despatch thine errand. And after betake thyself to our parlour—I will be left alone until thou hast tidings to bear me of our sire's coming."

The English damosel took the ring, and silently giving to the hand of Alcyone the key whereof the Lord Guy had spoken—not without some dread of the effects the sight might work upon her—she addressed herself with all speed to her errand. But when she came to the pillared chamber, there she found the pretty page, striving with might and main to heave up the cover of the chest wherein were his books, and crying to her, of all loves, to come and help him; nor was it until she had first aided him to open the chest, and afterwards to lift out the things therein, that she found a time, whilst he was setting

these in fair array, to take, unseen of him, the key from the steel coffer, and hasten away, by gallery and stair, to the court above.

So wholly were her thoughts fixed on the due performance of the rock-maiden's behest, that she had already knocked on the wicket-gate of the tower, ere it once came into her head what kind of terrible person she might behold in this Rougemain—and truly she began to quake at her own hardiness. But great was her comfort when the portal was quickly undone by a man apparelled after the Breton fashion, who, maugre his change from mail and steel-cap to wide hose and parti-colored girdle, she knew, at the very first glance, for her friend, the yellow-haired robber.

"Cocksbones, pretty maiden, is it thou?" he said, as soon as he beheld her. "By Saint Nicholas, thou shouldst be made free of our guild, that thou goest roaming thus up and down, and peering about at thy list. And what hath befallen our moon-loving fay, thy mistress, that she comes not abroad herself, as wont?"

"So please you," answered May Avis, who held it wiser to pass over his question, "the damosel Alcyone prays you, by me, that you warn her, without fail or delay, of the coming of Sansloy, and also who and what persons he brings in his company."

"Yea, doth she so, primrose?" quoth the old man. Now, by Saint Joce, deem I that thou wouldst blear mine eye,* as, truly, this should be the only time that royal-minded damosel, our wild sea-bird, ever hath vouchsafed to pray aught of living wight, since the day she first found her tongue."

"Soothly, I have a token from her, which I should have showed you at the first but for my over haste," said May Avis, drawing forth her ring.

The robber took and looked on it.

"Ay, now," he answered, "this makes faith for thee with a witness!—her mother's talisman, as the dame and the old nurse were wont to call it, in their jargon. By the rood, those of Naples, and the parts bordering on Heathenesse, have some grisly pagan devices—a spell of unrest and mischief hath it been to her, I trow! Good, primrose!—this, now, and her high command, on peril of my life, or some such pain, diligently to perform her heat, should be liker her message than the taffeta phrase wherein thou hast bedecked it. Verily, her pleasure shall be obeyed at all points—albeit little shall be my thank, as I deem, for the one half of my tidings."

May Avis, who had little desire to hold further talk than she needs must with the old robber, now that she was once again on the dry land, courteously bade him good speed, and was departing, when he cried after her,

"What ho, pigsnie! methinks thou art not over fain of the fellowship of our sea-sweeper; wherefore I would counsel thee to tarry as little as may be after noon be past o' this side the entry of our bird's bower-chamber."

Certes the damosel spared not her thanks for this warning, for she felt as if she could not bear again to look on that terrible Sansloy,

* Deceive me.

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whom she abhorred more than ever for his intent against that noble knight—nor was her sorrow in any wise assuaged by the thought that all this woe and work, or in any case her part therein, had never been but for her own former folly.

In good sooth, the damosel Avis had by this time marvellously abated of her desire to spend her life in the midst of knightly adventures and feats of arms; which she had found, by sorrowful experience, to be quite and clean another manner of thing in this work-day world, from aught that she had read in her histories and romaunts—and assuredly, little to the profit or comfort of any who followed such gear—least of all those of mean estate and lineage, who had no choice but to endure the hap of their lords, and take weal or woe in their guidance, as did their cattle and other goods. Yet more, she remembered with more bitter shame and contrition than she had ever yet done, her presumptuous wilfulness toward John Ashtoft, who had deemed of all such matters so much more truly and wisely than herself—inly vowing, that might she but escape from this den of villainy, and arrive safely at his house in Auvergne, she would contentedly betake herself to a peaceful, humble life, were it but as the lowest chamberer or bowermaiden therein, and never desire to look upon a knight or man at arms again.

Out of doubt, she would have gone on to divers other conclusions, no less sage and sober than the first, but that she lacked the time; her present musings having brought her as far as the entrance of the pillared chamber, where she was met by the young Basil, with so many loving caresses, and entreaties to tarry a while and teach him afresh of her book lore, that those who could have withstood so gracious a pleader, had been less gentle of nature than was Avis Forde. And truly she missed not fair guerdon for her pains; for ever and anon would the fair child break off his reading, to thank her for her goodness, in providing for him so great solace and delight in time to come.

"Play and pastime enow have we," he said, "in the long sunny days and starry nights of the summer tide, when our sea-bird loveth to roam early and late over the heaths and sea-cliffs, gathering of flowers, and plucking nuts and berries, or watching the hares and conies as they run and play beside us. But ill fareth with us in the winter, when the cold bitter frosts and sleet have killed every green thing, and we, like the hares, must abide in our warm holes in the rock, with thick hangings before our windows in place of the free pleasant air, and dim lamps for our sunlight, and beans and potage for our fresh sallads and summer fruits—and neither work nor play, save to listen to the roar of the wind above, and the water down below, and sleep away the time as we may, after our sea-bird is awearied with telling me such tales as she hath in mind; of fair countries far off, where they know not of cold or frost, but live in the sweet summer air the year round, and disport them in fields of flowers. Marvellous stories too hath she learned of those lands, and of great princes and people that dwelt therein, of our poor Sabina, who came with her a weary way over the sea, ere I was born, and pined and died here five years agone; for want, she said, of her own sun and sky. It was a

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weary time, maiden, when poor Sabina went hence, to be laid in the bed that our sea-bird bade array for her, beside the rock on the heath yonder; but summers and winters have passed over, and the place looks fair and pleasant again—for the turf is alway green thereabout, and the sun shines thereon from dawn to even; and well trust I that poor Sabina is well content now, when we carry the early spring flowers, and go sit beside her, to talk of the far off country she was wont to love so well."

"And would not thou, too, desire to see that fair sunny land, and all those goodly places therein, my pretty child, when thou art grown a man?" said May Avis.

"Yea, soothly, so pleaseth it our sea-bird to journey thitherward—though for myself, little blithe were I of such life as they lead there. For never tale telleth she, but of cruel wars, and fierce hatreds between great lords and knights, whereof in the end the greater part of them were destroyed. I love not such gear. Our sire calleth me alway Monadich—and by my fay, the name pleaseth me right well—they in convents should lead a full, peaceful, happy life."

"Wouldst thou not rather be a stout knight in time to come, and ride on a fair courser?" asked the damosel.

"Nay, by my sooth would I not—for then must I kill and slay my fellows, and be cruel and hard of heart. I would be a monk above all things, and have store of gentle books, and none to chide me for desiring to read therein, as doth our sire—who truly once took me a sore buffet on mine head, by reason of my praying him to catch for me some clerk to teach me, after he had caught a knight for our sea-bird."

"Be patient, my gentle boy," she answered, "and doubt not thou shalt light upon some good man to teach thee ere long, all in a season when thou thinkst not of it, as thou didst on him that aided thee erewhile to con thy primer."

"Yea, dear maiden—and since him in good sooth, came there that gentle knight who made abode with us so many days; what time there were fair blue flowers on the heaths, and young seamews amongst the rocks—who, truly, would needs teach us both; for our sweet sea-bird loved to learn in that tide, and much praise gat she for her diligence from that fair lord; but since the day he left us she hath hated the very talk of book lore, and waxed more unresty than ever. Certes, since he is now hereabout, I would gladly she might pray our sire to bid him to the tower awhile, to talk and play with us as he was wont to do—for it was never so merry a world here after he went his way."

In such fashion sped that morning tide quickly away—the child, between his books and his innocent talk, creeping from time to time to the side of his sea-bird, to know how it fared with her; and the damosel, who durst not so far adventure after the command she had received, looking in at such whiles from the doorway. Howbeit, no other answer gat they from the maiden, than that she would fain sleep on, and not be spoken with of any; though May Avis thought within herself, that she had little the look of one dight to peaceful slumber; for her slender foot was strained backward, and pressed forcefully

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down into the cushion whereon she lay—and her arms were cast above her head, so as wholly to conceal her face in the wide sleeves of her gown, and her breath came deep and painfully, as of one in sore sickness—insomuch that the English damosel began to be afraid that some grievous malady had taken her, by cause of her late trouble and vehemence. But the little page bade her take no note thereof—it being evermore the fashion of their sea-bird thus to keep her chamber, suffering none for a space to come near her, when she had been overmuch chafed or troubled; which, in very sooth, he said, had befallen no longer ago than the yestermorn, he knew not for what cause—but so it was, that she had borne her after this very manner, from daydawn, when their sire had held talk with her afore he set forth, until noon; when she had suddenly uprisen as if nothing ailed her, and called forthwith for the stranger maiden.

In verity, after the knowledge May Avis herself had gained of the changeful humours of that wild Alcyone, never a whit would she have marvelled to hear of yet stranger fantasies—neither was it long ere she had further proof of what the child had told her.

SONNETS TO EGLANTINE.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

LADY! and do I tune my wayward lyre
To strains which reason, virtue, truth reprove?
And do I lend my spirit to a love
That wins from earth—not heaven—its fatal fire?
O! the reproach is just—but why require
From the rash soldier the stern stoic's lore?
Why search for fruitage on the sterile shore?
Or bid that heart be gay, 'gainst which conspire
All life's most bitter foes?—Ah! could I turn
(As thou wouldst have me, in thy kindness, do)
To hopes which rest not on this earth, but strew
Shrines, consecrate to Heaven!—Still I turn
With this all-nameless passion for *that one*
For whom I'd risk—yea, *all*—nor deem myself undone!

Yet will I bend my spirit to the task,
Since thou, oh! more than woman, less than saint,
Would'st with hope's radiant colours sweetly paint
The bliss in store for those from Heaven who ask,
With meek submission, peace!—and (if I may)
I'll bury in my heart the wasting fire
That doth consume me, save when on the lyre
It breathes its fever in some fitful lay!—
But I will keep it quiet in my breast,
There to destroy hope, life!—there still to burn;—
Like sweltering fires that in some sealed-up urn
Smoulder in secret fury—till represt
Too long, their deadly prowess rends its cell,
And *then*—alas for the poor urn!—but *fare thee well!*

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BEGINNING AGAIN.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

This world of ours is a great pair of scales, in which pleasure and pain sometimes balance, but more frequently one or the other kicks the beam. The feelings with which Horace Harvey found himself established in his godfather's habitation were of a very mixed nature. It was very agreeable no doubt to find himself installed in that comfortable and opulent dwelling. It was pleasant to live in a good house, and sit down to a good table. It was pleasant to have first-rate lodgings without paying for them, and wine and chickens for "If you please," and "I thank you, sir." It was very agreeable to be treated as somebody who had expectations by the people about the house. It was delightful not to be called upon for money at every turn, and not to be obliged to wear out his pocket and his purse by constant handling and fingering. It saved a world of trouble not to have the labour of finessing to provide against emergencies and extravagancies, though we are not quite sure whether or not this last item in the account ought to be transferred to the opposite column, for people who have sufficient taste of that sort to enter into the spirit of the matter, often have a great zest and appetite, and gratify themselves very much in successful cheating. But into whichever scale this ought to be put, there were other entries which admitted of no dispute. It was abominable to be shut up with his heavy, solemn, serious books in a quiet room. It was intolerable not to have anybody to speak to but his milk-and-water godfather, or a few other sticks that were, if possible, drier still; it was vile to be banished from all his gay companions, never to be able to indulge a right-down laugh, and never to perpetrate a jest; it was horrid not to be able to wander about town like any other of his unchained and uncaged jovial set; it was disgusting to be compelled to dress like a puritan, to wear his hair straight without the curve of a curl, and never to adorn himself with a single trinket; and, worse than all, it was unbearable to wear, morning, noon, and night, without relief, without cessation, without breathing time, the iron mask of his own hypocrisy. It is more than the strength of mortal man can do to be always a hypocrite. He may make the exertion very well for a limited period, but an unlimited one is almost impossible.

How did Horace Harvey pant and chafe to escape from his prison and his chain. All the liberty he enjoyed was to take a stiff, slow walk with Mr. Sterndale, for the good of his health and the injury of his temper. How during these disporting relaxations did that gentleman's kindly-intentioned facetiousness irritate and tease him, and yet was he obliged to swallow the pills as though they had been sugar-plums and pleased him. More than once, indeed, did the desperateness enter his brain of throwing up the game which he had been so long playing, but then to lose such stakes! to give up the hope of

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being vicar of Ingledew, and to surrender before he had won it three thousand a year! No! no! bear on, brave heart, for that! Do anything rather than lose three thousand a year!

And yet some explosion must have followed on this over-pressure in the machine, had not good luck opened out a safety-valve.

They who have most sins themselves to answer for, have usually the quickest cleverness at finding out the sins of others. Experience in their own ways enlightens them as to the ways of others. Horace detected Mr. Sterndale's grave, solid, respectable-looking servant, a man with a fourteen-years' character, who never had a speck on his shoes or a wrinkle in his cravat—he detected this man in the miserable pilfering of a couple of bottles of wine. Caught in the fact, this man became Horace Harvey's slave; henceforth he could do as he pleased, and his lot became more tolerable. This grave, serious, steady man, whose word Mr. Sterndale never thought of doubting, now took the post of inventor-in-general for Horace. Every night after his godfather had gone to his ten-o'clock bed, Horace dressed and went out. The man *must* let him in again. He had a chosen friend to a pic-nic at home, and this man *must* conceal it. Everything that was against him this man *must* hide; everything in his favour he *must* tell. Henceforth that quiet, grave, good-charactered, respectable, elderly man was the slave of Horace Harvey's little finger.

"Horace, you look pale and fatigued," said Mr. Sterndale. "Your looks ought to do better credit to the regular life you lead."

"If so, it is with study," said Horace. "You know, dear sir, how anxious I am to pass with credit, as well as to fit myself for the responsible office in which your goodness purposes to place me."

"I have spoken to my good friend the bishop on your account, Horace, and told him what a good lad you are, and how devoted to your studies," said Mr. Sterndale. "But you really must not be so over-anxious. The day is long enough for study; I hope you do not encroach upon the night? I am almost reluctant to tell you that the bishop has most kindly promised you, on my account and for the sake of the good report I have carried to him of you, to allow you a personal examination, and that he will expect you next week. I should have told you sooner, but that I feared you would overtax your own strength."

"Next week, sir?" said Horace, as he turned faint and dizzy.

"Yes, next week. I told him you were always prepared; that you were over-ready, that you lived among your books, that he would find you ripe and ready for immediate office."

Horace felt—he did not know how—nor we either.

Our hero anticipated the coming day much as those do who know that when so many days and hours and minutes have trotted and jogged and ambled away, that they shall certainly be hanged. He had a great idea that the bishop was like an executioner, and he felt something like a rope already round his neck. Being however a hero, he by-and-by made a point of getting the better of this. He remembered that the bishop was only a man, and as he supposed a good one, and he had got a strong idea upon his mind that it is a monstrous easy thing for a young man of parts like himself to obscure the mental

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vision and perception of an old ecclesiastic like the bishop by throwing dust into his eyes. He had a great idea of his own talents in this way, sanctioned, it must be owned, by some success. He looked at himself in the glass, and decided that he might very fairly consider himself as just the sanctified-looking gentleman, who being old whilst he was young, was before every other aspirant best fitted to be vicar of Ingledew. He had no doubt that the head machinery of the bishop was rather cumbrous and heavy, and that, like old family coaches, it moved with difficulty. Why should he doubt that he should be able to find out the bishop's weak point, insert his lever, and move the whole diocese?

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Horace Harvey was not quite undisturbed by qualms throughout that week. He did occasionally think of being taken seriously ill and keeping his bed, but he screwed up his courage at the recollection that the evil would only be delayed, not escaped, that it must be gone through, that he could not be vicar of Ingledew without it, and that the sooner he was the vicar of Ingledew the better.

Horace Harvey took a glass of brandy, though it was only nine o'clock in the morning, pulled and dragged and struggled with his courage to get it up to the right point, said the handsomest things that he could think of to himself of himself, assured himself that he really was the cleverest fellow in the great metropolis, and that the bishop, despite his lawn sleeves, was only a noodle in the comparison, and then found himself in the presence, which, for all his bravadoes, he dreaded more than he could even tell himself, and much more than he would have liked to tell anybody else.

All Horace Harvey's fictitious courage oozed out of his fingers' ends when he found himself confronted with the bishop. He felt his knees totter, his eyes grow dim, his head swim. The bald head and the silk apron had a wonderful effect upon him. The calm, dignified, self-possessed old man, appeared to have paralyzed him at once. He saw at a glance that there was no driving a coach and six through the bishop's vanity.

We will not pause over the few clear questions that the bishop asked, or the maudlin answers which Horace gave. Suffice it, he was dismissed.

The remainder of that day Horace was desperate, but at night a something of the rallying of his old powers of hypocrisy returned upon him, and he went back to the roof of his godfather.

"How is this?" asked Mr. Sterndale. "I looked anxiously for your return in triumph this morning, and though failing, I still should have expected your appearance."

"I have been ill, sir," said Horace, "seriously ill. Do not my looks bear me witness?"

"You look wild and pallid indeed. But how is this, Horace? I have had a letter from the good bishop. It seems you have disappointed all our expectations."

"Have you, then, sir, so little confidence in your own judgment—to say nothing of your confidence in me?"

"What do you mean?"

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"I mean, sir, that after so long relying on your own cautiously-formed opinion of my understanding, how is it that you, at a moment, change that opinion? Dear and honoured sir, you have seen me daily and known me for years—do you require any other person to teach you to estimate either my understanding or my principles aright?'

That was rather a good hit of Horace Harvey's; it piqued the old gentleman.

"I have sufficiently proved that I have thought highly both of your talents and your morals. So studious as you have been, I quite expected that you would have surprised the bishop with your acquirements: yet is his letter very discouraging."

"Sir," said Horace, with a manner that very well corresponded with his words, "I am driven into speaking of myself in a strain that nothing but the circumstances could excuse. I am forced into self-commendation, merely for the sake of self-justification. I, who love humility more than all the other gospel virtues—perhaps it is because I love it that I am called upon to sacrifice it. I am compelled to set up myself—my own simple, humble, unpretending self. Yet I have a great exemplar. St. Paul did the same. Sir, let me submissively ask you whether self-confidence usually attends the shallow or the profound—the ignorant pretender or the profound scholar? Ah, dear sir, if you reflect for a moment, you will remember that the brightest luminaries of church, of state, of all the professions, have, at their outset into life, been gyved and shackled, and, as I may say, strait-waistcoated, by their excessive modesty. Perhaps no man ever proved himself great in after life who could at first walk on to the world's great stage without trepidation, confusion, disadvantage."

"What is it you mean to tell me?"

"I mean to tell you, sir, that if I deserved your good opinion before, I do so still the same, notwithstanding my misfortune of this morning. It would be impossible for me to express the misery that I then endured! Sir, I grew nervous, hysterical! My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth—my brain seemed to whirl and dance—this dreadful modesty of nature under which I labour, but which I never suffered from so much before, weighed upon me like some monstrous incubus! My self-possession was gone—I answered wildly, vaguely, incoherently. And the bishop, sir—ah, if the bishop had been like you, I might have rallied—have recovered the possession and use of my faculties—but no! his severe, stern look completely paralyzed me. O, sir, you do not know how I have suffered!"

Horace Harvey really looked so wild and haggard, that Mr. Sterndale could not help melting as well as believing.

"Well, poor fellow, I believe you have suffered enough," he said, commiseratingly.

"Ah, sir, if ever I should live to hold a responsible office, how very gentle and encouraging will *I* be to the young, the modest, the diffident! And do you not think, dear sir, that he might have discerned, through all my trepidation and my nervous confusion, that I was not utterly uninformed—not quite a fool? You, sir, would at once have discovered, through every disadvantage, that nature had not been quite

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a niggard, and that I had not been quite a sluggard! The simple fact of my constant devotion to study, which you had so kindly represented to him, my early rising and my so late taking rest, ought certainly to have suggested to him the expediency of pausing, of encouraging, of giving me fair play! Oh, sir, how different from your indulgence, your gentleness, your kindness! But I greatly fear, sir, that it is you who have spoiled me—who have been the kind instrument of promoting my discomfiture. I thought to find the bishop like you in complacency and benevolence, and the disappointment helped to confound me."

"Well, Horace, I believe you have suffered enough. Now go to your pillow, and we will talk over the matter to-morrow."

"Kind, generous, noble-minded!" muttered Horace to himself, yet loud enough to be heard, "I shall never, never, find another like him! The bishop—ah, how unlike!" and, with his handkerchief to his eyes, Horace Harvey left the room.

Horace Harvey got up like a ghost. He felt that his expectations stood in a rather precarious state of health. Somehow or another, himself as vicar of Ingledew stood a long way off in the perspective. If ever he hoped to transform himself into that comfortably situated personage, he must positively go through a good deal of mental labour. He must cram, cram, cram. It was very disagreeable, but it must be done. He must give up his nightly stealthy dissipations, he must cut his gay companions, he must "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

"Horace," said Mr. Sterndale," when they had finished breakfast, during which Horace had sat with downcast eyes, the personification of saint-like humility—"Horace, I have been thinking of you throughout the night, and I will tell you the result of my considerations."

Horace started, and looked immeasurably alarmed.

"You need not look so anxious. Notwithstanding your failure of yesterday, I stlll rely on my own opinion of your talents, and I also know your studiousness. I believe it to have been nothing but nervous trepidation which prevented you passing your examination with the highest credit. But I see that you are shattered and out of health. You shall go down to the country, and study and recruit at the same time. You want fresh air, you want composure of mind, you want reasonable hours, and a rational course of study. At present you look something between the worn-out rake and the miserable ascetic, ha! ha! The sooner you get through your ordeal the better for you, for, having had a good dose of fright, you will, most likely, have the quaking ague till it is over."

Horace Harvey tried to get up a sickly smile, in answer to Mr. Sterndale's facetiousness.

"Now, it happens that I have on my estate at Ingledew a kind, honest, well-meaning farmer, living in a really pleasantly situated homestead—I am sure he will make you very comfortable—and I propose to send you down there, where you will be as quiet as you could wish, that you may recruit your health and spirits, and, after a little while, return to your friend the bishop, with your clerical armour on, ready for a joust and a tilt with his spiritual lordship—and who knows but you may unhorse him—eh, Horace?"

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While Mr. Sterndale was speaking, Horace Harvey had been running over all the *pros* and *cons*. He had determined on being vicar of Ingledew, and he must use the means. He had better get through the horrid labour, and have done with it. Going out every night, when he ought to have been in bed, made him doze all day, when he ought to have been studying. He would be magnanimous—self-denying. He would go and bury himself in this farm-house, and there serve his noviciate—and that the rather, because he saw that he could not reasonably help it.

So he hastened to assure Mr. Sterndale that what he proposed was the wisest, the kindest, the best of all possible plans; that it was the great pride of his life to deserve his good opinion, and his greatest pleasure to obtain it; that it would be delightful to him to go down to the scene of his future ministerial labours, that he might cultivate the affections of his future flock, and become domesticated among them; that the purity and simplicity of a country life was exactly to his taste; that, had it not been so, whatever Mr. Sterndale thought good must be the best, &c., &c., &c.

The result of all this was, that Horace Harvey found himself, two mornings after, at some certain Bull and Mouth, or some Swan with Two Necks, or something of that sort of place, with a tolerably modest portmanteau, a portly carpet-bag, and a leather hat depository, attended by the very respectable, brown-coated, good-charactered man whose life he had lately made a curse to its possessor. The malignant pleasure with which this man helped to stow away Horace Harvey, and Horace Harvey's luggage, in that fast-going stage-coach, was of too energetic a nature to be expressed in words. The man had been a slave under Horace's domination: his departure seemed to restore him to liberty.

Horace Harvey noticed this man's too obvious satisfaction. A sardonic expression passed across his own countenance. Could Mr. Sterndale have seen it, he would have found some difficulty in believing his eyes.

"I see you are sorry to lose me!" said Horace, with an amiable sneer.

The man tried to say "yes," but the falsehood was too enormous to issue. It stuck in his throat.

"Console yourself, my *honest* friend," said Horace; "you have been very useful to me. I may soon return, and require your services again."

The man left him with a reversed blessing. He could almost have thought it worth while to sacrifice himself for the sake of unmasking Horace. But self-love and self-preservation were the strongest, as Horace truly calculated.

It was night when Horace entered his new habitation to commence his new life, which he saw at a glance was just like being buried alive. Feeling very sulky and moody, and cross and discontented, and not knowing any reason why he should keep all these disagreeable things to himself, and not be just enough to divide them with whoever came in his way, he looked round for somebody to take their share; but seeing nobody but the bluff hearty homespun farmer, he remembered

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that it would be better not to manufacture a bad character, and went at once to his own room.

Very early the next morning, too early to be agreeable, Horace was wakened out of a sleep, in which he was dreaming that he was vicar of Ingledew, and had just given his reverend ecclesiastical blessing to a large congregation, by a concert and chorus of country sounds. The rooks were cawing, the cocks were crowing, the hens were clacking, the ducks and the geese were cackling, the pigs were grunting, the donkies were braying, the horses were neighing, the sheep were baaing, the cows were lowing, and the dogs were barking. Amid this concourse of sweet sounds, Horace Harvey blessed himself. It was impossible to go to sleep again. He tried, but the thing could not be done. With such a din around him, he quite believed that all the opium in Turkey would not have had the desired effect. So he thought of his present situation, just the little portion of life that was in his own possession, and did not like it at all. He hoped the future would be more satisfactory. Doors clapping, and the farmer shouting, and the operations of the flail, that delicate instrument, going on, put ruminations of the past, the present, and to come, to flight, and Horace rose and looked about him. His chamber was clean, but seemed mightily bare and naked. A little bed, with patchwork quilt and blue hangings, appeared like a dot in the large unfurnished room. Our hero looked out, and found that the house was standing in the midst of a family of fields, all one exactly like the other. They were a long way from the high road, a deeply-rutted waggon-track being the farmer's sole highway. Not at all charmed with the prospect, Horace passed to the window on the opposite side of the room: here a more animated scene presented itself, for here were assembled the whole corps of *dramatis personæ* who had got up his morning's concert. Here were all the vocal performers of the farce. Here were stables and troughs, and pumps and brooms, and all the poetical imagery of a farm-yard, which poets are so mightily sentimental about. Horace Harvey had a different taste. He uttered a nauseated "Pah!" and would have drawn down the blind—but there was none.

When Horace Harvey emerged, he found that everything in the establishment harmonised thoroughly well, being perfectly uncomfortable and entirely disagreeable. The parlour in which he breakfasted had a sanded floor, and not a particle of carpet was to be found in the whole mansion. The people stamped horribly: the chairs were the most ungracious in the world, being hard, wooden, uncushioned break-back sort of things. In fact there was neither ease nor luxury in the house. Everything was so like a hardship, that people could not help mistaking them for such. Life was made as much a trouble as possible. Horace Harvey thought of the rustic bowers, the cottage ornées, the arbours, the arcades, the luxurious solitudes, with which he had always associated country life, and asked himself where they all were. Neither was his table kept more to his taste: he abominated fat mutton and immense cabbages. Then he was waited upon by a deaf old woman, and the farmer's stentorian voice almost dislocated his joints. This sort of homespun was rather too rough wear for Horace. He would have tried out of door regimen,

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but to complete the battalion of his annoyances, he had no sooner taken up his hat than it began to rain, and it rained, rained, rained for a whole week. The windows of heaven were opened, and it seemed as if a second deluge were indeed descending.

Horace Harvey began to entertain serious ideas of hanging himself.

Howbeit prospects brightened, the sun began to shine, and a new handmaiden brought in his tea.

Horace lifted up his eyes in wonder. Instead of the deaf, hobbling, twaddling, tiresome, stupid old woman, here was a neat-handed Phillis, with the lightest step, and the blackest bright eyes, and the jettiest hair. Positively, after all the disagreeables of his situation, disagreeables which had made him ready to declare upon affidavit that Mr. Steradalé had used him immensely and abominably ill, the very sight of such a bright, glowing, buxom, rosy-cheeked, ruby-lipped country girl, was an absolute treat. Long looks were quite a refreshment to his drooping spirits. Here was none of your inanimate divinities who "die of a rose in aromatic pain," but a creature in whom the tides of life were rushing in healthy currents; one who wouldn't make anybody ill with talking about *mind*; one who would not bore you with intellect, and trumpery of that sort; one for whom you need not pick and choose dainty puff-paste sort of phrases. It is the greatest labour in the world to talk to some women; but here was one worth a little trouble, and yet that would not give any.

"What, pretty maiden, are you come to cheer up this dull place?" asked Horace.

"My name's Deborah Allen, if you please, sir," replied the rosy lips.

"And if I don't please?"

"It's the same, sir," said Deborah, dropping him a curtsey, and looking arch in the corners of her eyes, and the corners of her mouth.

"Pretty and witty," said Horace; "but there are such things you know as expedients for changing names when we don't happen to like them. Have you not heard of such things?"

"I hope my next may please you better, sir."

"I don't know. It depends upon whether you make a good partnership. Perhaps I might not like it at all."

"I hope *I* may, sir."

"Well, for the present I hope you have come to live here?"

"Yes, sir, I live here."

"I suppose, then, that the antediluvian is going away, and you are come to take her place?"

"The what, sir?"

"The—the—handmaiden of the house."

"No, sir, she's not going away. I am not servant here. I'm Farmer Allen's daughter;" and the pretty Deborah looked as if her little morsel of dignity was somewhat offended. Her stuff dress, her blue apron, and her attendance on himself, had misled our hero. She turned on her heel to leave the room, with a little toss of the head.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Allen. Come, now, you must oblige me by sitting down;" and Horace placed her a chair, to which he handed

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her, and took another by her side. "You could not be more welcome to me if you were a queen; so do not be offended with me for a slight mistake. How comes it that I have not had the pleasure of seeing you before?"

"O! I've been to a country feast, and then I was weather-bound by the rain; I only came back an hour ago. You know, sir, you came down in a hurry, and I did not even hear that you were here."

"Or would you have come back a little earlier?"

"Perhaps I might——not," said the girl. Nature had made Deborah Allen a coquette.

"Well, now that you are come, I hope that we shall be very good friends."

"If you please——me——sir." The "*me*" was said in an under scarcely-to-be-heard voice.

"I will try," said Horace Harvey, laughing; "more especially as you please me."

From that time Horace Harvey did not find the country nearly so dull.

Strange contrast of occupations. Horace Harvey being really intent on fitting himself for an examination, without passing through which he could never hope to be vicar of Ingledew, which was the aim and object of his life, really did betake himself to reading, endeavouring to understand, and trying to remember, the dullest and driest of all books, namely the theological—dullest and driest to the worldling, because to them wholly and entirely beyond their conception. Yet to relieve the *ennui* of this occupation, he diverted himself by flirting with the farmer's daughter, Deborah Allen, on all available opportunities.

THE BLIND GRANDFATHER.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Come hither, pretty grandson mine,
Alas! though curtain'd now
These outward orbs—in Mem'ry's shine
Around thine infant brow.
The radiance of cloudless truth,
The sweet peculiar grace,
That God, in VERY early youth,
Bestoweth on the face.

Though darkness veils the grateful eyes,
That, with devout amaze
Gazed ever on the glorious skies
The Lord of Light to praise;
Divinest faculties I've left
To render life a joy,
Of piety I'm not bereft,
Nor yet of thee, dear boy.

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I still can FEEL thy welcome hand—
I still can HEAR thee speak—
While thy soft breathings, balmy bland,
Blow o'er my wither'd cheek
Genial as April's fragrant air,
A visionary Spring
That to my heart's flow'rs, blighted, bare
Vitality doth bring.

Stand, darling, by my knee awhile,
Thy mother once stood there,
When I COULD see her beamy smile,
And glist'ning golden hair.
Like hers, thy prattling lips ne'er tire,
Her voice I hear again;
Causing the heart of thy grandsire
To quite forget past pain.

Thy buoyancy of spirits, child,
Thy careless laughing mirth
Recall, when I too bounded wild,
The merriest elf on earth.
O days of youth! O days most blest
Esteem'd to last for aye!
Yet snow-flake on the virgin's breast
Melts not so soon away!

O Time! most fleet—intangible—
Born but to breathe and die,
Alas! then, I remind me well
I deem'd eternity.
These are senility's fond dreams,
The hopes that WILL rebloom,
When memory's Aurora beams
On age's twilight gloom.

Oh! how too much the HUMAN taints
The nature meant DIVINE—
See! I have sunk in mean complaints—
See! how I now repine—
I, who began in lofty strains
Of thankfulness and joy
For mercies yet vouchsafed—for gains
Which nothing can destroy.

Feeling it well—the chast'ning stroke
These sightless eyeballs sear'd,
Th' enchantments of a world it broke
That all too DEAR appear'd.
For he—the Lord of love divine,
The Lord who can but save—
Hath set within my heart, to shine
His star, unto the grave!

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PHELIM DOOLAN, THE RIOTER.[1]

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

THE feast to which our old friend Katty M'Keoun had been invited passed off much more pleasantly, both in its detail and the results, than that of Fairy Lawn;—the donor of it was a thriving farmer, many degrees, certainly, below Patrick Butler both in worldly wealth and pride of family connexion, yet one who was not ashamed to show his face either at market or meeting by the side of his more wealthy neighbour without dreading a rebuke.

Katty's heart beat high—what bonnie, blithe-hearted lassie of twenty-one, who had a heart at all, could help it? for there was a secret consciousness in her own mind that she would be the belle of the evening, and many a bright, rosy-hued vision of triumphs on her part, and broken hearts and heads on that of her admirers, floated before her imagination as she hastened to her appointment. She had one advantage, at any rate, over Phelim—her mind was at ease, and was prepared as well to permit its mistress to enjoy the pleasure she promised herself, with no ghostly whisperings of conscience touching the awful reckoning the future would demand at her hands.

"Och shure and it's meself that's the happy woman the day," said she aloud, as she paused to open the gate that opened from her host's fields upon the highway; "there 'll be plenty of dancing and frolic that's for sartain, and lashings to ate and drink into the bargain."

"And plenty ov iligant boys and purty girls too, Miss Kathleen," said a voice so near her own ear that the sounds made her start. "Will you do me the hanor to permit me to undo the hesp?"

"Certainly, Mr. Blake," responded Katty, who had by this time recognised the voice and figure of her companion to be that of a gay widower of thirty, whom half the women in the parish affirmed to be entertaining thoughts of a second marriage, "and thank ye into the bargain."

"Whist, Katty, mavourneen, till I get it open," retorted the gallant Mr. Blake; "bodderation take the cumstrary wedge, I say; it won't come loose."

It was certainly very provoking, for in addition to the very bad character the gate enjoyed on that head, it was too bad for it to turn obstinate just at the very moment when both Mr. Blake and Katty were *so* very anxious to get forward; and then Katty begged to be permitted to try her hand, and her companion would not allow her, and there was a deal of scuffling on one side, and entreaty on the other, and something that smacked very like a kiss was audible, but that must only have been fancy, for Terry Blake was far too honourable a fellow to be after kissing a pretty girl at a disadvantage; and then Katty gained her point, and with a little, a very little (I pledge my honour) assistance from Terry, the gate was opened, and the pair

[1] Continued from p. 292.

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marched through in triumph, the gentleman holding out his arm as stiff as a poker, in the hope that pretty Katty might in the dark take hold of it, but Katty could not think of such a thing, no, not she! and so they arrived at the house like a couple of dogs that had broken from their leash, but very good friends nevertheless, and quite resolved to dance together the very first set, and the second too, if Terry's own ideas are to be credited; but Katty would none dance with him a second time—not she—and you deserved a broken pate, Mr. Terence, for expecting such a condescension.

The party were all on the eve of sitting down to supper when they arrived—the meal had, in fact, been delayed solely out of compliment to Katty, who, blushing rosy-red with confusion, and looking more beautiful than ever, was led by the host to the seat assigned to her at his own side; the hostess, of course, took the head of the table, and Terry Blake, like an impudent rascal, appropriated to himself the seat of honour at her right hand; grace was then said, the dishes carved, and every one fell to with an appetite, sharpened by toil and rude health, to a pitch which the hackneyed beauty at the end of a long London season would be very apt to call quite brutish.

Oh, but they did eat! there was no mistake about that—and the host laughed and chuckled until he grew black in the face, and his wife bustled and fumed, and was continually hopping off her chair to carve some distant dainty, and running back with a huge slice, to deposit on some plate which to every eye but her own was overloaded already; and then what slices she cut off the ham beside her, and how marvellously they disappeared, nobody knew where, and how red her face was with toil, and how even her very eyes laughed and twinkled until they seemed to set her whole visage in a blaze, and how continually she apologised, as hostesses will do, the silly creatures! for the badness of her fare, and how wonderfully she would detect the slightest glance of a guest's eye towards a dish, and how soon a portion of it was forthwith deposited on his plate, and how she laughed at even the stupidest joke that circulated within earshot, and was continually blowing somebody up for eating so little, and telling him she was quite ashamed of his poor appetite, when he averred that he was full up to the throat, and how in her goodman's eyes she looked younger and handsomer than she had ever done in her whole life before, which had not been a very long one either, although her daughters were as tall and buxom as herself.

O but she was a cunning hussey that hostess, and she knew it; who but herself, I trow, could have made the cloth look so snowy white? or the bread so light and crusty, or the rind of the ham so crisp, or the lordly sirloin of beef so juicy, or the pasties so luscious, or the beer so sparkling in the glasses? it was her own brewing that beer too, and a proud woman was she when Terry Blake praised it, and asked her—the sly dog!—where she got it, as if he didn't know, and had known too for the last dozen years that no brewer in all wide Cork could brew beer like it! who but herself could have looked fresh and active after she had undergone fatigue enough to tire half a dozen giants? or who but herself could have looked so buxom and merry and handsome, after the week of worry and bustle she had had before-

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hand? Pho! pho! she was a miracle, and every one thought so, from the bare-legged colleen that stood behind her chair with one frowsy thumb thrust into a gaping mouth, to the happy host himself,—and if he thought so, she was a miracle indeed!

The very delight with which she witnessed the havoc her guests played with everything, would have been a miracle to some folks who have never crossed the Channel, but she was an Irishwoman, and therefore such gaucherie is to be excused; she was native to that soil which, as a roguish Pat once slyly told me, grows miracles as thick as a churchyard does nettles, and it would have been much stranger to have seen her look stiff and cross at them, in imitation of her better educated and haughtier sisters of our own isle, when they give a tea-and-turn-out party to their friends.

And never trust me, dear reader, if Katty M'Keuon did not receive as many compliments as would have smothered a less modest girl with pride and affectation. The host, himself, presented her with a "Houly egg," a compliment vouchsafed only by the simple-hearted Irish to their most honoured guests, and his wife looked smilingly on, not jealous in the least, and clapped as zealously as any one when Katty said she would put it on her pillow, that she might "dhrame of him, the villain."

And Terry Blake, the impudent rascal! swore that it was much more likely she would be after dreaming of him, and Katty laughed and said she dare say he wished that same very sore, but she wouldn't think for a moment about such a feckless fellow; and so the laugh was turned upon Terry, and he got up with a very red face to retort, when the hostess wisely interfered by proposing that they should have a dance now, and then they might talk and eat again when they were tired; a proposition that was instantly carried by acclamation.

It would have made a stoic laugh to have seen Terry Blake at that moment; starting up from his seat as with a deliberation that did not fail to impress itself upon the spectators, he strode towards Katty with a majesty of bearing that Mark Antony might have envied, and demanding the honour of dancing with her, a demand that was instantly acceded to, forthwith led her up to the head of the room; so great had been his impatience to go through this ceremony, that the pair were doomed to stand alone until half a dozen herculean pair of arms had removed the tables wholesale with their contents to a distant corner. The music, which consisted (laugh not, dear reader, as you read) of a solitary pair of rusty bagpipes, then struck up, and after a little delay caused by the coyness of a young lady with very abundant red tresses, and a pair of legs that might have graced an ox, being determined on giving the gentleman that "shilooted" her a little trouble ere she became his partner, the dancing commenced in right earnest.

O the fun and the frolic that then ensued! If ever there were an Irish Hogarth, he should have been there at that moment, to have handed it down to all time on the living canvass; to have heard the music of the rusty bagpipes, with here and there a dreadful break in the tune, as if the player had lost his breath, or the pipes the power of making themselves heard, and neither seemed at all likely ever to

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regain it again; now playing so slow that the treble couples at top and bottom, in mere agony after getting their feet up with the tune, waited so long to descend with it again, that they feared they would never touch the boards again, and then changing perversely for the side sets, so as to make them rush helter-skelter through the figure, and leaving them to dance the last half without any tune after all.

And the dust that flew in pecks from the application of so many lusty feet to the half-washed boards, how it curled in graceful wreaths overhead; and how every one laughed and shouted when any one made a false step and came sprawling down upon the floor full-length, entangling some one else in his downfall, until at length it were hard to say whether there were more standing on the floor or lying on it; and then some very young ladies screamed, and averred somebody had been kissing them, and somebody denied it, and to it they went again faster than ever, all agreeing in one thing at any rate, that they would not be the first to give up.

Blessings on the lasses! what rosy faces they had, and what merry roguish eyes they turned upon their partners, and how their ruby lips pouted, as if to tempt them to a kiss, and what ankles they displayed, thinking no shame, the pretty dears! that frames that were made for toil and hard work should have sturdy understanders to them; half blushing and half laughing all the while at the compliments, thick as bees in a swarm, that were paid them on all sides.

But the Irish reel that followed crowned all. O ye gods, how fast and furious grew the mirth when the merry hostess was led forth to take a part in this most delectable of all dances by the triumphant Terry; Katty and the host danced with them, but think not that they were unsupported; dozens upon dozens of pairs stood up as well, and so thick too that it would have puzzled all but an Irishman to have found out how they were to move; and yet they did move too, and that right merrily, for the old piper struck up a tune that would have made even a church-steeple take to dancing, and away went the dancers, here and there, ducking and winding in and out, many a bold villain snatching a kiss from some bonny pair of lips under cover of the throng.

"Och but ye're the dancer, Miss Biddy," cried a shock-headed loon, who, half breathless, followed the lady he addressed through the tortuous and densely thronged reel.

"Whist, Misther Sullivan."

"Bismallah, ye would make a stone spake, honey! Whiroo! that wuz a lape and a half."

"Get away wid yez," retorted the lady.

"Get on wid ye, Terry my boy," cried the delighted host, chuckling with pleasure, "ah, ye're the boy for the fun."

"We'll never be younger, agrah!" said the gay widower, as he followed Katty. "Miss Kathleen here puts us all to the blush."

"Sorra a better niver wore shoe leather."

"Except one," said the gallant Terry, as he offered the hostess his arm.

"Ochone! be quiet, Teddy O'Rourke," screamed a female tongue.

"What's the matter wid yez," demanded a rough voice?

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"He won't leave go ov me," was the response, which provoked a general laugh from its naïveness.

"Put him out, the onmannerly rapscallion," suggested a gentleman who had only the minute before been guilty of the same offence.

As, however, the aforesaid Mr. O'Rourke declined, in very strong terms, being shown to the door, and as the lady did not press the charge, he was permitted to continue; and the next moment absolved himself, by kissing the young lady who had expressed in such very strong terms her abhorrence of his pressing admiration.

But folks will grow tired, even of dancing; and at last even the merry hostess, and the indefatigable Terry, began to relax their manœuvres, and so at length the reel was brought to a close, and the less weary part of the company began to wonder what they were to do next.

"Form a circle, boys, round the fire, and we'll rest ourselves a bit with buckling the praste," cried Terry.

As the fairer part of the company were included in the appellation of "boys," the whole immediately did as he desired them, and a pretty large ring they made, a gentleman and lady alternately; the securing of seats beside some favourite caused at first a good deal of commotion; and when this was at length effected, an awful pause ensued, ere it was decided who should be first chosen priest.

"Come forward, Larry Mellish," cried Terry, addressing the host, "and play his ravirence, man;" but Larry objected to this arrangement, and shifted the job over to Terry himself, who at length consented to take the part first, and he was accordingly blindfolded, and set in the centre.

Terry folded his arms over his chest, and awaited with much composure the first attack; if it happened to be one of the rougher sex, he would be compelled to relieve him, if Terry guessed his name, and be subjected to a forfeit as well; but if a lady had the temerity to risk an encounter, she would be compelled not only to give him a kiss, but to remain as well in the midst until some gallant swain relieved her by making her pay toll in the same fashion.

And then ensued all the mock advances and hasty retreats that always opens this national game; a sandy-haired youth stole forward on tip-toe, and retreated again, just as Terry was expecting a slap on the shoulder from him; and then another, bolder still, brought down his fist with a force that made every bone in Terry's body quiver again; and then Terry sprang forward, and was but one moment too late to catch the villain.

Then as he was retreating again, a hand was laid lightly upon the still smarting limb, and agile as the adventurer was, Terry caught her in a moment, and a faint giggle told him that it was Katty.

Here the merriment rose up to the roof-tree, as he demanded the forfeit; and then all-blushing Katty was placed in the centre, and a full score valorous youths rushed forward to release her. Larry Mellish, however, was the lucky mortal, and with a smacking kiss, that was plainly audible even above all the jokes and laughter, he submitted himself to be blindfolded, and awaited the attack.

And how still grew the whole party, as the merry Mistress Mellish

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stole forward on tiptoe, so softly that Larry often swore afterwards he never heard her to that moment, and flinging her arms round his neck, gave him a kiss that was quite as audible, and much more prolonged than that he had so recently bestowed upon Katty.

"Ah! Biddy Jowell, ye've buckled the praste for sartain this time," said Larry, with a laugh, as he tore the bandage from his eyes, and returned the embrace; "there, friends, there, we're all as hungry as pigs again, so let's have the tables brought back again, and sot down to."

And with this hospitable speech the host led his wife to her honoured seat at the head of his board, and the whole party following his example, were soon making sad havoc amongst the remnants of Biddy's plentiful feast.

As soon as this was over, the whole party were on the move; it was verging on midnight, and high time, so the very old folks affirmed, to be in bed; so those who had a good long way to go, ran off to get on their warm cloaks and clogs; this took up a little more time, for women are horridly long in dressing themselves after a party; much more so than they are in disrobing themselves before one; they all came down, however, before the patience of their husbands and sweethearts was quite worn out, so that they were not so bad after all; and after wishing their entertainers good-night, a pretty large party, with Katty among them, set off on their way home.

Of course there was no scuffling among the boys who should have the honour of escorting Katty, although two or three did say some very angry words among themselves on the subject, but Terry seized one arm, and Phil Mellish, Larry's eldest son, the other, and so they marched on, very merry and very chatty, one or two of the younger lads at times beginning to show how much whiskey they had in their pates; but with the exception of these peaceable ebullitions, all conducted themselves very decorously.

And every minute the party grew less, for its numbers dropped off by twos and threes at every house they came to, and at last none were left but Katty and her two beaux, neither of whom seemed inclined to say good-night until they had seen her safe home.

Terry was rather piqued at this, for he wished to "coort" Katty a bit as they went, and he couldn't do it in the presence of a third party; and he indeed threw out two or three hints to the presumptuous Phil, who, however, would not understand them; the "ould jontilman" at last became visible in the distance, and Katty inviting her companions in to get themselves warmed, presently ushered them into the kitchen, where Buscar was stationed in front of the fire.

"One feels the could, Phil, after coming into a warm room," said Terry, addressing his companion.

Phil acquiesced in this observation, and stirred the fire, whilst Katty brought out the whiskey, and set the kettle on to boil; the little party were just on the point of making themselves comfortable, when the door was opened, and Phelim Doolan, with clouded brow and disordered step, strode into the midst of them.

"The breath o' the mornin to yez, boys," was his greeting; "how's yer father and mother, Phil alanna?"

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"Bravely, Phelim my jewel," answered Mellish, who noticed with terror the wildness of the speaker's manner.

"That's well, for they're dacent folk, and have no stinkin pride about them, like some I could name; that thaife Phadrig Butler for instance."

His listeners both drew in their breath, and changed colour as they heard this; for Phelim's intention of being present at the feast of Fairy Lawn was no secret to either.

"The villain," muttered Phelim, as he strode from one side of the kitchen to the other; "but he shall rue this night's work, or,——"

"Whist! Phelim agrah," whispered Brady; "I fancied I heard footsteps outside the door."

A baleful smile overspread Phelim's handsome features; but Terry, creeping on tiptoe towards it, knelt down on the ground, and listened intensely.

Phelim in the meanwhile took down a gun; and after examining the priming to see that it was dry, held it ready cocked, to fire upon the first person that entered.

"Spake, Terence Blake, as yer a brave man," said he in a low yet frightfully distinct voice; "are the naigurs on my track?"

"There's somebody there, Phelim," whispered the horror-struck Terry.

"Open the dhoure, then, and let them enter that dhaur," cried the rioter in a louder tone.

Terry cast a horrified look upon the speaker, as these words fell upon his ear; but amid all the horrible emotions that were distorting Phelim's face at that moment, a look of so much unflinching determination pervaded his whole countenance, that he was on the point of obeying the mandate, when Katty M'Keoun, who had been forgotten all this time amid the general confusion, rushed forward from her own little room, and flinging herself between Terry and the handle of the door, arrested his movements ere they were too late to be of service.

Katty had been disrobing herself of her holiday attire, for her sober and serviceable stuff gown, and her beautiful brown hair, too, was unloosed from its bands, and fell in waving masses over her neck and shoulders, adding to, rather than concealing, her exquisite beauty.

"For the love of heaven, Terry alanna, don't open the dhoure," cried she, almost inarticulately, so thick and hurried was her utterance; "there's ould Butler and the young Frank Skeeling, and that villin, Coul Shane, the thaif! and Whintle M'Aisey, the officer, and a whole troop of wretches at their heels, coming up the lane; I saed them this minit as sure as I'm alive—oh! don't open the dhoure, but let me spake one word to the poor boy——"

Who could resist an entreaty backed by such lustrous eyes, embathed in tears? But, before Terry could reply, Katty had hurried towards Phelim, and, almost before she knew it, her arms were round his neck, and her lips pressed so near his cheek that many would have affirmed they were touching it; but they were not, however, although all Katty's maidenly reserve had fled at the first symptoms of the danger and disgrace that menaced her lover. The next minute

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Terry and Mellish heard her whispering hurriedly to Phelim, and they could see her working face turned so entreatingly up to his, that both felt Phelim must have an iron heart to withstand her.

And yet he did withstand them, apparently, for the rigid, deep-ploughed traces of vindictive daring remained as fixed and immoveable as ever, and although he placed the stock of his gun upon the ground, his hand still remained upon the trigger, as if his fell and maniacal purpose of firing on his assailants still remained unaltered.

"Och, Phelim macushla! fly! fly! before they get yez! Och, houly vargin, help me!" sobbed poor Katty, with difficulty restraining her tears.

"He'll never heed her, poor thing!" muttered Mellish.

"Whist, Phil, ye fool—whist, man," whispered the more acute Terry; "he's coming round, d'ye see."

"At that moment, as if to aid Katty's entreaties, a blow that made the panels start from their places fell upon the door, followed by an halloo that made even Phelim start; and it was evident that their assailants were a goodly company, and even he could not hide from himself the fearful fact that, if he fell into their hands, there was little hope of his escaping with life.

The girl perceived how he was affected, and, winding her arms lovingly around his neck, she whispered,

"Phalim! Phalim! they've forgot the little window that looks into the shed; ye can get out by it, magrah, for you've often done so in far less straits. Oh, if ye ever did feel yer life to be worth anything in yer time, save it now."

Phelim looked down upon her, and as he did so, another blow, more forcibly directed, made the massy panels fly in splinters across the room. Terry and Brady sprang forward, why they knew not, for the gigantic leg and arm of Whintle M'Aisey, the officer, was already through the breach, and as they did so, Phelim pressed Katty to his breast, and, kissing her blanching cheek, unwound her arms from his neck, and sprang from the room.

The window Katty had mentioned was a very little one, of two panes, and it was with great difficulty he could squeeze his legs through, and whilst he was still struggling, some one rushed into the lobby where it was placed, and attempted to drag him back again.

Phelim struggled, but his unknown assailant, whoever he was, had grasped him too firmly to be flung off; so, finding that every moment was growing precious, he, not without a few qualms of conscience, drew his clasp knife, and aimed a blow in the dark at his opponent.

It took effect instantaneously, for the other relaxed his hold at once, and, as Phelim dropped down upon the ground, he could hear some heavy substance fall with a weight of lead upon the hard earthen floor within; he paused for a moment to gain breath, and to determine in which direction to fly, and then, cursing the luckless wretch, whoever he was, he sprang to his feet, and ran on, in the darkness, towards the coast.

"A hundred pounds to whoever can take him alive," cried a voice inarticulate and rough with passion. "Bring lights!—lights! there's a man lying down here;" and Patrick Butler sprang into the little

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lobby by which Phelim had escaped. Beauvais, my dear lad, where are you? Lights! lights! some one is lying here, either dead or sorely wounded. Where is Beauvais?"

A light was brought to him at that moment by M'Aisey, the officer, and the old man hurriedly lowered it towards the poor fellow, who, bathed in blood, seemed insensible if not dead.

"Raise him up," cried Patrick Butler, as he eagerly snatched the candlestick out of M'Aisey's hand; and as the latter obeyed, the long dark locks of hair that fell over the light sleeve of his coat told to Patrick Butler that it was the form of his adopted son on which he gazed.

Patrick Butler was a man of strong feelings, which had been fearfully schooled by long intercourse with sorrow; and, therefore, when his gaze fell on the deadly pale face of the young Frenchman, as it was upturned to his own, and read in its passive lineaments that Beauvais was either dead or insensible, he did not even permit a groan to escape him, but, with rigid features and stern, calm voice, continued to give directions to those around him how to act under such a complication of evils.

A doctor must be sent for first, and one of the most intelligent of his men was instantly despatched to Drumcalque for this object, being strictly enjoined by his master not to communicate the misfortune to any one on the road. M'Aisey talked at first of following Doolan, but the old man over-ruled this by observing, that the rioter's power amongst the peasantry was so great, that such a step would be very dangerous at the present moment. So the other acquiesced, and turned with Mr. Butler to look after poor Beauvais.

He had been carried, during the short conversation that ensued after his discovery, to the fire by Terry Blake and Phil Mellish, who had stripped him of his coat and waistcoat; his shirt was very much stained with blood on the right side, and, on tearing this away, a small wound was discovered, from which the blood ran profusely.

Patrick Butler strode up to the little group, which was now reinforced by the pale, terrified, yet collected face and shrinking form of Katty M'Keoun, who came forward with some clean coarse linen rags to bandage the wound; all the while that she was doing this, from the moment when she washed the portion round the gash to the time when it was staunched, Patrick Butler knelt by her side, supporting, with hands that trembled as much as did her own, the slowly-reviving form of Charles Beauvais. Those who stood round, and who knew the affection the old man felt for the unfortunate object of Phelim Doolan's reckless cruelty, scarcely knew which stood most in want of pity—the poor girl, whose happiness in this world was, to all appearance, blighted at the very moment when life was strongest and hope most buoyant, or that hoary-headed man, whose passage to the grave seemed to grow rougher and more painful the nearer he approached its yawning limits.

At length Beauvais opened his eyes, and fixed them sadly on the ashen features of his fair physician; a deep groan followed, and then Katty turned away her head, for she could not bear to look on the face of him who was betrothed to Rose Butler—for a dim apprehen-

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sion of the fearful truth, that something more than the mere passion for disturbance and pleasure had led Phelim to become a guest at Fairy Lawn that night, came over her, and her heart began to beat more quickly, and her face to glow again, as it had done when Phelim had clasped her to his heart, and then poor Katty drew back with a wearily heavy heart, and sate down upon the polished settle, an unconscious spectator of all that passed afterwards.

"We must get him away from here," whispered Patrick Butler in the ear of the officer; "and if a hurdle could be borrowed, he would never feel it, poor fellow—it's a chance Paddy gets to the doctor's before we can reach Fairy Lawn."

His coadjutor was of the same opinion, and in a few minutes one of the doors of Phelim's public was detached from its hinges, and, having handles attached to it by the simple process of tying a couple of strong ash-poles to the sides, Beauvais was lifted upon it, and two of the steadiest men amongst Patrick's followers were entrusted with the coveted task of carrying it to his house.

We willingly draw a veil over the grief that reigned therein; of the meeting between the old man and his beloved child—of the agony with which she received the terrible news he had to communicate. At such a time, the bravest spirit often quails, and yet, in the words of one whose impetuous yet lofty spirit traces, in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" his own fiery yet holy feelings—

> "Yet love, if love in such an hour
> Could nobly check its useless sighs,
> Might then exert its latest power,
> In her who lives and him who dies."

And love did exert its power, and Rose Butler, the brightest, meekest, gentlest angel that ever tended the weary sick bed of mortal man, watched, day and night, by that of Charles Beauvais, and prayed and wept by turns, as life or death was the strongest in the contest.

Katty M'Keoun, in the meanwhile, felt the deepest agony. The presence of the wounded man and his friends had, in a great measure, prevented her experiencing the full horrors of her situation, but when they had departed, and no one was left with her but the faithful Terry Blake, she gave herself up entirely to her grief, and refused all consolation, and this was at first, and it was not much that he proffered, for Terry shrewdly suspected that all persuasion would be well-nigh thrown away, and so he very sagely permitted her grief full scope, merely throwing in a word of consolation now and then, as occasion offered.

"Salt tears make sore eyes, Katty mavourneen," said he, seating himself on the settle, at a respectful distance from her; "it's of no use crying one's eyes out wid a thing one cannot help."

Katty only cried the more bitterly.

"Don't cry, Katty alanna; he'll come back again, and all will be forgotten; it's a long lane that's got no turnin; and then he'll be sen-

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sible of the difference betune loving one that doesn't love him and loving one that does, heart and sowl—that is, if you—"

Something was sticking in Terry's throat at this moment, which forced him to suspend his speech for the time, so he drew a little closer, and began to clap Buscar on the head.

"It will never be, Terry—och, it's too good to happen!" faltered Katty, without looking up. "Sometimes I have hoped that it ud happen, but that was ounly in my dhrames, and then—and then—"

"Then what?"

"I woke, and found it was ounly a dhrame," rejoined Katty, with a fresh gush of tears.

"Cheer up, Katty, macushla machree! If one doesn't love you as you desarve, another may," quoth Terry, fervently.

Katty shook her head without speaking.

"There's lashins of dacent boys, Katty honey, that ud go through fire and water to earn a bright look from yez," continued Terry, more boldly, "and dozens ov dozens that would gladly work the flesh from their bones if you would ounly bit in their cabins, like a sunbeam, to lighten their darkness, and say 'mavourneen' when they came in of a night, wet and weary, yet happy when they catch one glimpse of your blue eyes—there's thousands of rough, yet manly hands—"

"Whist, Terry—O, whist, for the love of the houly vargin—"

"I won't whist, Katty my jewel, now that I've loosed my tongue upon the matter—I'll finish it, plaise God. We all know that Phelim is a broth ov a boy, and as handsome a one, into the bargain, as ever trod the earth; but Katty alanna, he's not the person to make a coleen like yourself a happy woman."

"Love can be sthrong under a breakin' heart, Terry honey," urged Katty, with a shudder.

"It can, but Phelim wouldn't break his heart for any one, Katty," persisted Terry, eagerly. "O, be wise before it is too late, and forget him."

"You have never loved, Terry," said Katty, reproachfully, "or you would not talk thus."

"I have, Katty—I am in love this moment, and I can answer from my heart that I could not forget when once I have bestowed my affection," retorted Terry, taking her hand. "Och, Katty, can you understand me?"

"Out on you, Terry! Is it at a time like this, when the sorrow's heavy upon one, that you can talk in this way?" trying to snatch her hand away. Don't now."

"Katty mavourneen."

"Get away wid you, Terry," cried Katty, angrily.

"If a likely young fellow was to say, "Katty macushla, if you're not avarse to the schame, we'll spake to the priest to-morrow, and get the ceremony done over uz—"

"I'd say 'No,' Terry, that moment—I would indeed," cried Katty, vehemently; "and if it was any one I thought at all well of, I would despise him for talking so at such a time—it's takin' a dirty advantage of one."

"You wouldn't of me, Katty?" urged the visitor, laughing.

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"Leave go, Terence Blake, this is no time for such trifling," cried Katty, bursting into tears. "Ochone! misfortunes never come single! Oh! oh! Phelim achora, if ye were here this would not have happened."

Terry was sobered in a moment by this outburst on his companion's part.

"Pardon, Katty honey—O, forgive me!"

"Lave the house, Terence Blake," cried Katty, raising herself up with a look of insulted dignity. Go home and ask pardon, on your bended knees, for this night's work."

"Katty alanna, if ye will ounly say, 'I forgive you, Terry.'"

"Ask forgiveness above, Misther Blake," retorted Katty, emphatically; "and now lave me, for my heart is heavy wid all I have gone through this night."

Terry looked sad for a moment, and then buttoning his coat up to the chin, muttered something under his breath, bade the object of his love a good night, and went his way, we trust, rejoicing.

SONNETS,

PENCILLED ON THE MARGINS OF A METAPHYSICAL TREATISE.

NOS. II. III.

Eye cannot paint itself;* thought may not scan
Its springs, or trace the trembling cords that knit
The sleepless life-works to the ruling wit—
How, then, the Thought of thought, that knew to plan
That maze of Godlike mechanism, a man!—
The Mind, embodied in Creation,—writ
On nature's brow, inspired frame most fit
To fold Omniscience in its boundless span!
Nay—through the tender grass-plumes as they grow
Whence course the veins?—What fibry bones pervade
The frail anatomy? On the seed we sow
What builds the slender oaten shaft,—the blade
Of sunniest gold?—What—what does knowledge know?—
Is human wisdom wise?——ah yes! in answering "NO!"

Waked by the lowly echo, from the height
Of Love's o'er watching realms, descending, see,
New-born of thought, serene Humility
Conduct the deep-eyed faith, whose steps are Light.
Divine Interpreter! who read'st aright
Earth's prophet-page where blooms "Eternity,"
All greenly grav'n. Bright Creation's key,
That opest the starry volume of the night,
And threadst the heart's intricacies, till—lo!—
Seen by that torch, the stranger, Self is known!
Through her the rustic reaps. Her lessons shew
To use th' Intelligence, that cast our own,
And shapes the need;—*thence*—thence to seek, and know
Wisdom, the sought on high is wisdom found below!

"P."

* The illustration is Locke's.

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THE PALAIS ROYAL.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Within our walls,
Though with the addition of our later friends,
I cannot number soldiers ev'n sufficient
To hold this petty town 'gainst such vast odds,
I needs must smile and wear a brow of hope."

BAILLIE.

THE gardener, who had previously concerted with Pierre to remain in the saloon under some pretext, if his confederate were not prepared to strike the blow, on hearing the request of his royal highness, awaited humbly the commands of the prince. Vaugirard bad him approach nearer the Prince, and in doing so, as he was passing opposite the captain, Pierre nodded, and Jean Limier drawing forth a pistol, presented it across the table at Vaugirard, whilst Pierre took the like measure with Hubert.

The action was performed so suddenly, that Vaugirard was, for the moment, dumbfounded, but Condé—his eyes sparkling fire—rising, declared that if either the captain or Hubert spoke or moved, it should be the last instant of their lives. He then went to the door opening into the ante-room, and bolted it securely, Pierre and Jean, meanwhile, holding their weapons prepared against their respective prisoners.

So readily did the prince take the necessary precautionary measures, that Pierre could scarcely bring himself to believe otherwise, than that his royal highness had been already well-schooled in the details of their plot—although he had every reason to be convinced that such was not the case.

"Well! my good friends, what next shall I do? Are you provided?" exclaimed Condé, as he returned from the door.

The gardener, without withdrawing aim at Vaugirard, divested himself of the coil of rope, and handed it to his royal highness. Before making any use of this implement, he approached Pierre, and asked in a whisper, how affairs stood on the terrace—and if the move was intended in that direction. Pierre replied, in the same low tone, that the sentinel was their own. 'Tis well! said Condé, and immediately addressing the crest-fallen and wondering captain, said he should be under the painful necessity of binding his limbs and muffling his mouth—it was very harsh treatment he admitted, to a gentleman of his consideration, and one who had treated him so politely, but there was no help; it was not a case in which he could take his *parole*, and he hoped the day would arrive when he could repay the captain's hospitalities on a more friendly footing.

[1] Continued from page 252.

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Vaugirard objected very much to being bound; it was treatment to which a French gentleman ought not to be subjected, especially at the hands of one of the princes of the blood. His family, he said, were noble through very many centuries, and in the reign of Charlemagne occupied as wide a field in the world's attention as eventhe family of his royal highness.

"It is an old family, I admit," said Condé, making a noose in the rope, "very old, and the first coat of arms borne—if I recollect—was——"

"Was a bear rampant—it is a time-honoured device," exclaimed Vaugirard, "and I hope his royal highness will pass no disgrace on the bearer of it—the second of our name rid a whole province——"

"I know the legend well," cried the prince, interrupting him, "the descendant of the great bear-slayer must be bound notwithstanding—but in recompense, as soon as these troubles are over, I will have Montjoie make a honourable addition to the coat—the bear shall have a rope *gules* round its neck, Monsieur Vaugirard."

On the prince ordering him to put his hands behind his back, the poor captain groaned at the indignity, whilst Condé attempted soothing his feelings—as he passed and repassed the rope—saying that very few men, if any, could boast, as the captain might, of being manacled by a prince of the blood. It should be deemed an accession of honour to the Vaugirards.

Having exhausted his eloquence, and ill-pleased with the prince's jokes, the captain became sullenly silent, darting looks of anger at Pierre, his treacherous servant, who was still employed in keeping Hubert silent at the point of the muzzle.

Vaugirard being thus very carefully bound, both hands and feet, by the prince—the mouth gagged, and the head enveloped in the table-cloth—it was now Hubert's turn to undergo the same ceremony.

To make a distinction in favour of the captain's rank, as Condé remarked, he ordered Limier, who had been studying the process, to operate on Hubert, whilst the prince held the ready-cocked pistol. The gardener having performed the business to Condé's satisfaction, the two prisoners were then fastened to the legs of the massive table at opposite ends, scarcely a word passing between the confederates. They then left the apartment, and entering the gallery, fastened the door, and emerged on the terrace—the prince was in such a hurry to depart, that he did not even venture as far as the bedchamber to reach his hat, or other apparel.

Jules looked pale as death when they approached, and shook as though from cold or the ague, but despite his tremor, had not been idle, but pointed to the spot, where he had contrived to insert his sword or side-arm—which stood in place of the bayonet of more modern times—between the stones of the paved terrace-walk. To this weapon was quickly fastened the silk cord provided by Pierre, and in which he had made large knots at regular and close intervals. Throwing it across the embrasure, he looked over to ascertain the length, and was happy to find it hung almost touching the water.

"The depth?" said Condé.

"Follow Jean Limier exactly—and you may wade through," replied

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Pierre, making a gesture for the gardener to descend. Jules had taken care, in obedience to his kinsman's instructions, to fasten the sword on that angle of the bastion, farthest from the bridge, and where, of course, they could not be seen in that direction whilst in the act of descending. Thus screened, Jean let himself into the *fossé*, and awaited under cover of the high walls, the descent of his companions. Condé, bareheaded, made the attempt next, and Pierre, having some fear of Jules' courage, bad him follow the prince, being himself the last to drop into the muddy stagnant ditch.

So far all was well. They heard no cries or token of alarm—saw no witnesses of the exploit, and were much favoured by the projecting angle of the bastion or terrace, which hid them from view of the busiest and most frequented quarter of the château. Jean was bidden by the prince to make a sure but quick transit through the mud and water. Condé in following, spoke to Pierre, who was close at hand, saying he doubted not but that he and his confederates, who had exhibited already so much tact, had taken care of the two remaining obstacles—the ascent from the *fossé*, and a rapid exit when they were safely landed above.

"Follow Jean, and show yourself on the glacis—it is all we have to do," replied Pierre.

Crossing in a diagonal direction, immersed sometimes only to the waist, then sinking in a hole up to the very throat, they arrived at the spot marked by the gardener. The sides were faced with stone, much worn, and marked with indentations and crevices, which afforded good hold for the hands and feet, but unfortunately these places were above reach. Where they stood, and for several feet higher, was a smooth surface, on which there was nothing to gain a purchase. "We are at fault here!" was the remark of Pierre.

"No!" said Condé, and bidding Jean rest with face against the wall, he sprung on his shoulders, and placing his hands in the interstices and holes, which had been the gardener's night-labour, contrived to clamber up the sides, though with great difficulty—in one instance, the entire weight of the body, being supported by one hand, or rather fingers, the feet having missed footing. Seeing the dangerous and difficult position of the prince, Jean blamed himself very much, but he was obliged to choose dark nights to work in, he said, and the place was so exposed to view.

The upper portion was found much easier, it being more within reach of the gardener's tools and instruments, by which he had broken the facing of the moat, and the Prince was already on the top, when Jean directed attention beneath a plant, where was discovered a coil of rope fastened round the root, and hidden by the branches. Condé threw the end to his friends, bidding them be quick, for he heard a confused noise from the fortress, which boded no good.

Pierre told him to run towards the wood, and he would be met by the horsemen; but Condé shook his head, saying he should not desert his friends. The noise was now audible to all, and one after the other, they commenced scrambling up the rope, in the confusion, their knees and hands much bruised against the stone-facing.

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"Up! up! my friends!" cried the prince, "I see fusileers on the bastion."

Jules was the first to place his knees on the surface, and the same moment, a musket discharge was heard across the moat; his cap was knocked off by the shot, which grazed slightly the knee of the prince.

'*N'importe*," cried Condé, "run and summon the horse."

As he successively assisted in lifting over the edge of the glacis, Pierre and Jean Limier, the shots began to fly quickly, and it was full time to beat a retreat; for although the spot where they ascended was a considerable distance from the bastion whence the musketry was discharged, they having traced, under the pilotage of the gardener, a devious, diagonal course through the ditch, yet it was to be feared retreat would be cut off by troopers crossing the bridge, or heavy ordnance brought to bear from the batteries.

They ran nimbly across the ground, obstructed only by the plants and shrubs, which had been up to this period the care and pride of Jean, and heard the bullets whistling about and around their heads. The prince was again struck, the bullet grazing the elbow, and tearing up the sleeve to the wrist, whilst Pierre felt the blood trickling on his neck from a slight wound on the ear.

"They fire like German deer-hunters," said Condé, "I must organize a corps of marksmen—but there, our friends see us."

And it was full time the horsemen were at hand, for just as the corps emerged from the forest, meeting first with Jules, who had a considerable start of his friends, the sturdy Jean Limier was stricken in the calf of the leg, and stumbling forward, fell powerless.

He was picked up by Condé and Pierre, who attempted to carry him, but the troopers dashing forward, he was hastily placed across the saddle in front of one of the men, who retreated with the wounded gardener under cover of the forest.

"Mount and away, messieurs!" cried the captain, striking impatiently his horse's neck with the flat of the sword. "Mount! for Chavigni has crossed the bridge."

Pierre thought he recognized the voice, but this was no time for conjecture, for casting his eyes towards the covered way, he saw that the advance-guard of the garrison had already gained the plain. With Condé and Jules in company, he hastily mounted—led horses had been provided for their escape—and joining the troop, they dashed into the forest.

One more look Pierre ventured. A vivid flash burst from the walls, followed by a heavy lengthened sound, echoed and re-echoing through the forest, whilst the branches were cracking and splitting—riven by the discharge from the batteries.

It was a hurried retreat, for the force in pursuit was far superior in numbers to Condé's escort, and there was every thing to lose and nothing to gain in conflict. They rested not till they had gained the lines of the fauxbourg St. Martin, where the prince was in comparative safety, and where the troop halted. The men gathered round his royal highness, each congratulating him after his own fashion on escape from dreary confinement, and receiving the prince's thanks for the rescue.

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In the market-place of the fauxbourg, Condé called a council of war—in the hasty ride from Vincennes he had heard enough, he said, to convince him that their work was not yet finished, that there was more glory to be won. Even whilst the prince was speaking, distant shots and discharges of musketry were heard; the little band resolved itself into a body-guard of honour, determined to win renown under so renowned a leader.

Several scouts were dispatched in the direction of the firing, and in the meanwhile, the prince was solicited by the inhabitants of the fauxbourg to retire into the city, but he declined, declaring that his friend Beaufort was doubtless in considerable peril, as he judged by the news already heard, and which the messengers he had sent would soon report on. He recommended the wounded Jean Limier to their care, shook hands with the wounded man, who only regretted that he could not accompany his royal highness to gather fresh laurels. Jules Martin was ordered by the prince to attend his kinsman; he had remarked the terror of the poor fellow, whose cue lay not in fighting, albeit he had done good service, and to whom the prospect of more glory was anything but inviting. It was therefore with the view of sparing Jules' feelings, that he was commanded to nurse his kinsman, and so escape the horrors of the field without imputation on his courage.

Pierre, or, as we shall now call him, St. Maur, had recognized in the captain of the troop, his friend Monsieur du Tremblay. The governor in *posse* of the Bastille was certainly more easily recognizable than St. Maur, whose discoloured complexion, way-worn, blood-stained, and mean apparel, presented a *tout ensemble*, far different, as Du Tremblay said, from the trim moustached gallant, erewhile secretary at the Palace. What would his fair young friend, Louise, say to such a vagrant?

St. Maur was utterly confused at the allusion, and could not help betraying his blushes even through the discolouration to which his face had been from time to time, during his stay at Vincennes, subjected. Du Tremblay, who remarked his distress, exclaimed—

"Why! How is this? Surely the news never reached Vincennes!"

"What news?" asked St. Maur quickly.

The son-in-law of De Broussel, leading his friend aside, said he would be frank with him. The family and himself, he continued, had noticed, what they believed in St. Maur, a growing affection for Louise, and were not ill-pleased with the prospect of such an alliance, the more especially as the maiden seemed to reciprocate the tender feeling. His own opinion, Du Tremblay said, of the depth of the secretary's passion was considerably shaken by his abrupt departure from Paris without taking personal leave of his lady-love, but the other members of the family judged that this only proceeded from a desire to spare her a recital of the dangers he was about to incur in the unknown and secret journey. Since his departure, however, a formal application had been made to the president for the lady's hand, by a young advocate of good family, and fair prospects in his profession. What added to their astonishment, the gentleman affirmed the maiden was already highly prepossessed in his favour; and on being ques-

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tioned, she confessed to the passion, and that they had had many interviews in the church of St. Paul and St. Louis, whilst standing behind the back of the staid Dame Josephine, more intent on spiritual matters than watching the proceedings of her young charge.

St. Maur was both glad and surprised at this narration, and yet—if the truth must be told—a little mortified. The cold indifference of Louise was now accounted for, and in a way not palatable to the vanity of a young man.

Du Tremblay, who noticed the impression made, took St. Maur by the arm, and pretending to peer closely into his face, exclaimed,

"*Pasques Dieu!* Are the women then right after all? Were you really dying for the false fair one, who preferred *perruqué* and robe to feathered cap and sword?"

"Believe me, Du Tremblay," replied St. Maur, laughing, "if the lady have made a good choice I shall feel happy. But see, the scouts are returning—yet tell me! How came you in command of this troop?"

As they returned to the prince, Du Tremblay replied that he had been sent for by De Retz and placed in authority over the troop, which was composed of picked men, and, as the secretary perceived, well mounted. From their continued location in the vicinity of the château, and the sudden and apparently strange orders of marching and patrolling often received, the object was known, or at least pretty safely surmised by all the troop, but Du Tremblay was not aware that St. Maur was engaged in the exploit.

Along with the scouts came several officers from Beaufort's army, and a messenger from De Retz, who could not leave his post in Paris at the critical moment of the fortunes of the Fronde, but sent congratulations. All gathering round his royal highness, a short consultation ensued, instead of detailing which, we shall, after our own fashion, attempt to show the position of Beaufort and the other parties.

Deceived by the impression that the Duke of Lorraine was prepared, Beaufort began his march for the north, believing that on a junction with the Lorrainese forces, he should be a match for Turenne. But Lorraine was unexpectedly detained, as the troops would not march without pay, and the court of Madrid had not performed its promise of forwarding the necessary supplies. Beaufort, therefore, on arriving near Paris, found himself and army entrapped, for Turenne's forces were twice the number of his own.

He took refuge at St. Cloud on the Seine, where is situated the royal palace, then occupied by the Queen-Regent and the Cardinal. The whole court was in a flutter, and fled in dismay, much to the gratification of Beaufort, who had been once, as we stated in an early passage of our legend, a rejected suitor of Anne of Austria.

Turenne crossed the river above, and prepared with his large army to drive the duke from the precincts of the royal palace, but Beaufort transporting his army across the bridge, fortified it strongly, and laughed at the old marshal. Turenne crossed below St. Cloud, and advanced on the duke, who then returned to his former quarters, fortifying the bridge on that side.

This warlike game of chess was played several times over, Beaufort's

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possession of the bridge enabling him to baffle an army double the strength of his own forces. The marshal then paused to wait the arrival of a new army under the command of the Count de Nogent, composed of fresh recruits, and of drafts from each of the frontier garrisons, spared at the royal order from the important service of guarding the passes of the kingdom, that the Fronde might be effectually overwhelmed and ruined.

Poor Beaufort, who had been prevented entering Paris in the first instance by the intervention of the marshal, now discovered that the Count de Nogent would afford him no chance of escaping to the south.

Whilst he lay encamped at St. Cloud, he discovered that the marshal, who had drawn off his forces away from the river, yet not so far as to permit a safe march to Paris, was only waiting De Nogent's arrival on the opposite bank of the river, that they might commence the march together, and crush and overwhelm him. Le Roi des Halles, who had the blood of the fourth Henry in his veins, cheered his troops as he was best able, and decided for a hasty dash across the intervening suburbs and villages, which would give him the chance of gaining either the shelter of Paris, or if that were not attainable, a strongly fortified encampment on a tongue of land at Charenton, running into the waters formed by the confluence of the Seine and the Marne.

Breaking up the camp hastily, he crossed the bridge with his army, and commenced a rapid march for Charenton, but Turenne, throwing all his cavalry in that direction, turned the head of Beaufort's advance guard, and drove them back in confusion. This movement was so far favourable to Beaufort, as to afford the opportunity for his main body to gain shelter behind the lines of the fauxbourg St. Antoine.

Such was the exact position of affairs as reported to the Prince of Condé, and he was not slow in taking measures to succour the duke. Hastily equipping himself with such arms as he could obtain, and bidding St. Maur do the like, and finish the work he had begun, he arrayed the little body-guard, and being joined by about the same number of gentlemen, headed by Gourville, attracted from Paris by the report of his being at large, he commenced a march towards the scene of action, fully resolved that if he could not make good against Turenne the defences of the fauxbourg St. Antoine, that he would at least make an honourable retreat into Paris, which Turenne's error or eagerness in dispatching the cavalry towards Charenton, would allow him to do.

As they passed through the Fauxboug St. Martin, and the adjoining fauxbourg of the Temple, the loud note of proximate warfare increased. The discharges of musketry were incessant, and occasionally there were seen groups of men, women, and children flying from their homes, where war was dealing around its horrors. Wounded soldiers or citizens were borne away from the scene of conflict, turning with a faint smile to greet the band of auxiliaries now advancing to the contest.

"Turenne has not brought up his artillery yet," exclaimed Condé, addressing his friends, "and we'll make a few notches in his ranks with our handful of horse."

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CHAPTER XXIX.

Il monte un cheval superbe
Qui, furieux aux combats,
A peine fait courber l'herbe
Sous les traces de ses pas.
Son regard semble farouche;
L'écume sort de sa bouche;
Prêt au moindre mouvement,
Il frappe du pied la terre,
Et semble appeler la guerre
Par un fier hennissement."

SARRAZIN.

Upon entering the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, Condé found that Beaufort had concentrated his forces under shelter of the barricades and trenches which the inhabitants had thrown up to protect themselves from incursions during the troubles of the preceding reign. Poor defences they were, but the brave frondeur preferred making a stand at these posts to an ignominious retreat within the walls of Paris. De Retz and Noirmoutier had sent him such reinforcements as they could spare, but the citizens were in extreme alarm for the safety of the capital, and, not knowing on which side, or when it might be attacked, it was not deemed prudent to leave the city defenceless.

The fauxbourg was of the form of a triangle, or rather of a quadrant. On quitting Paris by the Porte St. Antoine, and entering this suburb, three principal roads present themselves, branching from a common centre; that on the right hand, the Rue de Charenton, the left called after the village to which it led, Rue de Charonne, whilst the centre street or avenue was known by the name of the Rue du Fauxbourg St. Antoine. These three streets were connected by cross-streets and passages, and ran through the fauxbourg, terminating at the redoubts and entrenchments which we have already spoken of, and which guarded the suburb towards the plain. The fauxbourg was also protected on the right by the Seine, on the left by the adjoining suburb of the Temple.

Whilst riding briskly through the principal street, Condé was received with acclamations of delight, his name passed from mouth to mouth, from street to street, till the defenders of the fauxbourg became aware of the approach of the illustrious hero.

On reaching the scene of action, where the Frondeurs were firing from the entrenchments on Turenne's infantry, one wide acclaim greeted the prince. None knew better than himself how to make use of this enthusiasm. Commanding all the frondeur cavalry at that post, as well as his own body-guard, to follow, he made a sortie, throwing himself, sword in hand, on the marshal's battalions. Seconded by his enthusiastic troops, he broke the lines of these veteran soldiers, charging through and through, hacking in pieces, throwing beneath his horses' hoofs, Turenne's choicest infantry. Proudly, and in triumph, he returned to the entrenchments, bearing with him a cluster of standards, and officers, whom he had taken prisoners.

Turenne, who from a rising ground, where he stood, surrounded by his staff, beheld the check given the infantry, ordered fresh battalions

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to the charge, whilst his artillery was gradually brought into action against the entire line of the fauxbourg.

Foreseeing the terrible shower of destruction threatening the fauxbourg, he constructed fresh barricades behind the old ones, planted the artillery at the entrenchments, where it would prove most effective, pierced the houses so that they might serve as loop-holes for the musketeers, and disposed the infantry and cavalry where it would prove most available against the shock. Whilst engaged in these labours, intelligence was brought from the right wing of the Frondeurs, commanded by Beaufort in person, and which occupied the posts at the termination of the Rue de Charenton, that the army of De Nogent, pouring in like a wave, had carried the defences, and was already in the fauxbourg, driving back the duke and his troops.

Leaving the command with Tavannes, a skilful general, and next in point of rank to De Beaufort, the prince hastened with his guard to assist the duke and stay the progress of the foe.

De Nogent carried all before him in his assault, overpowering with superior numbers the harassed Frondeurs, driving them even to the market-place, where Condé found De Beaufort, fighting on foot, every inch of ground yielded only with desperate struggle.

But when the prince came in sight, no more ground was yielded. The exhausted soldiery forgot their toil in shouting his name and his war-cry, "St. Louis!" Leading them on, he charged De Nogent, setting the example of galloping into the midst of his foes almost single-handed, creating dismay in the ranks, striking on the one side and the other wherever resistance offered. The fiery contagion was caught by Beaufort and his friends, who rushed upon the Mazarinians breathing hot war. In their fury they forgot their discipline, striking down with the but-end of the musket, or throwing it into the enemies' ranks, rushing into close combat with the sword and pistol, whilst others, running into the houses, dislodged the parapet-stones, burying their enemies beneath the cumbrous projectiles. Even as De Nogent had forced the Frondeurs to retreat, in like manner was he obliged to retrograde. Nothing could stop the animated and daring breath of courage and vigour instilled into Beaufort's troops by the impetuous Condé. Yielding step by step, the Count de Nogent was forced back beyond the retrenchments to the plain, leaving many hundreds of his men wounded or dead in the streets of the fauxbourg.

But the labours of Condé were not yet over: for while the right wing was thus restored by the heroic prince, and the centre was preparing for the threatened brunt of Turenne and the main corps of his army, the left wing of the Frondeurs, under the command of the Duke de Nemours, had been forced to retreat through the Rue de Charonne by Turenne's general, the Count St. Maigrin, under similar circumstances to Beaufort's retreat.

With unwearied energy, ever surrounded by the gallant band which brought him from Vincennes, Condé flew to the relief of Nemours, and with the same daring courage, from which even faint hearts caught valour, he drove back the enemy, restoring to Nemours the same lines and retrenchments he had been in possession of at the commencement of the battle.

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But Turenne, the second military master spirit of the age, was not to be thus overcome, with an army at command almost quadrupling that of his great adversary, although he was in possession of the miserable defences of the fauxbourg.

Calling off De Nogent and St. Maigrin, he prepared to concentrate the entire strength of his large army to bear upon the devoted fauxbourg. The artillery were planted along the line, the infantry embattled for the assault, whilst his numerous squadrons of cavalry stood prepared, when the infantry had forced the defences, to carry destruction through the suburb.

Meanwhile, these preparations of the marshal gave breathing-time to the Frondeurs. Weak entrenchments were converted into bastions and ramparts, houses into forts—walls and buildings were overthrown to throw impediments in the way of advancing cavalry—all betokened a deadly struggle.

Condé, taking advantage of the pause, hastened into Paris to claim reinforcements, and despatching St. Maur with a message to the poor Duke of Orleans, closely shut up in his palace of the Luxembourg, to meet him at the Porte St. Antoine, he ascended the tower of the Bastille, to gain from the eminence a better view of the enemy's strength and operations.

The view was disheartening. He saw Turenne, De Nogent, St. Maigran, all the generals and the officers of the staff—a splendid cortège—surrounding the marshal on the heights overlooking the fauxbourg. On the lower ground was concentrated the army, the best and choicest troops in the service of the king, drawn from the household service, the frontier garrisons, and the standing armies, composed of veterans who had assisted Condé in gaining his immortal victories, and which were now brought in battle array to crush their general. The change was sorrowful, and he turned with a sigh to descend the tower to meet the Duke of Orleans, who was accompanied by Noirmoutier, De Retz, and many others.

To all the entreaties of Condé, that his cousin of Orleans should join him in the suburb with his regiment of body-guards, fresh, active men, well mounted, now quartered in the Luxembourg for the safety of his royal highness, the duke turned a deaf ear. It was in vain that the prince pointed out that their quarrel with the court was the same, that if Condé were vanquished, what would become of Orleans against Turenne, Mazarin, and Anne of Austria?

De Retz, in seconding the arguments of Condé, said that Anne was as inveterate against his royal highness of Orleans for the passive countenance he had afforded the Fronde as though he had taken an active part in the troubles.

"Her majesty is most bitter against us all," said Noirmoutier. "I have just learned that she sent his little majesty to the heights of Charonne, that he may enjoy the spectacle of the discomfiture of his supposed enemies. Our liege lady prays the while in the Carmelite church at St. Denis!"

"Does she know of my escape, Noirmoutier?" asked Condé.

"It is my belief her majesty knows it," replied Noirmoutier, smiling, "for one of my trusty fellows reports she has sent her state coach to the camp of the marshal."

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"To take me back to Vincennes—I understand," rejoined Condé—then turning to Orleans, he added, "Will nothing move you to help me, cousin?"

Orleans, in reply, advised him to give up the command to Beaufort and Nemours, for it was useless contending against such overwhelming force, and remain in the city.

"What?" gasped the prince, almost inarticulately—"what? I retire! I abandon my friends! No, never! I will live or die with them! Farewell."

Many of the gentlemen present ran after Condé, offering their services as volunteers, Noirmoutier among the number, the Coadjutor having, in the enthusiasm of the moment, agreed to take the military command of the city. The prince was affected almost to tears; each passing moment brought fresh recruits, thronging around, anxious to share in the glory and the danger.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, after glancing for a moment at Orleans, now tracing his way to the luxurious palace of the Luxembourg, "I must not dissemble from you either the greatness of the peril, or the feebleness of our resources. We may perish to-day, but we will not perish without signalizing our vengeance. Let us fight, if you so will, to our last breath! For me, if I cannot conquer, I know how to die. Gentlemen, I pretend to give no order to-day—let my example be your guide!"

Meanwhile, the marshal's preparations complete, his artillery thundered along the line, pouring forth its discharge upon the suburb, while the close battalions of infantry, under cover of the fire, moved on to the assault.

To look upon the opposing forces—to reflect that the threatened slaughter was undertaken to support the interests of a stranger—a mean, crafty Italian, who must be upheld in his office at the expense of the best blood in the kingdom, was harrowing. On both sides floated the same standards—fleur-de-lis opposed to fleur-de-lis—citizens against citizens—brothers against brothers. Both armies displayed the same evolutions, the same arms, even the same contour of face, features, and complexion! How distinguish friend from foe in the onslaught?

This thought had not escaped the respective commanders. Turenne's soldiers wore in their caps a bunch of straw, whilst the Frondeurs displayed—in both instances the hasty resource of the moment—a piece of paper.

As Turenne had foreseen, nothing could withstand the weight of his artillery; the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, at least that portion exposed to the attack, was soon a frightful heap of ruins. Houses crumbling, falling down, streets blocked up, the dwellings on fire, the flames bursting through the heavy smoke which enveloped the scene of action—trenches, redoubts, bastions, and forts, all gave way to the dread power, which scattered them to fragments.

At the head of his troops, the marshal led the way, crossing the smouldering ruins, fighting determined, desperately, against the heroic defenders of the suburb. Each house was a fortress, emitting its sharp fire of musketry, bringing to the earth the brave veterans of the

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marshal, or mangling them in the dust with the weight of falling stones. Still Turenne, supported by fresh troops, pouring a constant stream through the shattered defences, kept on his way, fighting, overthrowing, dissipating all opposed to him.

Time was it for Condé to appear to cheer the poor Frondeurs, harassed by their long march, the fatigue of the battle, and the labours undergone in entrenching themselves. Covered with wounds, they had scarce strength to support the brunt of so many assaults. Determined to win his way even to the gates of Paris, Turenne, spite of the brave defence of his foes, of the murderous projectiles, crushing his men, flung from the parapets and house-tops, fought on, his troops backed and cheered by the advancing corps of reserve who had not yet tasted the honours and peril of the day.

Condé came, at length, with his body of recruits fresh from Paris, but he could not stop the retreat of the troops driven before the dread *avalanche* of Turenne's main battle. He flung himself among them, called to the officers by name, upbraiding, entreating. Still driven, still fleeing before the victorious enemy, he was obliged to content himself with changing the tactics. He exhorted the officers to hold the men together, reassured and re-formed the battalions even as they fled, flew from rank to rank, no longer exhorting them to stand, but to retreat in order. In this office, assisted by De Beaufort, Noirmoutier, Nemours, Gourville, St. Maur, Du Tremblay, and others, he was so far successful, that on reaching the abbey of St. Antoine, where the locality afforded an excellent opportunity for making a *point d'appui* of resistance, he commanded a halt, which was obeyed, and Turenne, who had expected nothing less of the enemy than a disorderly rout and broken retreat, was surprised, and his troops confounded, atthe sudden show of resistance, and the firm, unyielding, unbroken lines of the Frondeurs.

The battle commenced anew—the brunt of it borne by fresh recruits from the city, for Paris sympathised with the heroic leader of the Fronde. Affording breathing-time to Beaufort's troops, they attacked the Mazarinians with impetuosity, whilst detachments, making a *detour*, assaulted the flanks of Turenne's army, pouring through the cross streets a heavy, destructive fire—cooping up the cavalry by the erection of barricades, so that they became useless and inefficient, whilst the destructive missives from the houses, still pouring on the heads of the Mazarinians, taught the marshal not to reckon too surely on victory.

Refreshed by the short respite from action, inspirited by the presence of Condé, the soldiers of Beaufort's army again advanced to the charge, whilst the harassed royalists, annoyed in front and rear, and dropping fast from the fire kept up from the windows of the houses—for the Frondeurs, making a passage through the walls which separated the dwellings, formed one long gallery of each block of houses, running from point to point, where they could best direct their fire—began to retreat. In vain did Turenne dismount from his war-steed, and, placing himself in the foremost ranks, battle on foot, to inspire anew the courage of his men. They were driven back, yielding little by little the ground they had won.

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As they retreated, fresh courage sprung up in the breasts of the Frondeurs. Although, in obedience to the command of the parliament and the municipal powers, De Retz held together the main corps of volunteers who had served throughout the war of the Fronde, that they might be ready to protect the city if attacked, still numbers flew to the aid of Condé; and it is remarked of such forces, that whilst none are more prone to panic, success often excites to deeds of daring which veterans would scarce attempt.

It was by the aid of such a force, attacking from every post and corner were a bullet could reach the enemy, that Condé was at length enabled to triumph over the whole disciplined chivalry of France.

Turenne was gradually driven beyond the ruins of the entrenchments, leaving his men dying and dead in his retrograde movement. Towards the last, his retreat was a flight, only fighting to protect the men, not dispute the ground, and for which inactivity Condé could not account, till a messenger from De Retz, finding the opportunity to approach, informed him that the Duke of Lorraine and his army, by forced marches, had arrived in the vicinity of Paris. This was, doubtless, the cause of the marshal's quick retreat, and Condé, who knew that his labours were now at an end, after giving the necessary orders to repair the entrenchments, and hold fast the posts they had regained, returned with his friends to the city.

At the Port St. Antoine, he was met by De Retz, who ran forward, assisting him to dismount, and truly the prince needed assistance. Worn with toil and fatigue, now that the excitement was over, he was almost helpless. He stood unhelmed, covered with the vestiges of smoke, dust, and blood—the hair straggling, dishevelled, matted, and in disorder—the vambraces broken and hanging loose—his cuirass indented with sword-cuts and the marks of bullets, and the blue-dust of powder—the sword without sheath, broken and notched—the *tout ensemble* of the heroic general affecting yet melancholy.

His lassitude was extreme. He sat on a stone, close to the gate, surrounded by his friends, conversing and smiling, whilst his broken sword traced lines in the dust. Often a tear stole to the eye, as the poor wounded soldiery were borne past into the city.

A superb war-horse was brought, that he might make a triumphal passage to the Hôtel de Condé, but he declined the spectacle, and retired, with a few friends, privily to his abode, leaving the expectant and excited citizens to usher in, and greet with all the honours of war, the brave soldiers who had sustained the peril of the brilliant battle of St. Antoine.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Can you behold
My tears, and not once relent?"
SHAKSPEARE.

However impatient was St. Maur to carry the glad tidings of the prince's escape, and of his subsequent victory, to Isoline, and claim

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the sweet reward of success, the day was too far advanced, and his present condition very ill-befitting a lady's presence. His borrowed complexion, assumed at the same time as the name of Pierre, had been overlaid with the dust and smoke of falling houses, tinged also with the blue vapour arising from exploding powder; the deep, the ordinary doublet of a private soldier, hacked and torn in the fiery scuffle of the battle.

He was forced, therefore, to postpone the visit till the morrow, and repaired to his old apartment in the palace, where successive ablutions and rest restored to the youth somewhat of his former bloom.

When all difficulties have vanished, and forgiveness is assured even before the asking, when hope triumphs over fear, and the lover's heart, no longer torn by anxiety and doubt, reposes in happy assurance, then the task of him, whose province it is to record the vicissitudes and perils of life, is concluded. How find words to describe the meeting of Isoline and St. Maur, when they could not find expression for the depth of their own feeling?

The lively sensations of delight of Isoline, that he whom she deemed lost, was restored, returning of his own will, a penitent wanderer, were felt rather than expressed in her replies to his protestations and renewals of affection. Whilst St. Maur, often silent, even from the fulness of his heart, sat wrapped, overpowered by the thrill of his own happiness, like a shipwrecked mariner, when all hope was gone, suddenly snatched from the deep abyss. He felt the wrong he had committed, the torture he had inflicted, but he felt above all, the providential and timely rescue from a step which would have irretrievably destroyed his own happiness, ruined the peace of her, whose welfare he prized above his own.

The conventual parlour was the scene of their meeting. The Val-de-Grace, whose massive walls hid the fair Isoline from his enraptured gaze on the night of their first interview, now witnessed their reunion, after many a peril, many a temptation, passed.

The sweet confusion and embarrassment of the meeting over, Isoline confessed to the deception she had practised on Bartholin and the court, that it was her intention to take the vows at Avignon. Still St. Maur could not bring her to own what her ultimate intention was, if he had never so opportunely sought to discover her retreat by applying to the abbess. Perhaps she knew not herself; but on this point she affected a mystery, deservedly tantalizing the eager, unsatisfied inquiries of her lover. But she could not escape so easily from the playful yet feeling reproaches of St. Maur, for remaining so long a period, almost a neighbour, sternly closing the avenues of the heart with the resolve, that if she were not sought, she would not seek; when a word, a glance, a gesture—the slightest indication that she was not buried in a far-distant cloister, but was daily cognizant of his career, his aberrations—would have brought him to her feet.

With what heart could she, he said, behold him daily wandering still farther from his happiness—from his peace of mind—and interpose no warning voice—no beacon to warn him of his danger—to recall

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his pledged affections, and bring him back to the sanctuary he had forsaken? Was it pride or love which caused her to stand aloof? For himself, he felt it cruelty, although he perhaps deserved it.

Du Plessis, as we have said, was not so well prepared to answer this reproach. She could have answered it to her own heart, but not so readily to the youth who sat at her side. There are some things which we do well not to defend, lest the defence should cause more pain than the offending act itself.

She only replied by an allusion to the scarf bestowed at their last meeting. He produced it—it was worn, he said, during his service at Vincennes—was in his bosom, and would have been found there, if he had fallen in the dire engagement of St. Antoine. It was again her own, if she redeemed the precious relic at his own high price.

There was no struggle between love and pride in the answer of Du Plessis to this proposal—it was redeemed—and St. Maur left the convent, thrilled, delighted, conscious that his future life and career would be associated with the happy care of ministering to the happiness of Isoline Du Plessis.

In accounting for the fortunes of the adherents of the Fronde, we narrate the fate of the faction itself.

Condé, its chief, now victorious, backed with the army of the Duke of Lorraine, in possession of the ancient capital of the kingdom, was placed in a situation to wage a successful war with his kinsman and sovereign. But the reflections which arose during the imprisonment at Vincennes, taught him to dread the anarchy and confusion which would result from his own success. He aimed not at the throne of France, was desirous only of driving Mazarin from the kingdom, but finding he could not effect this without the recurrence of such frightful ravages and devastations as had fallen on the fauxbourg St. Antoine, now a heap of ruins, he resolved to make a fair and advantageous peace for his friends and allies, and leave France, till such time as the youthful monarch, having taken the reins of government into his own hands, there would be no longer a competition for power and sway. The court were but too glad to listen to his overtures, and the Fronde, finding that its interests would be liberally taken into account, made no opposition to the accommodation.

This wise and patriotic resolution was doubtless, as we have intimated, the fruits of his imprisonment. Removed from the scene of contest, he was placed for the time in the position of a spectator, could review quietly his own course of action, and trace its bearings on his fortunes and the welfare of his country. He had been drawn into the struggle, not through mercenary views, but pique and Bourbon pride, and he resolved to quit it and his native land, after effecting for the Fronde what it claimed of the court, and return only when the monarch was of an age to claim, unsolicited and uninfluenced, his council and friendship. The residence of the prince, till his reconciliation with Louis XIV., which happened some years after the battle of St. Antoine, was at Brussels and Madrid.

The Coadjutor, De Retz, very soon became Archbishop of Paris, by the death of his old uncle, and his claim on the court being the

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nomination at Rome for the Cardinal's hat, Mazarin was obliged to accede to his rival's wishes. Cardinal de Retz, who since the death of Isabelle de Chevreuse had changed his course of life, living in the sanctity befitting a prelate, now that he had reaped the fruits of high ambition, forsook politics, and confined his skill and energies to the elucidation only of ecclesiastical matters. With all his vices, he was not, even during his profligate career, destitute of piety and a sense of religion; and these sentiments, acted on by the extraordinary circumstances detailed in our legend, saved him from ultimate disgrace. He died an ornament of the church, regretted even by Louis, whose early reign he had so much troubled.

Le roi des halles, Beaufort, obtained his deserts in the post of the Admiralty, and a subsidy to pay his debts. He died, many years after the events we have narrated, in the Mediterrrnean, on a foreign expedition.

Of the other Frondeurs of note, we may state that Noirmoutier obtained the government of a province; De Broussel the appointment of his son-in-law, Du Tremblay, to the commandantship of the Bastille, which he retained many years, living in friendship with St. Maur.

Gourville had an important station under the superintendent of finances, and continued the management of the prince's estates during his royal highness's absence from France.

As the Duke of Orleans had not taken an active share in the affairs of the Fronde, he deemed it unnecessary that he should be included in the act of indemnity, and was soon afterwards banished Paris—or as the phrase is, informed that country air was essential to health—and relegated to his estates at Blois, fit reward of imbecility and cowardice.

The Duchess de Chevreuse, in the rich shower of spoil which these daring Frondeurs won for themselves, did not lose her portion, but obtained posts for several relatives, and the coveted privilege of the *tabouret*, that is, a stool of honour, accorded to princesses of the blood, and a few others, that they may be seated in the presence of the queen.

The affection of Louise for a gentleman of the robe was a sad blow to the ambition of her father, and balanced the splendid success of Du Tremblay; but through the intercession of St. Maur, the young lawyer was included with the Frondeurs, and obtained several steps in his profession, which gratified the father-in-law. Louise, whose future course was calm, prosperous, and happy, enjoying and delighted with the growing honours of her partner, remained ever ignorant that she had been the object of the Cardinal de Retz's passion, often as she devoutly listened to his addresses from the pulpit; nor was she ever aware of the dire contention she had created in the heart of St. Maur, though his admiration could not escape her notice.

Of Anne of Austria, we need only say that she was doomed to the bitterness of granting all the demands of the Fronde, save the exclusion from power of Cardinal Mazarin. The nation were somewhat reconciled to his retention of office, in the expectation that Louis would, at a very early age, take the reins of government into his own hands,

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and put it out of the power of either a regent or a minister to abuse the exercise of the royal prerogatives. She continued in the regency till her son assumed the royal sway at the very early age of royal majority. With some of the Frondeurs, her majesty became personally reconciled; amongst this class was St. Maur. With Isoline, friendship was renewed, and the countenance and protection of the court thrown into the scale of her fortunes and position in society.

With respect to Mazarin, he never regained, if indeed he had ever possessed, the goodwill of the nation at large; but the Frondeurs gaining their ends, animosity ceased so far as they were concerned; and in the seventeenth century, the people, properly so called, had no voice or influence except when ranged under the banners of the noblesse or the parliament, or in actual revolt. And the system by which their political utterance was choked, continued till the revolution, when they made themselves heard, loud as the pent-up, caverned breath of a volcano. When Louis attained his majority, he continued the Cardinal in office, through respect for his mother, and, indeed, faithfulness towards the crown. He was an able servant, but with personal qualities very distasteful to the nation,—mean, avaricious, treacherous. It was reported, as indeed we rather hinted at the commencement of our history, that he was privately married to the queen. Legally speaking, such a tie were impossible between an ordained priest and the widowed queen of France; still such an idea might be very readily entertained in an age which witnessed the strange spectacle of another prelate—the Coadjutor de Retz—paying almost public court to a maiden scion of the noblesse, his admiration sanctioned by the mother. Mazarin died extremely wealthy, leaving a noble library, an extensive collection of pictures, and vast riches to be divided between his nieces, whom he had married into families of the highest repute.

In our present task, we must not omit mention of the two kinsmen with whom originated the escape of Condé. When the prince came to learn all the particulars relative to the exploit, particularly the adroit manner in which Jean Limier induced the sentinel ordered on the terrace on the morn of the escape, to quit his post, and which was effected by the gardener bringing a pretended message of assignation from a woman living in the village of Vincennes, and with whom Jean knew the man to be on terms of growing intimacy. The sentinel, in despair, declared that he was presently going on duty to relieve a comrade now stationed on the prince's terrace; the gardener offered his own kinsman, who he said would take the musket readily, and keep the secret, as he, being a fresh recruit, had a great desire to have a peep at the grand prisoner. How well this scheme succeeded, the reader is already acquainted with. It remains only to speak of Condé's share in the adventure, gathered from communications to St. Maur. Always intent on escaping, and ever prepared to grasp at the incipient attempt of friends whom he well knew were as anxious for the event as he himself—ever daily expecting rescue in some strange shape or another, the bearing and inquisitive aspect of Captain Vaugirard's servant, excited first his surprise, then curiosity, and lastly the recognition of the well-remembered profile and glance of his follower, St. Maur.

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Glancing at the terrace through the windows of the long gallery, whilst waiting the announcement of dinner, he had noticed that the sentinel was engaged in making a hole with his side-arm, between the stones of the paved wall close to the embattlement. Thinking it a strange circumstance, he kept on the watch till the man found he was noticed, and refrained in consequence. Vaugirard entering to usher him into the saloon, the sentinel was for the moment forgotten; but on witnessing the secret signals which Pierre made, the manner of the rescue flashed at once upon his mind, and enabled him to act up to the spirit of the exploit as though he had been a previous confederate, in such a manner as to excite the admiration of Pierre. How Condé gained his accurate information, and found the means of despatching letters to friends, he would not, he said, at present divulge; and it was not till several years afterwards, on the death of the chaplain officiating in *la sainte chapelle* in the fortress, that it became known that this reverend functionary had been the chosen and unsuspected ally of the prince, receiving the packets from him in the chapel on days of prayer.

So well pleased, as we have said, was his royal highness of Condé with his two humble friends, that he gave to each a well-stocked farm in fee, besides presents of money. Jules Martin retired to his little estate, whilst Jean Limier, who had both courage and capacity, became an officer in the foreign service of which Condé had the command during the period of his exile, and rose to a fair rank under his friend and general.

The Captain Vaugirard received an open letter from the prince, enclosed under cover to Chavigni, begging his pardon for the affront, and speaking in excellent terms of his allegiance to his majesty, with which the captain, as he ought, was well pleased.

Of the remaining personages of both sexes, as yet unnoticed with relation to their future career, the insignificant parts played by them in the drama of the Fronde is, we hope, sufficient apology for our silence. Indeed, we fear to have harassed the reader already, and will conclude with one allusion to Jocoso, not for his sake, but as illustrative of the character of a better man. He was sent back to Italy, well provided with means, the prelate declaring to St. Maur that he was an unfitting servant for the archiepiscopal palace—adding that he felt reproved whenever he saw him.

In concluding, we may remark that the powerful faction of the Fronde gained the private ends contemplated by the chiefs through the obstinacy of the queen in retaining a minister hateful to the nation. That it did not change the dynasty, driving Louis from the throne, and seating another branch of the Bourbons in his place, was owing to the royal leader of the faction restricting his ambition to the reputation of the first military genius of the age.

The great body of the citizens, not merely of Paris, but of the large towns throughout the kingdom—for the quarrel had become general—gained less by the rebellion than any other class, although their numbers had constituted the mightiest engine in carrying out the designs of the Fronde. The poor peasantry gained absolutely nothing—even the parliament as a corps, nothing—so that the advantages might be

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easily summed up, in reciting the list of individuals to whom subsidies, posts, and governments were given.

But it was not wholly so. The example of successful resistance to the royal authority imprinted itself deeply on the hearts and memories of the people—the seeds were sown of a revolution which in succeeding ages reaped a harvest for the benefit of a mighty nation, not a mere aristocracy.

One more adieu, before we let fall the curtain. The Prince of Condé had left Paris, escorted by the army of the Duke of Lorraine, and which remained till all the conditions of the treaty were fulfilled, when the Count St. Maur, for by such quality he was now known—Condé having stipulated for this honour as a poor equivalent for the services which his father had rendered in favour of Anne of Austria, and in which he lost life and estates—was ushered into the hotel in the Place Royale. He loitered with the fair and youthful Du Plessis through the range of saloons, erewhile the scene of the masquerade, where he encountered the disguised Mazarin. Their conversation was not very lover-like, being chiefly on matters of business, the appointment of domestics, the decoration of apartments—mingled with anticipations of a new château rising from the ruins of the old place in Dauphiny. It was such a discourse as might be supposed to occur a few weeks, or perhaps days, before marriage between affianced parties.

"There is only one request I have to make, Henri—and to that I ask your promise of compliance," said Isoline, with somewhat of the former spirit with which she had attempted to influence the actions of her lover—"and you must promise!"

So much stress was laid on the necessity of his compliance, that the count trembled as he gave the pledge.

"I believe," said Isoline, "with our friend, the Cardinal de Retz, that your talents are more adapted for peace than for military duties. —Nay! I doubt not your courage, so you need not start. If it had been a man who spoke, I suppose you would have sought the hilt of your sword. But I suspect a lurking disposition to join the standard of the prince at some time or another."

"Well!" exclaimed St. Maur, smiling.

"And I forbid it," replied Du Plessis. "The large sums of money you will receive from the Treasury in consideration of the unjust attainder——"

"But Isoline," cried St. Maur, "you know I have only the Cardinal's order on D'Emeri, and his orders at the *Quai des Orferres* would pass at a sad discount in exchange for coin."

"But her majesty has this very morning told me very graciously, that your demands will be paid before all others," said Du Plessis; "and you will be thus enabled to rebuild the château, and occupy a station here and in Dauphiny, far more beneficial than campaigning in foreign service."

St. Maur did not reply in words, though his assent was expressed; and they continued their walk through the suite of apartments.

Anne and the youthful Louis, soon after the battle of St. Antoine, when the treaty with the Frondeurs was concluded, returned to Paris, occupying, as before, Richelieu's old mansion of the Palais Royal.

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THE POSTHUMOUS WORK.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The work has come forth—and sage, genius, and dunce,
All eagerly strive to peruse it at once;
O'er long lists of names the librarian sighs,
And plottings and strivings in book-clubs arise;
All mourn for the writer, cut off in his prime,
All vow he surpassed every wit of his time,—
Nay, doubt whether Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Burke,
Could, united, have equalled his Posthumous Work.

At eve, the blue coterie pour forth their praise:—
"What talent, what judgment the story displays!"
"Such volumes the archives of England enrich;"
"Surely Westminster Abbey should grant him a niche;"
"Did you read his first work?" "Yes, and hailed the young ray
Of the morning that promised a glorious day;
He has fairly, since then, by himself been surpassed,
And of all his productions, the best is the last!"

Not far from the scene, in a dimly-lit room,
Uncherished, unheeded, apart in her gloom,
Behold yon pale widow—she droops her sad head,
And weeps for the gifted one silent and dead:
Small intercourse now with the world can she claim,
Yet she hears in her chamber the echo of Fame
Giving honour to him most lamented, most dear,
Oh! why is the melody harsh to her ear?

She thinks on the hours when exhausted, opprest,
He toiled through the season allotted for rest,
And wrote with that mixture of hope and of dread,
Only known by the sad ones who write for their bread:
The world to the spell of his genius was cold,
It was sparing of praise, and more sparing of gold,
Long slights he endured, long unkindness he bore,
Till the suffering spirit could brook them no more.

She knows that the work now extolled and admired,
Was penned when the mind, languid, wasted, and tired,
Gave forth, in faint gleamings of shadowy light,
Its former perceptions distinctive and bright;
He died, with hopes wither'd, and energies check'd,
The victim of chilling and careless neglect,—
Oh! *half* of these honours, this homage, this praise,
Would have gladden'd, perchance would have lengthen'd his days.

Time's calm healing influence softens her pain,
The widow returns to life's duties again,
Oft speaks of his name whom she valued so well,
And loves on his cherish'd effusions to dwell;
Yet ever, while viewing these records with pride,
She mournfully turns from one volume aside,—
It wakes the sad thoughts in her bosom that lurk,
'Tis her loved one's last effort—his Posthumous Work!

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THE RATTAN;

OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CAPTAIN RENAUD.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY R. M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

> " How well in thee appears
> The constant service of the antique world
> When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
> Thou art not for the service of these times,
> Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
> And having that, do choke their service up
> Even with the hearing:—it is not so with thee!"
>
> AS YOU LIKE IT.

MILITARY greatness, or the moral dignity of a soldier's life, seems to me to be of two kinds. On the one hand, the dignity of command; on the other, that of obedience. The first, altogether external, active, brilliant, proud, selfish, exacting, will, day by day, become more rare and less sought after, in proportion as the spirit of civilization becomes more pacific; the last, altogether internal, passive, undistinguished, modest, devoted, persevering, will each day become more honoured, since at an epoch when the spirit of conquest has worn itself out, whatever dignity an elevated character can impart to the career of arms, would consist less in the glory of the battle-field, than in the honour of enduring in silence, and of accomplishing duties, frequently of an odious nature, with constancy and resolution.

If the month of July, 1830, had its heroes, amongst your ranks, my brave comrades, were to be found its martyrs! You are now separated and dispersed. Many amongst you have betaken yourselves, after the storm, to the quiet refuge of the paternal roof; humble though it be, many have preferred it to the shadow of a flag other than that to which they had sworn allegiance. Some have followed the " fleur de lis" to the heaths and sands of la Vendée, and once more watered them with their blood; a few have passed into foreign service, and others, ere their wounds from the three days had yet healed, unable to resist the temptations of a military career, have again unsheathed their swords for France, and carried her triumphant banner to new countries and to new conquests. Everywhere we see the same devotion of body and mind, the same yearning to deserve well of their country, the same readiness to die in her cause. Those alone, to whom chance denies the excitement and distinction of active service, feel that their claims are heavy, or their lot unenviable. The field of battle is the *home* of the army. There, the dream becomes reality; there, the soldier becomes a hero; there, servitude becomes service. Active warfare throws a gleam of consolation on the untold and unknown weariness which the slaves of the army are called on to

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endure in the lethargy of peace; yet, (I repeat it, and with conviction,) the field of battle is no longer the scene of its brightest triumphs. I shall often relate to others the feats of arms which you have performed; but I would now, for once at least, speak to you of yourselves, and of the life and death of one whose character bore, to my mind, a deep impress of honour, resolution, and simplicity.

The night of the 27th of July, 1830, was silent and solemn. All the circumstances connected with it are more deeply fixed on my memory, than those of other scenes, still more terrible, which it has been my lot to witness. The deep repose of land and sea, before the coming of the hurricane, is not more striking and awful, than was that of Paris before the revolution. The Boulevarts were deserted. I was walking alone, and at midnight, with eye and ear awake to every sight and sound. The pale stars shone out from the cloudless sky, but every window was darkened, every dwelling closed and still as death. Occasionally, and for an instant, I saw a group of workingmen assembled under the shadow of a tree, to whom a mysterious orator addressed a few whispered sentences. They then separated noiselessly, and glided into the narrow and darkened bye-streets. The doors on either hand opened at their approach, and closed behind them as they entered. All was now still, and the city dull and mournful, as though stricken with the plague.

From time to time, as I advanced, I encountered a dark inert mass, undistinguishable until within a few paces; it was a battalion of the guard, motionless, voiceless, at their post. Further on, was a troop of artillery, whose lighted matches shone like stars in the distance. I passed, unnoticed, in front of these imposing, formidable bodies, without a question, without an injurious expression, without a word. They seemed entirely on the defensive; without passion, without bitterness, they seemed resigned to endure whatever fate might have in store for them.

As I approached one of these bodies of armed men, an officer advanced to meet me, and inquired, with great civility, whether the light which appeared in the direction of the Porte St. Denis proceeded from a conflagration; he was about to push forward with his company to investigate its cause. I assured him that it was merely the burning of some old trees, which the shopkeepers of the quarter, taking advantage of the disturbances, had felled, in order to clear the space in front of their windows. After receiving this information, he seated himself upon a stone bench by the side of the foot-path, and commenced drawing lines and circles on the gravel with his rattan. It was from this circumstance that I recognised him, and upon my making myself known to him, he grasped my hand warmly, and requested me to take a seat by his side.

Captain Renaud was a man of strong, upright character, and of cultivated mind;—there were many such in the *Garde* at that time. His character and his habits were well known to all of us; and any, who may read this brief memoir, will at once remember the surname given him by the soldiers, adopted by the officers, received and permitted by the man himself. In regiments, as in families, habits of familiarity are engendered; and characteristic names are often invented amongst

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comrades, by which they are better distinguished, and their individuality more clearly marked, than by those which they received at their baptism.

The captain had contracted the habit of constantly supporting himself on his "rattan," in consequence of an old wound in the right leg. Wherever he might be, it was scarcely ever out of his hand. His manners were grave and simple; he was a great reader, and seldom spoke a superfluous word. Without ambition, and indifferent about attaining a higher grade than that he already filled—captain of grenadiers—he was much esteemed and respected in his corps.

By the soldiers of his company he was greatly beloved, and it was remarkable with what joy and alacrity they marched on any expedition, under the separate command of the rattan. It was, indeed, the rattan which led them, for Captain Renaud never drew his sword; not even when, at the head of the skirmishers, he approached so near the enemy, that a struggle, hand to hand, might be expected.

Not only was he a man well versed in military tactics, but he possessed, in addition, so thorough an acquaintance with the great political affairs of Europe, under the empire, that it was difficult to conceive where he could have acquired it. Some attributed it to his habit of deep and constant study, others believed that it had been derived from some very high source, in the earlier part of his career; in the meantime, his silence and reserve with regard to all such matters repressed curiosity, and left the question open to speculation and doubt.

The general characteristic of men of the present day is this very reserve;—in the instance before us carried to perhaps an unusual extreme. An appearance of cold politeness veils at once both character and action. I am convinced, in consequence, that we must be erroneously, as well as imperfectly, known from the glaring portraits which are drawn of us. Affectation is held in greater contempt in France than elsewhere; and it is in consequence of this, no doubt, that far from displaying ostentatiously, either in manner or language, the violence or the strength of passion, we study, each and all of us, to keep pent up in our own breasts our involuntary impulses, our most powerful emotions, our deepest griefs. I do not believe that the effect of civilization has been to *enervate* everything, although it has *masked* everything. I own that I look upon this as an advantage;—I love the self-dependent, not self-sufficient character of our times. In that apparent coldness there is a dignity which sets off, and enhances the value of genuine feeling, although it may not, perhaps, be quite unmixed with disdain—the true standard of value for all human things. We have to mourn the loss of many friends, whose memory is still fresh within us; you remember them well, my old comrades! Some have died in battle, some in private duel, some by suicide; all men of honour, of strong character; of fiery passions, yet all, outwardly, simple, impassive, reserved. Ambition, love, hatred, jealousy, did their fearful work within them; but the struggle was untold, they avoided all allusion to the disease that was eating insidiously into their hearts. They never assumed a tragic attitude to produce a sensation; and the romance-loving woman, fresh from some tale of

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fictitious, exaggerated woe, would have looked upon them with contempt, disciplined as they were, and submissive to the cold forms of society; and yet they lived and died, as you well know, with hearts as true and brave and resolute as ever beat beneath the toga of a Cato or a Brutus. Our passions have lost nothing of the intensity with which they glowed in by-gone days, but it is now only by the fearful ravages they leave behind them, that a friend can track their course. In externals, in language, in manners, there is a certain degree of cold dignity common to all, and rarely thrown off, save by some puerile individual who would strive to appear imposing and grand at any cost. The laws of society, now-a-days, are "*les convenances.*"

There is no profession in which the cold formality of language and habits contrasts more strongly with the life of stirring activity than the profession of arms. In it, the distaste for exaggeration under any circumstances amounts almost to a hatred, and the man, who dilates upon what he feels, or seeks to render interesting what he suffers, is looked upon with universal contempt. I was well aware of this, and was about to leave Captain Renaud rather abruptly, when, taking me by the arm, he said,

"Were you present at the review of the Swiss this morning? It was a fine sight. Their platoon firing was executed with admirable precision. In the streets of a great city it would be very effective, provided that the sections to the right and left were quick in covering the platoon that had just discharged their pieces."

At the same time he continued tracing lines upon the ground with the end of his cane; presently he rose from his seat; and as he walked slowly along the Boulevart to a short distance from the group of officers and men, I followed him, and he resumed the conversation in a tone of nervous and involuntary excitation, which surprised me not a little in a man ordinarily so measured and reserved in the expression of his feelings.

He commenced with a very simple request, taking hold of the button of my coat as he spoke:

"Would it be taking too great a liberty," said he, "to beg you to lend me the gorget of your uniform of the royal guard, if you still have it? I have left mine at home, and I can neither go myself, nor send for it, since we run the risk of being shot down, like mad dogs, at the corner of every street; but as it is now three or four years since you left us, perhaps you may not be able to lay your hand upon it. I, too, had sent in my resignation a fortnight ago, for I am thoroughly tired of the service; but when I saw the *ordonnances*, the day before yesterday, I said, 'This business can scarcely be settled peaceably;' so I made a bundle of my uniform, my epaulets, and my bear-skin cap, and returned to my old quarters to rejoin those brave fellows behind us, who are likely to have some warm work, and that, too, in a cause which they cannot quite approve. They would certainly have thought that I was wrong to desert them at so critical a moment; and it would have been a shabby thing;—you must feel that it would have been a very shabby thing."

"Were you aware that these *ordonnances* would be issued," said I, "at the time you sent in your resignation?"

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"*Ma foi!* no. I have not read them even now."

"Surely, then, you had no cause for self-reproach.

"It was merely the appearance; and I should have been sorry that appearances even should have been against me."

"Your sentiments," said I, "are most admirable."

"Admirable! admirable!" said Captain Renaud, quickening his pace; "ay, that is the word in vogue just now, and what a puerile word it is! I detest admiration, it is the source of so many bad actions. It is bestowed too cheaply now-a-days, and with too little discrimination. We cannot be sufficiently on our guard against admiring too highly.

"Admiration is both corrupt and corrupting. We should act uprightly to satisfy our own consciences, not to have it bruited abroad. However, I have my own ideas on that subject," he added abruptly, and turned to leave me.

"There is one character far superior, in my estimation, to the great man," I remarked—"the man of honour, namely."

He shook my hand warmly.

"I quite agree with you in that sentiment," he said. "I have endeavoured throughout my life to put it in practice, and it has cost me many a struggle. It is not so easy as it seems."

Here the sub-lieutenant of his company came up with us, and asked him for a cigar. He took a handful from his pocket, and gave them to him without speaking: the officers commenced smoking, as they walked to and fro, apparently unconcerned by the dangers which surrounded them, and the unpleasant duties they must soon be called upon to perform.

Captain Renaud turned towards me again.

"What a beautiful clear night is this," he said, pointing with his rattan to the stars, that shone brightly overhead. "Ah, Paris is, or feigns to be, asleep. Not one of us has eaten or drunk for four-and-twenty hours; perhaps all our heads are the clearer in consequence. I remember once, on the march towards Spain, you asked me how it happened that my promotion had been so slow. I had not time then to tell you all the circumstances, but this evening I feel tempted to make you the confidant of some of the chief events of my life. You were always fond of listening to such narratives, I remember, and what I have to say may, perhaps, furnish you with a subject for useful meditation in the retired life you now lead. If you will sit down with me on that stone bench, we can talk quietly for an hour or two, for I believe they have ceased firing on us for the present from the roof-tops and cellar-gratings. I will merely tell you a few incidents of my history, as caprice leads and memory serves me. Shall we sit down?"

I followed him slowly, and we passed in front of the fine grenadiers of his company. They stood grave and firm, with their chins resting on the muzzles of their firelocks. A few of the younger soldiers were sitting on their knapsacks, more fatigued than the rest with their day's work; but none exhibited signs either of anxiety or discontent. They were in their ranks, as on a day of review, awaiting orders.

When we were seated, our old comrade resumed the conversation,

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and related to me, in his peculiar manner, three important epochs which let me into the secret of his life, and explained the eccentricity of his habits, and the general melancholy of his character. All that he said is still fresh in my memory, and I shall repeat it, almost word for word.

"I am but an unimportant unit in a great nation," thus he began, "and am quite reconciled, now, to the part assigned me in life; but, were it otherwise, I might say with Louis XIV., 'I have been too fond of war.' The glory of Bonaparte had intoxicated me, like the rest, from my very childhood; it had turned my head so completely, that there seemed no room in my brain for any other idea. My father, an old superior officer, always on active service, was almost a stranger to me, when, at last, the fancy took him to carry me with him to the campaign in Egypt. I was then twelve years old, and I remember, as though it were yesterday, all the enthusiasm of the army at that time, and all the feelings which then took possession of my soul. Two passions filled the sails of our ships—the love of glory and the love of plunder. My father cared as little for the second as for the north-east wind which carried us forward on our course; but the first spoke so loudly to my heart, as to make me, for many years, deaf to every sound in the world, save the music of Charles the Twelfth—the cannon's roar. The cannon seemed to me the voice of Bonaparte; and, child as I was, when it boomed upon my ear, my cheek flushed with pleasure, I leapt with joy, I clapped my hands, I echoed its roar with my childish shouts. These first emotions prepared the way for that exaggerated enthusiasm which afterwards became the monomania of my existence. A meeting, to me all-important, set the seal upon that fatal admiration, that mad worship, to which I was ready to sacrifice all and everything.

"The fleet sailed on the thirtieth Floreal, of the year 4. I passed day and night on deck, gazing with rapture on our countless vessels, and the blue sea around us. I reckoned a hundred sail, but that was far from our whole force. Our line of troop ships was a league in extent, and the half circle formed by our convoy at least six. I spoke to no one. We passed within a short distance of Corsica, with Sardinia dimly visible in the distance, and two days afterwards descried the bright shores of Sicily; for the Juno, in which ship we were, led the van with three other frigates. My father held me by the hand, as he pointed out to me Etna, with its cap of smoke, Mount Erix, and all the classical headlands of Trinacria, with their white dwellings, perched on high, like birds amidst the clouds; and at last—it was—yes, it was the twenty-fourth Prairial—I saw before me, at daybreak, a picture which dazzled my eyes for the next twenty years.

"Malta was before us, with her forts, her batteries, her endless walls shining in the sun, like newly-polished marble, and her ant's nest of narrow galleys, skimming the waters on their long red oars. A hundred and ninety-four French ships surrounded her with their broad canvass, and their flags of blue, white, and red, which were hoisted, at that moment, at every mast-head, whilst the standard of the cross, the last cross militant, was slowly lowered in Goza and fort St. Elmo. At this signal, the fleet fired a salute of five hundred guns.

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"The Orient was in front, detached from the rest of the fleet. All the ships of war now defiled before her, and in the distance I saw Desaix salute Bonaparte. My father took me with him on board the Orient;—at length, for the first time, I saw the hero of my imagination.

"He was standing on the quarter-deck, in conversation with Casa-Bianca, the captain of that ill-fated ship, and his hand rested on the fair hair of a child of ten years old, Casa-Bianca's son. How jealous I was of that child! how my heart beat as I saw him playing with the general's sabre! My father advanced to where Bonaparte stood, and spoke earnestly with him for some time. I had not yet seen his face. Presently he turned and looked at me; my whole frame trembled at the sight of that pale forehead, over which his long straight hair was parted in the centre; of those large gray eyes, those sunken cheeks, that finely-cut and severely classical lip! He had just been speaking of me, for he said, 'Well, my dear general, since you will have it so, you shall go with us to Egypt, and General Vaubois shall remain here, without you, in command of his division; but I can have no children in my camp; I have made an exception in Casa-Bianca's case, and I was wrong to do so. You must send this boy back to France; let him pay attention to his studies, and should anything happen to you, I give you my word that I will take care of him, and make him a good soldier.' As he spoke he leant down, and taking me under the arms, lifted me up and kissed my forehead. My heart throbbed violently, my brain was dizzy. Bonaparte had raised me, free; when he set me down again upon the deck, I felt that I was his subject, his slave.

"The evening before, I would have thrown myself into the sea, had they spoken of sending me away from the army; but now, I obeyed without a murmur, without a word. I quitted my father with indifference, and I never saw him more! How perverse is the human heart, even from childhood; and, whether as men or children, how easily are the best feelings of our nature stifled within us! My father's authority was gone, now that I had seen his master—him who was now, in my eyes, the source of all earthly command. O dreams of authority and slavery! O lust of power! O false enthusiasms! subtle poisons! where shall we seek your antidote? I was giddy, intoxicated; I longed to commence my studies; and on my return, I worked day and night. From time to time, I broke off at the sound of the cannon; that voice of my demi-god announced to me, in succession, the conquest of Egypt, the victory of Marengo, the eighteenth Brumaire, the Empire—and the Emperor kept faith with me.

"As for my father, I knew not what had become of him, until one day I received a letter, which I will now show you. I always carry it about me in this old pocket-book; and I never read it afresh but it sets me musing on the absurd illusions of my early life, and on the vanity of the counsels given by one generation to that which succeeds it.

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"*H. B. M.'s ship Culloden,*
"*Before Rochefort,* 1804.

"Sent to France with Admiral Collingwood's permission.

"It is unnecessary, my child, to state through what channel this letter will reach you, or by what means I have obtained intelligence of your conduct and your present position. Suffice it to say that I am satisfied with you, but that I have little hope of rejoining you in France. It is probable that this will give you but little uneasiness. You were very young when I left you, and the solid, permanent affections of the heart, develope themselves at a later period than is generally supposed. I have been a prisoner of the English since the fourteenth Thermidor, of the year 6, (or August second, 1798, old style, which, I hear, is now coming again into use). I went on board the Orient to try to persuade our brave admiral Brueys to sail with his fleet for Corfu; but it was in vain. I believe he was jealous of the glory which fell to the share of the land forces. 'Do they take us for a fleet of transports and store-ships?' he said, 'or do they think we are afraid of the English?' Better would it have been for France had he feared them more! But if he committed a fault, he expiated it gloriously, whilst I, in a long captivity, have paid the penalty of my remaining on board after the attack commenced. Brueys was wounded in the head early in the action, but he continued the fight until a shot tore out his bowels. Even then, he had himself placed in a sack of bran, and died upon his own quarter-deck. About ten o'clock, it became evident that we must soon blow up; the remainder of the crew took to the boats and were saved, with the exception of Casa-Bianca, who obstinately refused to abandon his ship. His son, a handsome boy, whom, I believe, you once saw, came to me, and said, 'Citizen, what does honour require me to do?' Poor child! he was scarcely ten years old, and he talked of honour at such a moment! I took him on my knees in the boat, and covered his head, that he might not see his father blown up in the poor Orient, which was now one mass of fire. We escaped that fate, but were made prisoners, and I was carried to Dover by Captain Collingwood, who now commands the Culloden. He is a gallant fellow, if ever there was one; and since the year 1761, when he entered the navy, he has been but two years on shore. He married at that time; his children, of whom he talks incessantly, know him not; and his wife knows little of his fine, manly character, save from his letters.

"I feel that my grief for the defeat of Aboukir will shorten my days, which have already been too many, since I have witnessed so irreparable a disaster, and the loss of so many of my noble friends. As the climate of England has affected my lungs, and caused all my old wounds to open afresh, Captain Collingwood has kindly solicited and obtained permission for me to be transferred to Sicily, to give me a chance of recovery under a warmer sun and a purer sky. I shall go there but to die: for the weight of seventy-eight winters, seven wounds, and a long captivity, presses heavily upon me. I had but my sword to leave you, my poor child; and now I have not even that, for a prisoner has no sword. But I have one counsel to give you, which

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is, to distrust your admiration for men who rise rapidly, and above all, for Bonaparte. If I read your character aright, you will be a Seid, and Seidism is a malady to which the French nation are very subject, and against which you cannot be too much on your guard. It is marvellous what a number of great and petty tyrants it has produced. We carry our love of those who minister to the national vanity to a foolish extreme; we give ourselves up to them with such headlong zeal, that when our first ardour cools, we are surprised at the littleness of the idol we so slavishly worshipped. The causes of this defect are an excessive love of action, combined with an excessive want of reflection. It follows that we are always ready to make ourselves over, body and soul, to whoever will assume the trouble and responsibility of thinking for us. When it is all over, we laugh both at ourselves and him.

"Bonaparte is a man of active, superior mind, but I fear he is too much of a charlatan ever to become a really great man. He will become the inventor of a new species of jugglery in France, where there is already enough of it, in all conscience. Charlatanism has exhibited itself in so many imposing forms in our day, with such a rolling of drums and fanfare of trumpets in every market-place, that it has worked itself into all ranks and professions, and there is no man so little but he strives to swell himself into unnatural importance. The number of frogs that burst, now-a-days, is incalculable. I sincerely pray that my son may not prove one of them.

"I rejoice that he has not forgotten his promise to take care of you; but do not rely too entirely on his favour. When we were in Egypt, I was witness to a scene which I am tempted to describe to you, in the hope that it may one day furnish you with matter for serious and profitable reflection.

"On the 1st Vendémaire, being at Cairo, Bonaparte held a civic feast, in honour of the anniversary of the Republic. The garrison of Alexandria celebrated the feast around Pompey's pillar, on which the tricolor flag was hoisted; the needle of Cleopatra was illuminated; and the troops of Upper Egypt held their orgies amongst the ruins of Thebes, at the feet of the colossal statue of Memnon, and of the figures of Tama and Chama. The first division of the army, at Cairo, had its review, its horse-races, its fire-works. The general-in-chief had invited all the authorities, both civil and military, to a banquet which he gave in the large hall of the house he occupied in the Place El-Bequier; the cap of liberty and the crescent were placed side by side, and with the French and Turkish colours waving united over our heads, it seemed as though we were solemnizing the marriage of the Koran with the Table of the Rights of Man.

"After the covers were removed, Bonaparte, who had been silent and meditative during dinner, cast a rapid glance around his assembled guests. Kléber, who was seated near him, nudged his neighbour, Abdallah Menou, with his elbow, and said to him in his half-German accent,

"'Ah! now for some stage effect from Ali-Bonaparte!'

"He had thus nicknamed him, because the general, at the feast of Mahomet, had assumed the eastern dress, and declared himself the

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protector of all religions, on which occasion had been decreed to him the pompous title of Son-in-law of the Prophet, and the surname of Ali-Bonaparte.

"The words were scarcely out of Kléber's mouth, when Bonaparte was on his feet, and, raising his glass, said in a short, dry, abrupt tone,

"'Let us drink to the year three hundred of the French Republic.'

"Kléber's mirth exploded so boisterously that he nearly upset Menou's glass into an old aga's lap, and Bonaparte eyed both of them askance, and with a frowning brow.

"And certainly, my child, he had some reason for his displeasure. In presence of a general-in-chief, a general of division, even though he were a *gaillard* like Kléber, should behave with decency and respect; but they were not altogether wrong either, since Bonaparte is now styled 'Emperor,' and you are his page.

* * * * * *

"In short," said Captain Renaud, as he took the letter from my hands, "I had just received my appointment as page to the Emperor in 1804. Ah! what a terrible year was that! how pregnant with great events! and with what deep attention should I have watched its progress, had I then been capable of any useful reflection. But I had neither eyes nor ears for aught save the voice of the Emperor, the actions of the Emperor, the gestures of the Emperor, the steps of the Emperor. His approach intoxicated me, his presence exercised a species of magnetic influence over me. The glory of being attached to the service of such a man, seemed to me the one thing desirable on earth, and never was the devotion of a lover to his mistress so entire as the idolatry with which I regarded him. Admiration of a military chief becomes a passion, a fanaticism, a frenzy, which enslaves, which blinds, which maddens us. That letter, which you have just read, I looked upon as what we used at school to call *a sermon;* I revelled in the foolish joy of a child delivered from parental restraint, and thought myself free, because I had chosen for myself the chain which was now rivetted around my neck. But some poor remains of natural feeling induced me to preserve that sacred writing, and its influence over me increased in proportion as my dreams of heroic subjection faded. For many years I wore it constantly near my heart, and it took deep root there at last, when good sense and experience dispelled the clouds that then obscured my mental vision. I could not resist showing it to you to-night, and I feel both self-reproach and self-pity when I reflect how very slowly my ideas settled into a train of good sense, into a determination to make the approval of my conscience the only guide of my conduct, and the firm anchor of my trust. You see how simple is the law I have laid down for myself; but, in truth, I believe that it is sufficient to regulate the life and death of an honest man."

* * * * * *

At this point, Captain Renaud was interrupted by a sergeant, who drew a folded paper from the sling of his musket and presented it to him. The captain rose quietly from his seat, and read the order it contained.

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" Tell Béjaud," he said, " to copy it into the orderly-book."

" The sergeant-major has not returned from the Arsenal," said the *sous-officier*, speaking in a calm tone, and with downcast eyes, but without any further allusion to the fate of his murdered comrade.

" The *fourrier* will take his place," said the captain, speaking somewhat abruptly, and he returned the order to the sergeant.

He coughed a little, and resumed his narrative in a steady tone.

" My poor father's letter, and the accounts of his death which I received shortly afterwards, gave the first shock to my blind enthusiasm, and I began to examine more closely and more calmly what were the so supernatural attractions of the dazzling career that had thus captivated me. I asked myself, for the first time, in what consisted the ascendancy which we allow men of action, clothed with absolute power, to assume over us; I even made some ineffectual efforts to trace the bounds, which, to my mind, should be set to this voluntary self-offering of so many men at the shrine of one man. This first attempt withdrew the film, in part, from my eyes, and I soon grew bold enough to meet the piercing glance of this eagle, who had carried me off, as it were, from my cradle, and whose talons were yet fixed in my loins.

" It was not long before I found an opportunity of looking more narrowly into the character of the great man, as shown through the unimportant acts of his private life.

" He had braved the ridicule of creating pages, as I told you before; but we wore the uniform of officers, until the green and red livery was prepared, which we were to assume at the coronation. In the meantime we were employed as equerries, secretaries, or aides-de-camp, according to the whim of a master who always made use of whatever instrument was earnest to his hand. Already his waiting-rooms were thronged, and, as the love of domination clung to him always and everywhere, he could not refrain from exercising it on the most trifling occasions, and harassed those around his person by his unceasing caprice and self-will.

" He was amused by my timidity; and frequently trifled with the dread and reverence in which I held him. Sometimes he would call me unexpectedly, and seeing me enter pale and hesitating, amuse himself by keeping me for a long time in conversation, to watch how my diffidence perplexed my ideas. Again, whilst I was writing under his dictation, he would pull me by the ear suddenly, and ask me some abrupt question in geometry or algebra; some simple problem that a child might have solved. I felt, on such occasions, as though a thunder-bolt had burst over my head: I could have answered his question without difficulty, I knew more of the subject than he imagined; nay, I sometimes knew more than he did himself, but the glance of his eye paralysed me. When he had left the room I could breathe again, the blood rushed from my heart and tingled in my cheeks and in every vein, my memory returned, and with it a feeling of inexpressible self-abasement; I wrote down what I should have replied to him; and then I wept, I raved, I was almost tempted to destroy myself.

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"I felt, nevertheless, that this ascendancy was both false and usurped. My mind revolted against it,—I cried, 'He lies! His attitude, his voice, his gestures, are but the pantomime of an actor, a miserable parade of sovereignty, of which he must know the emptiness. It is impossible that the faith he professes in himself can be genuine! Although it is forbidden to us to lift the veil, he sees himself as he is within its folds. And what does he see? A poor ignorant being like ourselves; and, deeper still, a creature subject to as many foibles!'—And yet, I knew not how to sound the depth of that intricate soul. Power and pomp hedged it in on every side; I prowled around it, I sought for an unguarded place, but in vain: like a porcupine, armed at all points, it lay before me, opposing to me, wherever I attempted to break in, its sharp, impenetrable defences. Chance, however, one day stood my friend, and admitted the light for a moment through that thicket of bristling darts. On that day, for once in his life, he met his match, and recoiled for an instant before a spirit as lofty, and more dignified than his own. I was an eye-witness of it, and I felt myself avenged. It happened thus:

"We were at Fontainebleau. The Pope had just arrived. The Emperor, who impatiently expected his arrival for the coronation, had ridden forward to meet him; their first interview took place in a carriage, which they entered at the same moment from opposite sides, with an etiquette apparently negligent, but arranged and calculated, with Italian cunning, in order that neither should yield precedence to the other. They were about to enter the château, where all was in bustle and anxiety; I had left several officers in the room which preceded that of the Emperor, where I was now alone. I was gazing on a long table of Florentine mosaic, on which lay an enormous heap of petitions. I had often seen Bonaparte, as he entered the room, subject the like to a strange ordeal. He neither took them in order, nor selected them by chance; but when irritated by their number, he would sweep his hat across the table, from right to left, and from left to right, like a mower, and scatter them upon the floor, until he had reduced them to some five or six, which he opened. This sort of disdainful mockery of distress had jarred harshly on my feelings. All these prayers of misery, these cries of the widow and the orphan, whose only chance of succour rested on the manner in which these papers were winnowed by the Emperor's hat; all these memorials, blotted by the tears of ruined families, trampled rudely underfoot, unread, uncared for, made me look upon the present destiny of France as an ill-omened lottery; and great as was the hand that drew the lots, I could not but reflect with indignation on the injustice of subjecting to his unfeeling caprice so many humble fortunes, which might one day have risen as high as his own, had they but found a starting point. My heart revolted against Bonaparte, but timorously, but like the slavish heart it was. I was gazing sadly on these petitions when the roll of drums announced the entrance of the Emperor, and almost at the same instant I heard the tramp of his heavy boots in the adjoining apartment. I had barely time to take refuge in an alcove containing a state-bed, which was unoccupied, and fortunately more than half closed by large curtains embroidered with golden bees."

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DEAR SCENES OF MY BOYHOOD; OR, MAC CARTHY'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Dear scenes of my boyhood! how sweetly
Ye smile round my desolate way!
Bright moments of childhood! how fleetly
Ye passed with my fortunes away!
You walls, that fond mem'ry has haunted,
The steps of the stranger invade,
And the beautiful tree that I planted
Can yield me nor shelter nor shade.

Yet though fallen, and stript of my glory,
Green Erin, thou still art my joy,
And with pride I remember each story
That flushed my young cheek when a boy:
I remember the days when, delighting
To roam o'er the scenes of my youth,
Thy fields were all gay and inviting,
And love wore the aspect of truth.

I have come, as an outcast and stranger,
To visit the home of my heart;
I have come—amid peril and danger,
And oh! how it pains me to part!
With the earliest dawn of to-morrow,
I sail for a far-distant shore;
I quit thee in sadness and sorrow,—
Mac Carthy * shall see thee no more.

* "The existing proprietor of the forfeited estates of this family" (the Mac Carthys) "observed one evening in his demesne an aged man stretched at the foot of a tree, sobbing as if his heart would break. On expressing sympathy, and inquiring the cause of such excessive grief, he received this answer:—'I am Mac Carthy, once the possessor of that castle and these broad lands. This tree I planted, and I have returned to water it with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have been an exile and an outlaw since the Revolution. To-night, for the last time, I bid farewell to the place of my birth, and the home of my ancestors.'"

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A VISIT TO SERK.

" A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-formed, and many-coloured things,
Who worship Him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life."

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iii. st. 102.

IT was the evening of the twenty-ninth of April in the past year, and as we lingered upon the heights above St. Peter's Post, and watched the ever-varying lights which, from the sun, now setting fast behind us, were reflected on the cliffs of Serk, we mutually resolved no longer to postpone the visit we had often projected to that almost unknown little island.

The sight now before us was indeed enchanting;

" It was an evening bright and still
As ever blushed on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour;"

and distempered and unhappy must have been that spirit which could have failed to acknowledge the grateful and elevating influence of the hour. From lake to crimson, and again to the deepest purple, fast changed the falling shadows on that wild " nursling" of the sea, until

" The god of gladness shed his parting smile,"

and

" Kissed her with his beams, and made all golden
The chamber of gray rock in which she lay."

And yet this is no uncommon scene in these islands, for not even in Italy have I beheld more gorgeous sunsets than often gladdened the declining hours of the day during my short residence among the Channel Isles. Serk I had not yet explored, but my friend G——, the companion of my walk on this evening, had visited it in very bad weather, during an excursion to Guernsey the previous summer, and was anxious to renew his hitherto limited acquaintance with its shores. We accordingly agreed to sail over the following day, and see if we could discover in the recesses of the island an Eden, which might accord in beauty with the fairy splendour which its rocky cliffs had so lately presented to us; and I may now preface this brief account by saying, that I know no spot which, in so small a space, presents so many features of interest; while, strange to say, though but seven miles distant from Guernsey, it is almost a " terra incognita" to the residents there, and, although now and then the object of a summer excursion, by the great majority both of natives and tourists it remains unvisited.

Not discouraged, however, by the tales which we heard of the utter impossibility of procuring provisions in case of being wind-bound, and the consequent probability of our being starved to death, G—— and

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myself started on the following afternoon, in the "Lady of Serk," a smart little cutter, of some twenty tons, belonging to Mr. Le Pelley, the seigneur of the island.

As this pretty little yacht runs, in fair weather, between the islands two or three times a week, and will take you across for the small sum of one shilling, it cannot be from want of opportunity that so few visit this curious and interesting island. We found the lord of Serk himself on board his cutter; and to the courteousness and hospitality of this gentleman all visitors to the island unite in bearing testimony. Our sail across was delightful, and the wind being from the north, we did not encounter the heavy sea which usually runs with great violence between the dangerous rocks at the southern extremity of the island.

The coast, which appears from Guernsey a straight and nearly perpendicular wall of rock, between three and four miles in length, assumes, as you approach, a much more broken and indented outline. Its abrupt cliffs, which form a natural and almost inaccessible barrier against an invading force, here present a succession of bold and rocky headlands, deep bays and yawning fissures, each offering fresh points of attraction to the admiring visitor.

Having rounded the south point of the island, about twenty minutes' sail brought us to the harbour, which is situated near the centre of the eastern side. This little harbour, which is called "La Creux," is one of the most picturesque situations that can be imagined; and the stranger, on landing, at first wonders how he is to advance beyond, as the rocks, rising up precipitately on either side, present no sign of any track by which he may arrive at the interior. We, however, soon discovered the passage, through a tunnel about thirty yards in length, which, cut through the solid rock, leads to a winding valley, by which you ascend to the table land.

The scene, on landing, was highly interesting; the young Le Pelleys, accompanied by the nurses, had come down to greet their father on his arrival, and seldom have I seen a more graceful group. Two exceedingly pretty girls, from ten to thirteen years old, were most picturesquely clad in tight-fitting brown Holland dresses, with large straw hats, and were both most affectionately caressing the mountain pony on which they had ridden down to the shore, while the nurses, with their quaint and primitive Serk bonnets—which defy description—and the bronzed and sturdy fishermen, who were busily occupied—some in mending their nets, others in drawing up their boats upon the beach—formed, altogether, a scene well worthy of a painter.

We soon engaged the services of a boy to assist in carrying up our luggage to a farm-house in the Discard valley, where Mr. Le Pelley had recommended us to take up our abode. The family of Mr. Le Mesurier (our proposed host) appeared rather disconcerted by the approach of two strangers, and, to say the least, received us at first without the slightest *empressement*, though, on our mention of the seigneur's name, they appeared to think it necessary we should be accommodated. This seemed rather a chilling reception, but, once within, we were agreeably surprised to find the whole household most obliging and attentive, and I can safely recommend all visitors to

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Serk to make this excellent farm-house their head-quarters. Indeed the secret of their previous coolness, and of the elongated faces by which we were greeted on our arrival, was soon unfolded, for, on the appearance of our boy, laden with two well-filled baskets, it was evident that a great weight was taken off their minds. And here I must warn every one who may be induced to visit this "ultima Thule" of the Channel Isles, that he must go well provided with all those *eatables and drinkables* which he may deem necessary for his well-being, as, with the exception of excellent milk, butter, and eggs, he will find some difficulty in procuring anything on the spot. In the matter of liquors, this caution is especially necessary, as beer is not to be obtained "for love or money," and the only two little cottages, which are licensed by the lord as public houses, vend nothing, I believe, but sour cider, and a most undrinkably vile compound, rejoicing in the *name* of brandy. One good certainly results from this, which is, that the natives are almost unexceptionably a sober race; and we, being laudably desirous to emulate them during the three evenings of our proposed stay, brought nothing with us save a moderate supply of "Hodgson's Pale," and one soda-water bottle full of brandy—the latter article being, of course, put up *merely* in case of illness. We had, however, good store of bread, tea, veal cutlets, and a neck of mutton, and having settled the important point as to what should be immediately prepared for dinner, we sallied forth to get a view of the Coupée before dark.

This singular spot is *the* wonder of the island, and it is not at all easy to convey a perfect idea of it. It is a narrow neck of land, about a hundred yards in length, forming a natural and most fearful bridge between Great and Little Serk. The breadth of this rude causeway is from four to five feet in the widest part, and its sides rise precipitously from the sea to the height of about three hundred feet. The cliffs on the eastern side are quite perpendicular, and the descent on the west, though shelving, is yet exceedingly abrupt and rugged. This narrow isthmus, being unprotected by any natural or artificial barrier, has a terrific appearance, and formerly seemed even more dangerous than at present, the breadth of the ridge in one part not having then exceeded two feet.

We stood for some time on this wonderful causeway, gazing, not without a sensation of awe, down its precipitous sides, while the advancing waves washed heavily against the rocks below. The keen edge of our appetites, however, warned us to return, and, as we passed over the high land between the Coupée and our farm-house, we were delighted with one of the loveliest views I have ever witnessed. We now had the reverse of the picture of the preceding evening. Guernsey lay stretched before us, and the setting sun, sinking behind St. Pierre, lighted up the whole of that beautifully situated town, gilding the roofs of its houses, its churches, and the castle, while it shed an amber light across the trembling waves, which gently flowed towards us

"In long array of sapphire and of gold,"

and bathed the little islands of Herm and Jethon in the glory of its parting rays.

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We returned to the house highly delighted with the first two hours we had spent in Serk, and retired early, with a determination to rise at peep of day, and make the most of the short time which we had allowed ourselves to explore the island. It was the first May morning of the year, but I must confess that we did not rise so early to do homage to its beauties as, in our enthusiasm the night before, we had proposed. Still we were on foot in tolerably good time, and immediately after breakfast sallied forth on our rambles along the course of the Discard valley. This valley is the largest in the island, and perhaps the only one deserving that name, though several little dells and hollows, well clothed with wood, break and diversify the table land, which forms the general characteristic of the surface of the island. What most attracted me in this peaceful, pretty vale, was the excessive profusion of wild flowers which clothed its banks. Wherever the turf remained unturned by the plough, the ground was everywhere studded with blue-bells, primroses, and wild violets, while the unenclosed lands were covered with patches of golden furze, in full bloom, between which beds of wild flowers, springing up in luxuriant profusion, filled the air with their delicious fragrance. The orchards, too, had just put on their gayest blossoms of crimson and white, and every cottage garden sent forth the sweet odour of the wall-flower and the stock; while the music of the birds, and the sight of the first butterfly of the season, "rising on its purple wing" to rejoice in the mildness of the day, added life and harmony to the scene. Indeed it was with difficulty we could believe that we were in the immediate neighbourhood of the terrible Coupée, and the giant rocks which had so excited our wonder on the previous evening.

A wild and secluded bay, with excellent sand for bathing, lies at the foot of the Discard valley, and from this spot a short turn of the coast soon brought us to the Coupée. We thence crossed over to Little Serk, part of which only is cultivated, a good deal remaining as sheep-walk and rabbit-warren, and proceeded to the mines, which are situated just above the cliffs at the southern extremity. They have been worked about seven years, and at first a considerable quantity of silver was found, and large sums were embarked in the undertaking. The silver is, however, now exhausted, and so great have been the losses of the shareholders, that, from want of funds, the works are now nearly at a stand still, although there is, I believe, every indication that a considerable vein of copper may be yet arrived at by carrying them to a greater depth. Our present object being to view the natural beauties of the island, which we foresaw would well occupy our whole time, our curiosity did not lead us to descend them, but turning back along the western coast, we recrossed the Coupée, and directed our steps to Havre Gosselin.

This, if you cross over in a Guernsey fishing boat, is the usual place of landing, as the Guernseymen, not being generally well acquainted with these shores, love not unnecessarily to venture round the dangerous rocks at either extremity of the island. The mode of landing here is of a most singular description, and can only be put in practice when the tide is at a certain height. A rope's end is seen dangling from the cliff, by means of which, and with the aid of sundry holes

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worn in the face of the rock, you are expected to draw yourself up to a ledge about thirty feet above. From this ledge a rough and winding path among the rocks brings you, after a steep ascent, to the table-land of the island.

The whole of the rocky scenery from this point to the northern end of the island is so wild and beautiful, that it is impossible to do justice to it in description—it must be seen to be appreciated. Nowhere have I seen rocks presenting such varied forms; in one part piled tumultuously together; in others yawning asunder; and in isolated grandeur attesting the tremendous convulsions of nature by which they have been separated. Their tints exhibit the richest and most varied dyes, from the deepest orange to the palest amethyst; and when lighted up by a summer sun, and bathed beneath in waves of the most transparent green, these magnificent cliffs, in all their fantastic shapes, will well repay the risk and trouble of scrambling along their precipitous sides. Perhaps one of the most striking points is just beyond Havre Gosselin and exactly opposite the little island of Brechon. I remained seated for some time on one of these rocks, whence the whole mass beyond, with those forming the wall of Brechon, group admirably together, and are quite unrivalled in the beauty of their colouring. This islet, which is also called "The des Marchands," is separated from Serk by a narrow but deep channel, through which the tide runs with fearful rapidity. Until very lately it was an uncultivated rock, affording no produce save a few rabbits; but Mr. Le Pelley has now put it under tillage, and it already boasts good crops, and a capital farm-house. Indeed, the spirit of industry and agricultural improvement is nowhere more visible than on these wild shores; and little would the stranger at first sight imagine, from the grand yet threatening aspect of their guardian cliffs, that aught but barren sterility prevailed within, instead of the verdure, and state of almost garden cultivation, which greets his eye as he advances to the interior of Serk.

We now proceeded along the edge of the coast to Port du Moulin, and descending to the shore, we here, from an opening between two huge rocks, which had evidently been once united, had a fine bird's-eye view of the whole line of cliffs from the Ile des Marchands to the extreme northern point of the island. Two isolated and towering rocks, which stood frowning on each other at some little distance, especially attracted my attention, by their exact similarity of form, and crowned with variegated mosses and lichens, with the grey gulls clustering on their crests and sides, they seemed the hoary monuments of some feudal ruin.

After examining two curious caverns on the beach, within one of which we were nearly overtaken by the tide, we ascended once more to the high land, and returned home well tired with our long scramble; when having done justice to our dinner, and duly enjoyed a couple of cigars, and a *mild* glass of brandy and water, to which we conceived ourselves entitled after our walk, we sought our pillows, no less eager to resume our researches on the morrow.

Unfortunately the rain, which had commenced shortly after sunset, was still pattering against our windows, when the loud cackling of the

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hens first roused us from our slumbers, with the signal that their fresh-laid eggs were just ready for our breakfast. The sky looked little more promising after we had paid our "devoirs" to the said eggs than before; but hearing from Miss Le Mesurier that the doctor, who lived about a hundred yards lower down the valley, was always happy to be visited by strangers, and to accompany them in any expedition, we agreed to call upon him, in the hope that it would clear off towards noon, and enable us to visit some of the principal caverns. He received us most kindly, and expressed the greatest readiness to accompany us, after he had visited a patient in Little Serk. Accordingly, about two o'clock he came, provided with a strong rope, to enable us to descend into the caves; and under his guidance we set out for the "Epercquerie" at the northern end of the island, near which the largest of the "Boutiques"—the name given by the natives to these caverns—are situated.

In the meantime the sun had dispelled the clouds, and was shining brightly through the rain drops, which glittered like diamonds in the hedges: every garden and wild-flower, refreshed by the rain, sent forth its rarest odours; the blackbirds were singing merrily from their leafy coverts, and the eternal cuckoo * was uttering his monotonous but welcome notes from every tree around us. All nature seemed joyous and invigorated, and we must have been indeed cynics, had we not sympathised with

"The fresh green leaves of the hedge-row briar,"

and every plant and flower,

"Which arose from the ground with warm rain wet."

"For there were odours then to make
The very breath we did respire
A liquid element, whereon
Our spirits, like delighted things
That walk the air on subtle wings
Floated, and mingled far away,
'Mid the warm winds of the sunny day." †

We did, indeed, enjoy our walk, and from our courteous friend the doctor gained considerable information respecting the inhabitants of Serk, their peculiar customs, laws, and singular mode of life; for a full and able description of which I must refer the curious reader to Inglis's "Channel Islands."

We procured an assistant guide at a cottage near the Epercquerie; and, as his first proceeding was to equip himself with a lantern and a bundle of furze, I imagined for a moment that he was about to enact the part of "Moonshine," in Midsummer Night's Dream, and I looked eagerly round for a Thisbe, to whom one of us might play Pyramus. I fear, however, that Shakspeare is not much read in Serk, and that at least our friend in question was guiltless of any acquaintance with those "fearful lovers," as my hopes of impromptu theatri-

* The number of cuckoos in this little island is extraordinary. I frequently, in the course of these few days, saw a dozen in a field, and three or four upon the same tree.

† Shelley's Rosalind and Helen.

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cals were forthwith dashed by the assurance that these preparations were simply to illuminate the interior of the cavern, and thus prevent us breaking our necks in any of the unlooked-for holes or fissures which might be convenient to receive us. In order to approach the mouth of the Boutiques, you descend for some little distance the nearly precipitous face of a dark and gloomy chasm, whence turning abruptly up the base of another fissure in the cliffs, at right angles to the first, you find yourself at the gap which opens to the interior of the caves. A quick eye and a steady foot are required to reach this spot, as the narrow ledge affords but an uncertain footing above the waves, which are heard sullenly dashing against the rocks a hundred feet below. Troops of jackdaws, scared at our sudden approach, wheeled screaming over our heads, and the shrill and warning cry of the solitary curlew, as he rose instinctively from the beach, added to the wildness of the scene.

Having gained the entrance, we carefully let ourselves down into the upper vault of the Boutiques. This forms a hall of considerable space, filled with huge and disjointed blocks of stone and granite, which have been detached at different periods from the roof; while a faint light, streaming upwards from the farther extremities, served to show us two passages descending to the lower branches of the cavern. Down one of these we prepared to lower ourselves by the aid of our rope, and the doctor and myself accomplished the descent in safety; but, on our arrival at the bottom, we found to our dismay that the tide had already advanced so far into the mouth of the main branch, as to render a speedy retreat to the upper story a matter not of choice, but of necessity. Here, then, to our great regret, we were obliged to conclude our researches, for our companion had in the meantime examined the descent by the other aperture, and found all progress in that quarter barred by the same cause. This disappointed us not a little, as it was the last evening of our proposed stay, and we were anxious to return to Guernsey by the cutter on the following morning, in case any letters requiring answers might be awaiting our return. There was also another potent objection to prolonging our stay; viz. that our provisions would probably be exhausted by our evening repast; but so eager were we to renew our investigation of these curious shores, that we determined on returning by the cutter on the following evening, if we found nothing on our arrival which might summon us to England more speedily than we anticipated.

As we returned homewards, we could not help observing how admirably the downs above the cliffs were calculated for sheep-walks, and yet how few sheep were apparently pastured there. Even these, we were told, had been only lately introduced, though for Welsh or Dartmoor muttons I cannot imagine ground of a better quality, and thus almost the only part of the island which is not already turned to the *best* account, might readily be brought to yield a fair return. The Serk people have, however, it appears, an absolute aversion to mutton, and cannot be induced to eat it; but they would find a ready market for it in Guernsey, where it is always unreasonably dear, selling on an average at from 7½*d.* to 8*d.* per pound. Indeed—as is also the case with the country-people in Guernsey—the natives of Serk live almost

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entirely on *cabbage soup*, and the coarser kinds of fish, the conger eel being their most frequent and favourite delicacy. Pickled pork or bacon is almost the only meat with which they ever indulge themselves, and even this is confined to the more substantial class of farmers, while they view the carniverous, and—as they consider—extravagant propensities of the lately imported Cornish miners with a degree of astonishment bordering on contempt. We thus accounted for the evident wonder of two spaniels belonging to the Le Mesuriers, at the first sight of the mutton bones with which we rewarded them for their company each day; they eyed them carefully for some time with considerable suspicion, but having once ventured to taste them, it was clear that they no longer participated in the prejudices of their masters; and from that moment they became most firmly attached to their new friends.

As a proof of the little that is required for the wants of the inhabitants, and at the same time of the high state of cultivation to which the surface of this apparently barren rock is brought, I may mention that, although there is now a population of nearly eight hundred, yet upwards of two-thirds of the produce of the island is annually exported. The soil is, indeed, everywhere unusually fertile, and on some land nearly sixty bushels of wheat per English acre has been frequently produced in good seasons. The gardens, too, and fruit-trees, produce abundantly, especially the orchards, which yield annually a great quantity of cider, the staple beverage of the island.

While speaking of the fertility of the land, I may add a few words on the climate, the extreme salubrity of which is universally admitted. Indeed, until the importation of the miners into Little Serk, there was no medical man on the island, and our companion, who is engaged to attend these, and the family of the seigneur, for a fixed stipend, told us that the original natives were (to use his own expression) "so painfully healthy," that they brought in but little to eke out his scanty income. Once passed safely through childhood, they usually attain a ripe old age, and, after they have reached their teens, more deaths occur between seventy and ninety than in any other equal period. Inglis states, that "on an average of ten years the mortality is not quite one in a hundred; and in the years 1816 and 1820, there was not one death in a population of five hundred persons." Notwithstanding this, population does not rapidly increase, owing to the strict laws which are enforced to check it. No one is allowed to marry without the consent of the seigneur, nor can any new dwellings be erected without his leave, nor any one of the forty copyhold possessions, of which the island consists, ever be partitioned or sold, except entire. As, therefore, the seigneur is by no means fond of encouraging wedlock, and there are no houses for young couples to occupy, there is no great inducement to matrimony, while the least deviation from the strict path of virtue is, if discovered, most severely visited.

To return to our own proceedings. Having dined, *à la Robinson Crusoe*, accompanied by our two dogs, (with whose assistance we completely demolished the residue of our supplies,) and having spent an hour or two afterwards under the hospitable roof of our guide, we prepared for an early start the next morning. Soon after five we rose,

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and even then only just saved our distance, as the cutter was on the point of sailing when we reached the Creux. The morning was a lovely one, and nothing could have been more enjoyable than our passage to Guèrney. Finding, to our great satisfaction, nothing awaiting us on our arrival there, which could interfere with our proposed return, we once more replenished our baskets, and pulled on board "The Lady" soon after four in the afternoon.

The wind, which had been light in the morning, had freshened towards noon, and it was now blowing a stiff breeze from the north-east. Our tight little craft, however, weathered it most gallantly, though the countenances of some of the passengers betokened anything but enjoyment, as, with the water rushing in in one continuous stream beneath her bulwarks, she kept her way close to the wind, and dipped her bowsprit deep into the crest of each opposing wave as we rounded the southern corner of the island. One poor old Frenchwoman especially, had, I am ashamed to say, afforded us both the most mischievous amusement in the morning from the extreme terror depicted in her countenance, which certainly exhibited the most ludicrous grimaces whenever we rose over a larger wave than ordinary, or swept close to a rock in order to get a shot at some unoffending cormorant. Despite the fears of our fellow-passengers, an hour and a half brought us safely to the "Creux," where we found a large Guernsey cutter taking in a cargo of potatoes in return for the coal she had just unladen. The little harbour therefore presented an unusual scene of bustle and animation, almost every horse and donkey in the island being pressed into service for the occasion.

We found our old hosts, the Le Mesuriers, agreeably surprised by our reappearance, for the upper class of farmers in Serk being far from the earliest risers in the world, they were none of them afoot, save an old servant, when we started in the morning, and we had thus omitted to inform them of the probability of our return. Dinner and tea united were speedily procured, and we soon made arrangements with the doctor for a fresh expedition to the caverns on the morrow.

Our slumbers were not long protracted; the cocoa, toast, and fresh eggs were quickly dispatched; and *Medicus* being punctual to his time, we all three set out for Havre Gosselin, where, under that magnificent group of rocks, which I have mentioned as lying opposite to the islet of Brechon, we were to explore another large cavern, called the Gouliôt. On our route we endeavoured at two or three cottages to engage a boat to take us from the Gouliôt to the Boutiques at the Epercquerie. In vain—the same answer was invariably returned;—the proprietors were either fishing, or gathering "vraic" (sea-weed) at Herm. Indeed, if at home they are wonderfully careless of such opportunities of realizing a few francs, though, should they be induced to go out, they take care to make a sufficiently high charge for the expedition. During the season for the gathering of the "vraic," this is not to be wondered at, for this valuable sea-weed, which is procured in great quantities from the adjacent islands of Herm and Jethon, forms the staple manure of the island, and adds not a little to the fertility of the soil. The shores of Guernsey and Jersey likewise abound with vraic, and the lands are almost entirely dressed with it. At low-

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water, the rocks, which among these islands the ebb-tide everywhere lays bare for a considerable distance, are seen perfectly black with sea-weed, and the gathering of this productive manure forms quite a distinct harvest-time, and is attended in both islands with its peculiar solemnities.

Despairing of a boat, we now proceeded along the face of those picturesque rocks, with the grandeur of which we had been so much struck the first day after our arrival, and, descending by a slippery and precipitous track,—now on our hands and knees, and now abandoned to Providence, sliding down, we reached the entrance of the caverns. The tide was not quite sufficiently retired to admit of our penetrating far into them at first, but the exercise of a little patience soon enabled us to proceed. These would alone well repay the visitor for a trip to Serk; and, as we watched the swiftly-receding waters, the lights, which at the extremity of one long and narrow cleft streamed in brightly upon the retiring tide, were beautiful beyond description. Along the pools of glassy green the light winds playing "with an air-like motion," just moved

"The sea-flowers in their purple caves;"

while the rays of the sun thus seen dancing upon the waves, and lighting up with innumerable colours the enamelled stones, which lay glittering below, produced the effect of a natural kaleidescope.

At high-water the sea fills every outlet of these caves, and you may then easily enter them in a boat. Four branches diverge from the centre of the cavern, three of which open upon the sea. They are of considerable height, and the rocks of which they are formed, intersected with beautiful red and green felspars, vie with the storm-stained crags without in the brilliancy and variety of their tints.

As we emerged from this singular spot, we perceived a small rowing boat at some little distance from the shore. This we immediately hailed, and having bid adieu to our companion, who was compelled to leave us in order to pay a professional visit, G—— and myself proceeded in the boat towards the northern Boutiques, which we were this time resolved thoroughly to explore. Not a breath of wind now ruffled the calm bosom of the sea, which, blue as the heaven that smiled above, lay motionless around us, reposing in its own still and perfect loveliness; and while we slowly and silently glided beneath the cliffs, those "rifted" precipices seemed to assume a softer and less savage aspect, as their pinnacled and purpling heights lay reflected in the tranquil mirror of the ocean.

Far too quickly we reached the main outlet of the Boutiques, where we landed on the very rocks at which we had found our progress stopt on the previous occasion. If I was struck with the Gouliôt boutiques, what shall I say for these—the boutiques "par excellence?" From a vaulted hall in the centre, three long passages branch out in different directions. The central one, to the extremity of which we penetrated, and which does not communicate with any other outlet, must be at least a hundred feet in length. As we proceeded along it, we found ourselves more than once wading up to our knees in water, and we were obliged to feel our way most carefully with feet as well as hands,

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lest we should suddenly find ourselves overhead in some unexpected hole. The right branch communicates with the upper chamber, by which we entered on our former visit, and which you can reach from this quarter only by scrambling over a long ascent of detached masses of rock. The third, which far exceeds the others in length, and at the opposite orifice of which you can but just perceive the entrance of the light, stretches right under the promontory of the Epercquerie to the length of at least a hundred and fifty yards, and emerges on the north-eastern side of the island. We proceeded some little distance along it, but having groped our way two or three times into a hole rather deeper than we intended, and b[illegible] of the[illegible]out any other light than the faint glimmering from the opposi[illegible]end, which just served to show us several other pools glistening among the rocks, we voted "discretion the better part of valour," and beat a retreat to our boat, sighing over the want of our friendly "moon" with his lantern and furze-bush of previous memory. The brilliant colours of the felspars, granites, and jaspers, which line the interior of all these caverns, I have never seen surpassed. Being no mineralogist, I can neither do justice to nor give an accurate description of them; but, greatly as I was delighted with their exceeding variety, to the scientific observer they would afford the highest interest.

Returning to our oars, we rowed to the extreme point of the island, where a long range of black and dangerous rocks are seen at low-water, rearing their crests above the sea for a considerable distance to the northward. Having now examined the whole line of coast on the western side, we pulled back with the returning tide to Havre Gosselin, where we landed on the narrow sands at the foot of the cliffs, the tide not being yet sufficiently high to admit of our reaching the rope, which I have before mentioned as the usual mode of landing at this point. We secured some fish for dinner from our boatmen, and after a long scramble up the rocks, found ourselves once more on the high ground, when we resolved to pay a farewell visit to the Coupée, and then return home and disencumber ourselves of our wet clothes.

As we reached the Coupée, where the crystal waves, just gilded with the evening sun, were gently rippling over the sands three hundred feet below, their inviting coolness was too tempting to be resisted, and accordingly descending by the western side, I soon found myself again by the water's edge. Here I enjoyed a most delicious bath, the pleasure of which was not a little enhanced by the wild features of the surrounding scene, and after a stiff pull up the cliff, I rejoined my companion, who had remained waiting for me on the summit of the ridge. To descend the other side of this pass would be utterly impracticable, save by the unpleasant method of tumbling headlong from its giddy verge; but on the west, though the descent is both steep and slippery, yet a tolerably practicable path has been worn, and a few stunted bushes affording a handle to cling to in case of a false step, there is really no danger whatever in the attempt.

It was not without regret that we now turned our backs upon the Coupée for the last time; and after a merry evening with the doctor, who gave us the pleasure of his company to dinner, the next morning saw us again on board the little cutter, bounding lightly over the waves

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which separated us from Guernsey. I must not omit to mention that the first thing we heard on rising was, that Mrs. Le Pelley had during the night presented her lord with *twins*:—a good commentary, we thought, on his efforts to repress the increase of population in the island.

I look back upon the few days we spent in Serk with a feeling of unmixed pleasure, and have thus been tempted, at the risk of being tedious, to enter rather into detail in my account of them. There is something at once soothing and refreshing in the entire repose and seclusion of this island-rock, tide [illegible] warmly recommend all, to whom the simple beauties of Nature, [illegible] a peculiar people, are objects of interest, to make an excursion thither, whenever they may be in the vicinity of the Channel Islands. Its iron-bound coast contrasts finely with the quiet dells and grassy banks of the interior, which, redolent of heather and wild-flowers, and echoing with the busy hum of bees and sweet warbling of the thrush, form a scene whose

> "Pure serenity apace
> Induces thought and contemplation still,"

For

> "There grow pied wind-flowers and violets,
> Daisies, those pearled arcturi of the earth,
> The constellated flower that never sets;
> Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
> The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
> Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
> When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.
>
> And in the warm hedge grows lush eglantine,
> Green cowbind, and the moonlight-coloured May,
> And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
> Is the bright dew yet drained not by the day;
> And roses wild, and ivy serpentine,
> With its dark buds and leaves wandering astray."

And now with Shelley's lines, which well describe the natural productions of one of its beautiful little vales, I take my farewell of Serk; and I have only to wish that all future visitors to the island may be equally gratified with myself, in which case they will have no reason to regret an excursion, which may be made with so little trouble and expense from Guernsey.

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ABSENCE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

By day, I never have a thought
But thou art present there,
At night, no dream by fancy wrought
But thou that dream doth share.

I never touch another's hand
But wish it thine could be,
And when STRANGE lips speak kind and bland
Mine eyes weep INWARDLY.

The gentle stock-doves on their nests
Thy memory reveres,
Yea, all on which thine eye now rests
Is hallowed by my tears!

Thou canst behold the peach trees bloom,
Inhale the fragrant rose,
And kneel beside the precious tomb
Where dearest ones repose.

Young lilies in the valley's shade
Can woo thy steps to stray,
Amid the oft-frequented glade
To muse on those away;

The violets' intense perfume
For thee like incense rise,
And harebells burst to sudden bloom
To glad thy pensive eyes.

But I am banish'd far from all,
A lonely exile here,
With none to pity in its fall
The ever-flowing tear.

Oh! I, who cannot see one thing
Familiar to the eye,
May o'er my breast fold Sorrow's wing,
And 'neath its shadow die.

Yet, thou would'st mourn—and thou would'st weep
Th' inevitable doom,
And sacred still the anguish keep
That sped me to the tomb.

Then fancy not—O! fancy not
The hardest fate is thine,
Thou art at HOME in the blest spot
Remembrance makes divine.

No!—MINE is far the hardest part,
The hardest far to bear,
This absence wringing my fond heart
With absolute despair!

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TALES OF A TOURIST.

THE JEW OF NARBONNE.

Shylock. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew
Hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections,
Passions? Fed with the same food, hurt
With the same weapons, subject to the same
Diseases, healed by the same means, warmed
And cooled by the same winter and summer
As a Christian is?

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Alexis Comnenus. Nothing is left us then
But to die nobly!

FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

It was the year of grace 1320. The army of brigands called Pastoureaux had just invaded the country of the Albigenses. In comparing this singular incursion with those that had already furrowed distracted Gaul at different epochs, and planted in its soil the germs of so many foreign trees that they have left the French population no particular type of origin—in comparing, we say, this incursion of the Pastoureaux with those of the Goths, the Visigoths, the Normans, and the Moors, we might say of them that they were outlandish torrents of violent descent, and poured out in powerful masses on the French provinces; terrible as long as they ran in the same bed, then weakening as they extended their conquests, last absorbed in the surrounding population, like streamlets in the fields they water. And we might add of that of the Pastoureaux, that it resembled those sources which are seen suddenly to spring from the bosom of earth, which work themselves a thousand passages in the yielding soil, swell, thicken in force and volume, and end by inundating a country with as disastrous efficacy as mighty rivers sprung from distant hills.

Shepherds, serfs, had then arisen by whole families—old men and young, women and children—all; ay, and had risen by thousands in every part of France, from one of those marvellous instincts which, at the same hour, and without direct communication, agitate an entire population with the same thought, the same object, or rather the same necessity.

Issuing from Aquitaine, the Pastoureaux marched two and two beneath the standard of the Cross, giving out, as the object of their pilgrimage, the deliverance of the Holy Land, and stopping by the way to pillage and massacre those towns which were either weak enough to receive, or unable to resist them. As every crime must have a pretext, even for the grossest minds, the fury of the Pastoureaux had assumed for their war-cry, "Extermination to the Jews!" a race of helpless infidels, who might be spoiled and slain with easy impunity. They began, then, with them; but once the sack of a city and its overthrow brought into play, once the thirst for slaughter excited, once the intoxication of those terrible Bacchanals with fire and car-

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nage risen to delirium, neither the blood nor gold of the Jews any longer sufficed, and Christians themselves became the prey and victims of those ferocious beasts. It was on this account that Bernard Guionis, grand inquisitor of Toulouse, and an ardent persecutor of the Jews, nevertheless cried aloud from the pulpit, whilst urging the burgesses not to abandon the infidels to the Pastoureaux,

"Beware, my brethren, beware; the flesh of dogs, when thrown to tigers, gives them an appetite for that of man."

However, the Pastoureaux had not the less slaughtered all the Jews of Albi and Toulouse, and already menaced those of Narbonne, Carcassonne, and Montpellier.

Those unhappy wretches devoted to death would have sought safety in flight, but that was impossible; for, as we have said, if on the one hand thousands of Pastoureaux marched in battle array, on the other they sprang from the earth, and that in every place, so as to stand in the way of every march of any length, and which had occasioned sufficient time for it to be remarked and opposed. Flight, therefore, being avowedly impracticable, the Jews thought on opposing force with force. But, numerous as they were throughout the province, they were not so in any precise spot; they possessed neither town nor castle, which might serve them for asylum or rallying-point. They could not, either, have ventured to possess themselves by force of some important place to take their stand alone, for then would they not only have roused the Pastoureaux against themselves, but also the whole population of the country.

In these circumstances, the trafficking spirit of that singular people showed itself, amidst their pressing dangers, above every other thought. They made proposals to several seigneurs to receive them, *en masse*, into their towns, and there defend them, for considerable sums of money. But not a soul accepted, and the Jews were therefore reduced to that terrible extremity of being placed in face of an attack, which every day became more imminent, without the means of resistance or escape. They therefore assembled in the synagogue they possessed at Narbonne, and, without waiting for the return of certain messengers, who were not yet come back from places whither they had been sent to tempt the cupidity of their seigneurs, they fell to deliberating what course they must take, so as not all inevitably to perish. The meeting was numerous, but gloomy. An habitual silence, with which was connected the idea of their perils, the miserable habits prescribed to the Jews by the ordinances of Philip the Long, their lengthened and gaunt visages, their uneasy demeanour, their whole aspect of misery and slavery, driven to despair, imparted a sinister character to the crowded assembly. Their chief rabbi, Solomon Ben Solomon, entered soon, accompanied by those most renowned for their wisdom—Reuben, a celebrated physician, Jacob of Sunel, an illustrious astrologer, and several others. Scarce had they made their appearance than they took their places on an elevated platform, and Solomon held the following discourse, in which he eloquently exposed to them the present state of Jewry.

"Children of the true God," he said, "ye have brought these barbarous nations of France and Languedoc the knowledge and intelli-

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gence, which prevent their wallowing in the mud, like unclean swine, and behold how they repay us. Without our aid not one of their princes could display amidst their impious festivals their gold-embroidered habits of purple, which our manufactories furnish; and in return they force us to wear dresses of coarsest cloth. None of their insolent women could deck her brow and ears, her arms and neck, with gorgeous trinkets inlaid with enamel, were it not for the skilfulness of our workmen, and our wives and daughters are compelled to hide their hair and foreheads beneath a black hood, and their hands and arms under wide falling sleeves. The soft furs, with which they shield their pampered frames from the cold frost and icy shower, reach them from our ships, and they forbid us an additional cloak in winter; that eastern art, which renders their swords so cutting, and their cuirasses so impenetrable, is still in our hands alone, a mystery to their miserable apprentices, whose clumsy forges scarce produce a horse's shoe or a plough's coulter; that yet divine art of curing maladies and wounds appears mere witchcraft to their stupid quacks, and lo! when we, to whom they owe the arms they fight with, and oftentimes the life to wield them, lo! when we beseech them to draw in our defence those weapons they derive from us, lo! they are silent, and leave us to our fate. Is this, my brethren, a just return, a contract faithfully fulfilled? No, assuredly, no. Let us then care for our own safety as though they were not; let us pay no heed to the evils which our defence may drag upon their heads; the hour for speaking out is come; let those who have any plans to propose, arise, and let them not forget that the supreme law, at this time, is that of self-preservation, and that before it the common ordinary laws of justice must give way. A naked man meeting in a forest once with one that was armed, they heard the roaring of a lion. The armed man repulsed the other, who besought him to defend both, and would have fled. Then the latter laid a snare in the path of the armed one, whose feet became entangled in it, and he fell; and whilst the lion was devouring him, before he could succeed in extricating himself, the naked man escaped unhurt. I see you comprehend my meaning, children of the true God."

At these words a young man, with dark and flashing eyes, flowing hair, slender of frame, with gaunt and youthful visage, advanced, and cried,

"Who speaketh here of infamous snares, and disgraceful flights? Will the curse of heaven never pass away from our heads, or shall we never wipe away its brand from off our brows? Certes, certes, the Christians do well to mark our habits with a sign of contumely, to spit in our faces, and decimate us like their flocks and herds; for justly do we merit all. Better is it to know how to handle than know how to make a sword; better know how to kill than how to cure. Have we not had our fill of slavish epithets and badges, which so lavishly are showered upon us from every corner of the earth? Shall we be for ever wanderers, vagabonds, driven hither and thither by the breath of Christians, like the leaves of autumn, from valley to valley, across mountains, and over plains; and shall we then never have a sure asylum over whose door it may be written, 'Here you may live and

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die?' I tell you now is the time for Jerusalem to arise; now is the time for the people of God to assume their place amongst the children of men. Let me boldly dare to mark it out in this city, strong in tower and wall, rich in fertile plains. Old man, thou saidst aright erewhile that these detested Christians had freed us from all laws of justice, and that all should be permitted and attempted for our safety, but that safety lieth not in flight but in remaining. At this hour our brethren in Carrassonne, Montpellier, Kîmes, Uzès, are roused, and seek an asylum. Let us show it them in this city; let it at first become a fold; but let anon the sheep there come to be the shepherds, and the shepherds sheep; let those obey, who now command; and let the fold become a fortress."

"Benjamin Esau," said the astrologer Jacob, "thou hast just spoken like the fool, who knoweth not the sacred books, or the course of the stars. The time for the resurrection of the people of God is not yet come, and its dispersion has been promised for yet a thousand years to the spirits of darkness, as a punishment for one part of its children having divided itself against the other to follow the false Messias, like children who, walking to school, should despise to run after the wild fruits that hang over the borders of the high road. Does not the law say that children shall pay their fathers' debts, and brethren those of brethren? We have not yet acquitted to the Lord that which our brethren and fathers have bequeathed to us. Let us deliberate on the safety of those of us in this city; God will inspire our brethren in other countries with what will be most profitable to them, and may he grant thy foolish words have not dismissed his spirit angered from our consultations!"

"Let us save ourselves, then," cried Benjamin Esau; "save ourselves alone, but let it be by open combat, and with honour."

"Who talks of open combat," said an old man of elevated stature, "when the stoutest of our young men, he, whose head and hands could alone invent a project of resistance, and bring it to a good result, is absent, and perhaps has perished in the enterprise which we confided to his care? They must, indeed, be presumptuous."

"Gaspard," violently retorted Esau, interrupting the old man, "thou meanest thy son Mathias, and 'tis in speaking of him that thou dost dare to term others presumptuous! And yet is there one amongst the children of the true God, who is more arrogant of speech, more insolent in act, than he? Does he not regard us all with contempt, and yet is it not within the knowledge of all that none of us have alliances more strict than he with the Christians? By what act has he obtained pardon for springing from an accursed race to such a point that the burgesses treat him as a knight, and the nobles open to him their houses as to a man of consideration? And, if all must be told, how has he acquired the infamous hope of becoming the husband of a Christian girl, if not by pledging himself to abandon the law of his fathers, and perhaps betray his brethren in misfortune? Reassure thyself, Gaspard, thy son is not dead; and if he delay so long to return, 'tis doubtless but that he is in treaty with some seigneur for his own safety and our ruin."

"Thou liest!" cried the old man: "A base lie! Mathias is dead, or verily he will return!"

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"Mathias is returned, my father," said a young boy of about sixteen, who stood beside the old man: "he passed before the door of the synagogue, and said to me, 'Brother, I shall be here when the eighth hour tolls.' And he withdrew in the direction of the Roman gate."

"No doubt," resumed Esau, "there it is that dwell the Seneschal Bertrand de Nogaret, and his daughter Constance. He, who has taken to his bosom a passion so wild and mad as that of Mathias, esteems it to be much better to devote his time to the sweet whispers of a girl than the grave deliberations of his people."

"Esau," said the young boy, "why raisest thou thy voice against my brother? He has saved thee twice from the hands of the Christians, who would fain have exterminated thee for thy slanderous speeches against them; once by persuading them with gentle words, another time by their dispersion with his redoubtable arm. Is this the gratitude thou feelest for his benefits?"

"Thanks, brother," said a grave and sonorous voice; "Esau did not lie when he said I was with the Sire Bertrand de Nogaret; and perhaps he was not wrong in saying I preferred the words of love to our grave discussions. Brethren, when we quit the paternal mansion never to re-enter it, it is permitted us to turn the head and bid a last farewell: when we are exiled from all hope, we also may turn aside the head, and give a tear to sad regret. But wherefore this? My life belongs to all, my griefs are my own alone. 'Tis of that, then, with which you charged me, that I must speak. Brethren, I have knocked at many doors; one alone has opened to me: 'tis that of the castle of Verdun, on the Garonne: its seigneur, Isam de Belharnois, has let me its principal tower for six months for two thousand golden sous of Toulousian money. During all that time, we may retire thither and defend ourselves, the battery of the walls of the fortress, and even its firing, being included in the contract, in case those brigand Pastoureaux come to besiege us. Six months will suffice to let that torrent of assassins pass away; and at the end of that time, we may issue from our retreat to re-enter our houses, should they be yet standing—to rebuild them, should they be razed to the ground."

The calm sad tone with which these words were uttered, froze the whole assembly, although they contained within them a chance of safety, on which the Jews had had no reason to count; because, if Mathias had entered the assembly, hope beaming on his brow and disaster on his tongue, every one hoped, and now, that despite his fortunate message he was mournful and discouraged, there was not one present whose mind did not misgive him, and whose spirits fell not to the ground.

"Mathias," said the old rabbi, "is this our best hope?"

"Events will decide," replied he with a humble air.

"And what wilt thou do?" sneered Esau.

"Whatever my brethren will," replied Mathias coldly, spite of the insolent tone of the question.

"Brother," said the young boy in a low voice, "brother, thou sufferest agony."

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"Nathan," replied Mathias in the same tone, "thou wilt console our father."

Then he withdrew into a corner, and remained plunged in a gloomy abstraction, whilst the Jews decided on departing the next day from Narbonne for the citadel of Verdun, with their wives, their children, and all their riches.

The evening of that day all was in motion in the great street of the Jews' quarter; waggons were being laden, mules and sorry nags saddled, for the Jews were not permitted to ride chargers; but nowhere was the bustle so great as in the house of the rich Gaspard. He presided himself over all the necessary preparations, aided by his son Nathan, and every moment casting a sad and furtive glance on Mathias, who, seated on a stone, preserved a total silence, and seemed as it were a statue, so utterly was he without motion amidst a moving crowd.

"Son," said at length the old man, as he approached him, "is this the courage thou didst promise? Thou, so fierce of spirit, so brave and resolute, scarce does there come a day of misfortune, when behold thou art overwhelmed and crushed to the earth! I had hoped better things of thee, Mathias, my son."

"Father," said Mathias, "my character has this day been revealed to me. I am a coward!"

"No, Mathias," cried the old man, recoiling, "thou art mad to say so."

"Father, I am a coward; for I bend my head before that which my heart despises."

"What sayest thou, Mathias?" resumed Gaspard.

"Father," said the young man, "do not make me speak; I should blaspheme, and of that I am unworthy."

Mathias arose at these words to retire; but he stopped short, on seeing before him Sire Bertrand de Nogaret and his daughter Constance. Mathias became pale as death, gazed on the Sire of Nogaret with a wild air, and cried out:

"What want you with me, seigneur? I told you I would not."

"Gaspard," said the Sire of Nogaret, "command thy son to follow us; I have that to say to you in secret."

They re-entered the house with Nathan, and the old knight thus addressed the Jewish merchant:

"Gaspard, this morning thy son came and asked me if I would permit my daughter to accompany him as his wife, promising to respect her faith: I drove him indignantly from my presence; my wrath only endured sufficient time to let my eyes fall on my daughter Constance, pale, trembling, in despair, and fallen at my feet, which she embraced. I recalled thy son, Gaspard; for the spouse, who gave me Constance, was as far from me as was thy son from my daughter, and I braved my father's curse to unite myself to her. Now I am not an old man forgetful of the passions of youth, and when I saw thy son retire, and my daughter weep, I felt that I had shed those tears, and felt that sorrow once, and pity seized me; therefore I recalled thy son, and said to him, 'Mathias, abandon the religion of thy fathers, become a Christian, and my child shall be thy bride."

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"My curse upon him!" exclaimed Gaspard; "my curse upon his race, if he accepted."

"You see, seigneur," said Mathias, with a bitter smile.

"He refused," replied the Sire of Nogaret; "he refused, and went away."

"'Tis well, son," said Gaspard; "'tis very well; the belief of thy fathers has taken deep root in thy young heart: thanks be to the Lord!"

"No, father," said Mathias, "I believe it not: I am a coward."

"What meanest thou?" cried the astonished Gaspard.

"I will explain," said the old knight. "The law of the God of Israel is fallen into contempt in thy son's heart, and yet he will not abandon it. He stops not before the anger of thy God, but before that of his father; he braves the thunders of your Jehovah, and dares not incur his people's blame."

Gaspard regarded his son with a wondering air, irritated at once by his desertion of the patriarchal faith, and touched by his religious obedience to paternal authority.

"Lo!" he sadly murmured, "lo! to what a pass have Christian counsels led thee, my son!"

"Christian counsels!" repeated Mathias. "No, father, no, my change of mind is the result alone of my conviction. 'Tis no Christian work, believe me. But restrain your apprehensions, O my father! I will not be a reproach to you by my apostacy amongst our elders. Thou speakest to me of turning Christian, Sire of Nogaret," he added, "and seest thou not that even though this brow were bent to receive the waters of baptism, even then I should but court two sources of contempt instead of one,—the contempt and curse of my people, who would call me apostate; the contempt of thine, who would only term me their brother with the lip and not the heart; and, above all, my own contempt at having abandoned my brethren in the hour of danger."

"To abandon them," said Nogaret, "will not be a more craven act than to do nothing for them, as the last and lowest in their ranks, instead of acting as the first and chiefest of the race of Israel for their preservation."

"If they die, I will die also," said Mathias: "they have no right to ask me more: if fate has gifted me with a stout arm, an active brain, and an ambitious spirit, 'tis my own misfortune, and shall not be a benefit to them. No, mark me, father, I will use no efforts for my brethren's safety, which they can only recompense by barren esteem and perhaps disgraceful envy."

"Ah! my son," groaned the aged Gaspard, "I grieve to hear these wild words. Wherefore this repining? What would you be?"

"What would I?" cried his son. "O! you comprehend me not. I would be what is impossible, a man like other men, one of whom it may not be said, whatever glory he encircles round his name withal, 'Tis the name of a slave or that of an apostate. Go, leave me, let me die.'"

"Well, then," said Nogaret, "I offer thee the means of purchasing thy place amongst us Christians by an act which will ensure thee the

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blessing of the Jews, and can be stigmatised with cowardice by none. Thou hast requested me to defend thy race from the attacks of the Pastoureaux, and I refused. Well, if thou wilt now turn Christian, by my eternal soul, and by my holy faith, I swear to thee this city of Narbonne shall become the asylum of thy brethren, and they shall not need to abandon it as fugitives. I will defend them as I would defend my fellow Christians; thy baptism shall be the entry of them all under my protection; you shall not be compelled to wander to and fro, seeking in the country round a doubtful and brief security. You look alarmed at my proposal, Mathias? Your pride cannot comprehend that I should humble mine, even to imploring you; but I will only say one word, and if you understand it not, your father will, I know; my child has sworn to me that she will not survive your separation!"

Constance, hitherto motionless, threw herself into her father's arms at these words, whilst bitter tears coursed rapidly down his rugged features.

The three Jews answered not.

"Forsake our faith!" said Gaspard, mournfully.

"'Tis to save our race, my father," whispered Nathan.

"Boy," said old Gaspard, "art thou also lost to me? Art thou already a traitor? Have I two curses to pronounce in the evening of my days?"

"You see, Christian," said Mathias, "they would curse me did I save them; they would call me traitor."

"Gaspard," said Nogaret, "it belongs not to thee to decide alone on a matter so important; the safety of thy nation is concerned, and it only must pronounce: I will consult it."

Meanwhile, a growing murmur had for some time announced that a crowd had gathered together before the entrance to Gaspard's house. The greater part of the Jews, warned by Esau of Nogaret's presence therein, excited by his words, and calling to mind the dejected state of Mathias, gave credence to his asserted treachery, and were desirous of preventing its completion and punishing its author. Already sundry clamours rose high, when Nogaret, advancing amidst the turbulent crowd, elevated his voice, and thus solemnly addressed them:

"Children of Israel, ye are about to fly, and massacre may stop your flight. Ye are about to shut yourselves up in a fortress; but it is not of sufficient strength to resist the fury of the Pastoureaux, should they besiege you there. Narbonne is an invincible retreat, and it is open to you yet on one condition only, on condition that your brother Mathias renounce his faith and become a Christian. This done, I swear to you, on the faith of a knight, to treat and serve you as the brethren of my son, for such will I esteem and call him then."

These words spread lively joy throughout the crowd, and some voices exclaimed,

"And doubtless Mathias accepts?"

"No," said Gaspard, suddenly intervening; "Mathias does not accept."

"He appeals to your judgment," said Nogaret.

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"Can you condemn one of your brethren," said Gaspard, "to turn traitor?"

"He, who saves his brethren," cried Nathan, "will he deserve that name from those he has saved? They will call him martyr."

"No doubt," sneered Isaac, with a sardonic air, 'tis a sacrifice, which will put one brother's faith to such cruel pain, that he alone of all here present hath a soul mighty enough to support the heavy trial he is called on to endure. For, we must not dissemble it to ourselves, man's nature is ungrateful, and perchance there may be found amongst us those who will say it is not for our safety that he makes this sacrifice, but for the satisfaction of the love he beareth to a Christian's daughter, whilst the Christians themselves will think that this apostacy is but an empty ruse, an act of craven cowardice to save himself and his. But Mathias will disdain such empty and unfounded accusations, and the safety of his brethren will outweigh, in his high hearted breast, such groundless calumnies."

"'Tis well, brother," said Mathias, calmly; "I thank thee for pointing out my course of duty."

Constance convulsively pressed the hand of Nathan, who exclaimed,

"Our sages only must dictate his answer; let them speak."

"And let them speak aloud," said Mathias, "one after the other. Solomon ben Solomon, dost thou advise me to abandon my faith, in order to save my people?"

"I can give no such counsel, my son," said the chief rabbi.

"And thou, Jacob?"

"'Tis the affair of thy own conscience?"

"And thou, Samuel?"

"The law curses apostates, and blesses martyrs."

Then each of the twelve old men, who were called sages, being separately interrogated, replied in an evasive manner, not venturing openly to advise another to desert his religion, and regretting in their hearts that he had not already deserted it.

"So, brethren," said Mathias, "we will depart. I do not possess a soul of sufficient strength to bear the weight of a load, which no one here will lay his finger to in my assistance. I cannot do an act, which none advise. Farewell, Sire of Nogaret. I was born a Jew, and will die one. We will perish, brethren, and together," he added, with a sudden burst, addressing his people; "and you will bless me, O my father!"

The crowd withdrew, gloomy and silent, and Nogaret led away his daughter, but not before she had time to whisper Nathan,

"Boy, I must speak with thee."

When even was come, twelve secret messages arrived from the twelve sages of the nation, urging Mathias to accept baptism, and he, in rejecting them, said to his father,

"Dost thou see, my father? They would willingly purchase their safety with my shame, and afterwards denounce me as a coward. O! my curse upon them all! 'Tis an infamous and abject race."

"Is't not," said the voice of a woman beside Mathias, "is't not an abject race? And yet is it for their esteem that thou dost break the

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only heart which truly loves thee; that they may spare thee in their discourse, thou dost hush to silence the only voice that would console thee; in order that thy name may not become the prey of calumny and ridicule, thou castest to these garbage-loving dogs thy happiness, thy life, our love. O miserable cowardice! Mathias, I—I—am stouter far than thee; I, a poor woman—I have chosen between the curse of men and my affection, between the contempt of my people and our happiness, between the hateful suspicions of those of thy race and thy sole esteem. Behold me, then; I am a Jewess, I am thy wife, I am ready to follow thee whithersoever thou goest."

"Constance! Constance!" stammered out Mathias, as he gazed on her with stupefaction, dressed as she was, and disguised in one of the habits of Nathan, "thou art an angel then, one of the lights of heaven!"

"Mathias," whispered Constance, "I am a loving woman."

In the night all the Jews of the city of Narbonne departed in haste, and some days after, protected by the rapidity of their flight, they were safely ensconsed in the tower of Verdun, on the Garonne, to the number of more than a thousand, as well men as women, old men and children. There, Constance, who had been concealed during the route in a closed litter, was presented to the Jews as the wife of Mathias; and the chief rabbi, Solomon Ben Solomon, solemnly admitted her amongst the children of Israel. Meanwhile the Pastoureaux, being informed of this retreat of the Jews, and taking for a pretext that they had sacrilegiously carried away with them a Christian woman, bent their course towards the citadel of Verdun, and commenced its siege. But Mathias was himself again, and to defend his wife, had become, what he had not dared to be to win her, the saviour of his people. Vainly did the Pastoureaux set up powerful engines of attack, and urge bloody assaults on the walls of the fortress. Mathias was everywhere, repulsing them, hurling them down into the fosses, and pursuing them on the plain, which he strewed with their corses. By his side, Esau was the one who showed the most terrible courage, and whose voice, after that of Mathias, had most weight in the counsel. Meanwhile the Pastoureaux were not disheartened, and every day new forces, excited by the immense booty that was known to be shut up in the fortress, came to their aid.

The attacks were redoubled, and, being kept up by those incessant masses of brigands, who hastened in on all sides, they left no pause or rest to the unhappy besieged. The neighbouring seigneurs, whose lands the brigands ravaged for their subsistence, vainly represented the inutility of the siege to their chiefs: the latter insolently replied to them that it was plain to be seen they had no care for the faith of Christ, when they were willing to leave a Christian woman in the possession of the sons of Satan; and the seigneurs, fearing lest such an accusation of lukewarmness should be turned into a pretext against themselves, and authorise the Pastoureaux to attack them, withdrew, and prudently entrenched themselves in their several castles. Meanwhile this rumour of the Pastoureaux's intentions reached the ear of the besieged Jews by means of certain prisoners. Thenceforward Mathias might see, that whilst continuing to surround him with marks of consideration and respect, his brethren cast looks of hatred and

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proscription on his wife. At length, one day that the assault had been more bloody than usual, whilst Mathias was restoring order on the battlements, a council was convoked by Esau.

"Brethren," he said, "'tis with regret that I raise my voice against the bravest of our warriors, against him, who resists like a rock, and attacks like the thunderbolt. But all our misfortunes spring from him. He might have saved us, and would not; he disdained to make use of a stratagem, which each of us had considered equal to the martyrdom of the Maccabees and the holy ruse of Judith; but our gratitude and our admiration were insufficient to steel him against the derision of a few Christians. The esteem of the children of Israel is less in his eyes than the contempt of the Nazarenes; he then it is, who has dragged us hither, and if he has brought us the aid of his valour, he has carried with it a danger greater than itself. Were not the daughter of Nogaret with us, long since had the Pastoureax melted away from before these walls, and we had been saved. Let us give up this Christian woman, and we have nothing more to fear."

"She is a Jewess!" cried Gaspard.

"Well! if she be indeed a Jewess, let her devote herself to the safety of all, and leave this fortress; for, if she is truly our sister, she cannot hesitate. Propose this sacrifice to any of our women, and not one will fear to give her life for the common safety; for they are verily daughters of Israel, and affect not a vain religion."

"And if she refuses?" said Gaspard.

"Then," said Esau, "her faith is pretended, and we are permitted to cast her forth from amongst us."

"'Tis just," said the elders.

And Gaspard was charged with the announcement of this news to his son's wife, whilst the assembly awaited her answer. When he re-entered the chamber, which served for habitation to himself and his family, he found Mathias asleep, whilst Constance, leaning on the mattrass, which served them for bed, was attentively regarding him.

"Daughter," said the old man, "thanks be to the Lord, Mathias slumbers, for I have to tell thee things that would render him furious as a famished lion, did he overhear them."

"I know all, my father," said Constance; "Nathan has just been to tell me. Astonished at a council to which Mathias was not admitted, and convoked by Esau, he suspected it was some machination of his hatred against me, and surprised the secret of your deliberations."

"And what wilt thou do, child?" said the old man.

"I will tell you in the assembly of your sages," replied Constance, "I follow you thither."

She arose, printed a last kiss on her husband's brow, and walked to the hall of council. The elders gazed at each other, astonished by her aspect, so high and resolute was her demeanour, She advanced in the midst of them, and not a soul dared to interrogate her. Esau devoured her with a ferocious look, and gnawed his lip. She awaited a moment, and then addressed them thus:

"Fathers, I have been told what ye expect from me. I will do it."

They were dumb with astonishment. Esau smiled with fierce

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joy; but Ben Solomon, touched with such sublime devotion, stammered out, while tears dimmed his aged eyes,

"They will spare thee, child, for thou art one of their daughters."

"No," replied Constance; "I am a Jewess, and will not deny the faith I have adopted. I will tell them—'Behold the Christian woman, who hath deserted her religion, 'and will spit upon the cross and the image of Christ."

"But they will slay thee, woman," cried Esau, livid with sudden fear—"they will slay thee, and thou wilt not save us."

"And wherefore would you have me live?" said Constance, with cold contempt." Is't to save thee, Esau, man so firm in thy faith? O, thou didst deceive thyself when thou saidst I was not sincere in my profession, and that it was for the satisfaction of my love I took thy God into my heart. I tell thee, man, he has entered there for ever, and the daggers of the Pastoureaux must drain its last drop of blood before they tear him thence. Come, lead me to them."

The elders were silent, and certain of them shed tears. Esau, tormented with horrible vexation, regarded Constance with an eye that sometimes blazed with rage, sometimes with a fatal ardour, then he ended by exclaiming,

"The sacrifice is useless then—I hoped to have saved us all."

"No," said Constance, "we will die all."

"Go," said Solomon Ben Solomon to her; "the Lord bless thee, and accept thy words; thou shalt live or die with us; thou art our sister and daughter, chiefest above all our women."

"Well, then, be it so!" said Esau; "we will all die."

When Mathias learnt, on awakening, what had taken place, he seized his large sword, and would have exterminated Esau.

"Mathias," said Constance to him, "men know only one way how to triumph—by their anger—and ofttimes dash themselves to pieces in their blind fury: women are better acquainted with the secret of leading man. I was sure Esau would defend me."

"He loves thee, then," said Nathan to her, in a low voice.

"Hush," replied the young wife, in the same tone.

Then she calmed Mathias, and made him swear to make no attempt on Esau.

Thenceforward Constance was regarded as inspired by the Lord, and the elders never passed by without saluting her, the children without asking her blessing.

Still the siege lasted, and already the warriors, who had entered into the fortress, were reduced to the number of fifty. The elders, women, and children, were thinned to three hundred. The provision of ammunition and victuals began to fall short, and even then, in the attacks, the besieged had hurled coffers full of money on the heads of the assailants; mothers, whom famine drove to madness, had thrown their children on the pikes of the Pastoureaux. In a cersain sortie, vainly attempted by the Jews, they had left some prisoners in the hands of their enemies, and the latter had executed them at the foot of the walls, under the very eye of their brethren. The death given to them was lengthened out by infamous, unheard-of tortures, horrible to witness, impossible to relate. Six prisoners lingered for two whole

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days beneath the red-hot pikes and poniards of the Pastoureaux. The fortress was shaken to its centre, a fresh assault would probably succeed. Esau cried out with rage,

"Thus, then, shall we all perish!"

"I told thee so," replied Constance. "We shall die all, but we need not die so." Then, drawing a dagger from her bosom, she added, "For myself, I will not die thus."

Esau regarded her for long as she retired, and remained some time in the place he was after she had withdrawn. The next day, the Jews beheld, from the top of their ramparts, the arrival of certain huge machines or engines of war, which the Pastoureaux set up, and, amongst others, one called "a cat," beneath which men being concealed, transported heaps of wood to the principal gate of the tower, in order to fire it. The pots of boiling and blazing oil, which the besieged had usually hurled on these engines for the purpose of burning them, were of no longer use, for they had then lighted the fire that was to consume them, and already were they without any heavy masses, the which to precipitate upon and break in pieces the dreaded engine. However, for that purpose, they were bringing coffers filled with gold and precious stuffs, when Esau advanced and said,

"Brethren, 'tis madness now to hope in our defence; we shall die here, if not to-day, to-morrow, and shall die after having gorged the Pastoureaux with our treasures. Well, then! if we must perish, let our monies perish with us. Let us dare tranquilly to give ourselves that death which these brigands bring us, accompanied by all the tortures of their hellish cruelty; be our treasures, at the same time, devoured by fire, and let our enemies, when come they must, meet only here with our corpses and the cinders of our wealth."

Perhaps the famous examples of ferocious cruelty whither famine and despair have impelled men certain of a horrible death, will lead our readers to comprehend that, and why this dreadful proposition was received with acclamations of joy. But the testimony of history is required to accept as true the fearful manner in which that wholesale extermination was voluntarily to be carried out. It was decided, then, that all the names of the besieged wretches should be deposited in an urn, and that, ranged on their knees in one long line, they should meet death one after the other. Esau, who had been charged with this office, drew out the slips. The first name that appeared was that of Mathias, the second that of Nathan—the name of Constance was the last. An imperceptible smile ruffled her lips, and she demanded, in a clear, firm voice,

"And now who will be the executioner?"

"I," said Esau.

"Esau! Esau!" shouted some voices, jealous of the right even of deliberating on the choice of their destroyer.

"Thou?" said Constance. "Thy arm is not stout enough for so many victims. I demand that the strongest amongst you be chosen for this task. We must not replace the tortures of the stake by those of a lingering death."

"Be it so," said Esau, throwing a furtive glance on Mathias, who, morally annihilated and stupid, took no further care of what was

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passing. Then he added, in a low voice, "Woman, thou shalt not escape me."

Instantly they brought a heavy axe, and placed an enormous block on two trestles. Some of the Jews essayed their strength thereon, and penetrated the axe to a considerable depth; but Esau, seizing it in his turn, struck the block, which he clave so completely, that the one end only held to the other by some fibres.

"'Tis Esau! Esau!" cried the voices again.

"Not yet," said Mathias, rising; "I have not tried the axe."

He took it, and with one terrible blow cut the block in two as though it had been the tip of a slight arrow. The name of Mathias was then shouted as that of their liberator, and the whole crowd ranged themselves religiously on their knees, without a single soul shrinking from the place which the lot had given him. Meanwhile, a heap had been made of all the Jews' treasures, and fire applied to it with torches. The besiegers, astonished at not finding any resistance to their projects, had heaped up the entrance to the gate with pieces of wood of all sorts. As yet they had not fired them; but when they saw the blaze that burst out on the summit of the rampart, they applied it to its foot, divining that the Jews were about to snatch from them the treasures for whose possession they had endured such great fatigues. 'Twas, in truth, a fearful spectacle to see the whole camp in fury, uttering horrible imprecations against the unhappy wretches about to die. They were threatened atrocious torments unless they extinguished the flame above, they were promised life if they would put it out, and at the same time they kept up with fresh fuel that which flared below. But the clamours of the Pastoureaux rose to a horrible pitch when they saw the commencement of the dreadful massacre on the summit of the tower. In effect, Mathias had laid aside his arms, and, with body naked to the waist, alone, standing amidst that kneeling crowd, he counted up three hundred victims for his axe. At length, turning to Esau, he said,

"Esau, I have taken thy place; doubtless thou wilt wish to assume mine," and he lifted up his weapon.

"I take it," said Esau, "but I would not use thy strength upon myself; thou wilt have none to spare for thy last victim."

And suddenly he stabbed himself with a dagger, and fell at Mathias's feet, who repulsed him with his heel. His fall was the signal, and the three hundred voices of the kneeling Jews burst forth in unison to celebrate the people of Moses. Mathias would fain have commenced;—'twas his brother on whom his first blow must fall. At the sight his eyes became dim, his feet tottered, and he became weaker than the weakest child.

"Strike, brother," said Nathan; "strike at the head, the blow is less painful."

The voices exultingly burst forth again, and certain of them cried, 'Mathias! Mathias!' And the Pastoureaux uttered a cry of joy, for the door blazed and threatened to give way. Mathias turned his head aside, and the axe fell on Nathan: the unhappy boy bent like a reed, and fell murmuring,

"Thanks, brother."

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Then Mathias struck—he struck, struck, without cessation: he made a step, raised his axe, and a head fell; he passed on, he passed on, foaming at the mouth, gnashing his teeth, laughing, furious, mad; taking fierce pleasure in his work of massacre, drinking in blood with his haggard eyes, snuffing it up into his dilated nostrils: drunken, delirious with slaughter, he came upon his father's head, and recognised it not. Meanwhile, the Pastoureaux howled like enraged wild beasts, and beat with frenzied blows on the half-consumed gate; to every blow Mathias replied by a shout and a falling head. Still he advanced, and at every step the concert of martyrs lost a voice. A length, a terrible cry from the Pastoureaux announced that the gate was beaten in, and the same instant Mathias stood in presence of his last victim. She rose up before him, but Mathias struck in the place where she ought to have been, and, finding no resistance to his axe, he struck the void anew; and finding nothing still, he struck again, unseeing, unmindful of aught, like a senseless engine.

"Mathias," cried Constance to him, "'tis I—'tis Constance—we may be saved!"

But Mathias still raised and impassibly let fall his streaming axe, without hearing, without comprehending, without recognising, Constance.

"O!" she despairingly exclaimed, "he had nothing strong about him but his arm!"

Meanwhile the Pastoureaux had reached the summit of the tower, and Constance darted forward to meet them, exclaiming,

"I am a Christian, and this man is mad!" two titles which, in that era of superstition, availed for the preservation of life. The sire of Nogaret, who was at the head of the Pastoureaux, embraced his daughter, and defended her from the most furious; the first who sprang upon Mathias were repulsed by the regular and senseless motion of his axe, which still continued to rise and fall; then they stopped to gaze upon him, such ferocious imbecility was there in his lack-lustre eye, the livid paleness, the bristling hair, of that wretched man. Constance, saved by her father, would fain have saved her husband, and exclaimed,

"God's curse is on him who strikes a madman."

The Pastoureaux crossed themselves, and drew back; but, at the extremity of the long line of corpses, a man arose, all bloody, and, in a voice broken and interrupted by pain, cried out,

"Christians, that woman is an apostate; she embraced our religion to follow the executioner before you, who has consummated this horrible slaughter. The man is called Mathias." Then he fell on his knees, and added, "Brethren, they struck me first, because I wished to turn Christian."

At these words the Pastoureaux threw themselves on Constance, and tore her from her father, and having seized on Mathias, they bound them together, and hurled them into the remains of the fire that had consumed the riches of the Jews. As they were conveying them thither, Esau said sardonically to Constance,

"Woman, wherefore didst thou despise my love? Why didst thou prefer and love Mathias?"

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"I loved him," said Constance, "because he was no traitor."

"Go, then, and burn with him!" yelled Esau, stung with the just taunt.

The Pastoureaux, glutted with blood and rapine, spared Esau, who subsequently became one of their chiefs, and died, long after, a monk of the abbey of Alby, renowned for his piety, under the name of "James the Converted."

W. R.

STANZAS.

BY MISS GEORGINA MUNRO.

The air is heavy with the breath of flowers,
And music floats around me like a dream;
I see the smile of beauty in her bowers,
And clustering lamps like stars above me gleam:
I hear the voice of merriment sweep by,
But wake no echoing gladness in my breast;
I know that light and happy hearts are nigh,
But feel mine own with heaviness oppress'd.

There is a thought all gladness overpowers,
And renders beauty dim unto my sight—
O! where are they, whose smiles in former hours
Have filled my soul with happiness and light?
Go, ask the deep!—the wanderers o'er it range—
Go, ask the earth!—for it hath claim'd the dead—
Go, ask the winds!—like traitor-friends they change—
The true were taken!—and the false are fled!

'Tis ever thus!—the flowers we pluck must die!—
And those we love must perish, or forget!—
To think of other hours, is but to sigh—
And memory but a title of regret!
'Tis ever thus!—or earth would be too bright,
And hearts would love to linger in its bowers—
But who would mourn eve's coming, when the light
Of day hath gleam'd alone on blighted flowers?

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ON THE INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

THE subject of instinct is the most difficult, yet the most interesting, in the whole range of natural history. The mere habits of animals are obvious to the most careless observers; the range of their intellectual faculties presents a little more difficulty, but involves nothing insuperable to a determined naturalist; but the nature of instinct has eluded the most acute inquiries: the most eminent philosophers both of ancient and modern times have tried their strength upon it, and left it nearly in the same state in which they found it.

A question so surrounded with difficulties might seem to deter any one from attempting its solution: but it ought to be a maxim with every man who cultivates science never to despair of success—for this simple reason, if he fails to discover precisely what he seeks, he not unfrequently stumbles upon something equally valuable and interesting; and if even this be not the case, his labour is seldom wholly fruitless; some prejudice is corrected, or some new mode of investigation furnished, which renders his future advances more easy or more effective, both in the number and quality of their results.

But, say some, why trouble us with abstract and metaphysical questions upon the very plain subject of natural history? The answer is obvious—these are the very questions which give the science its value. We see every day collections forming around us, filled with various and costly specimens from every kingdom of nature; but it will not be too much to say, that, without the invigorating spirit of philosophic inquiry, these specimens, however rich or rare, are mere toys, and, we may add, very dull toys.

To commence with shells, of which every society has a respectable collection, of what use, may we ask, are these beautiful specimens, unless we know the habits of the animals to which they belonged? The geologist, indeed, has another use for them, and may, in some cases, be little solicitous about their inhabitants; but the solitary instance of the geologist furnishes no apology for those who are no geologists. These societies possess, generally, extensive collections of organic remains, and specimens of strata from every possible formation; but even these are less than useless if we do not attend to the lesson they teach—if we do not learn that the elementary bodies of former worlds were the same as those in ours—that the causes which effected all the various changes we see in the crust of the earth are the same as those in active operation at present—that the earth has been different from its present state in its general temperature and fitness for sustaining animal life—and that the plants and animals of every geological period were every way adapted by their organization for their situation. Last, not least, it is well known that some philosophers have referred the present plants and animals to an eternal succession of the same species, while others have supposed that the present races were derived from more ancient types by successive developements. To the first of these opinions geology affords a com-

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plete refutation, by showing there was a time when neither plants nor animals could exist. From the nature of the formation, indeed, none could live, it being crystallized from a state of fusion; and it may be necessary to add that the second opinion, namely, the developement of the present animals and plants from more ancient species, has received a complete refutation from Mr. Lyall, who has satisfactorily shown that species have a real existence in nature, and that there can be no transmutation.

To conclude these observations, (for a subject like this would require a volume,) these collections contain numerous specimens from the insect kingdom, but the most complete series would not repay the trouble of collecting them, did they not furnish us with the most refined science when contemplating their wonderful transformation, the ingenuity of their architecture, the curious nature of some of their societies, and the variety of their instincts.

To come to the subject of this paper, it will be divided into two parts. In the first we shall briefly point out the fallacy of some popular opinions upon the subject, and in the second institute a comparison between animal instinct and the principle which directs and governs the action of our vital organs.

It would be tedious even to enumerate all the various opinions which have been entertained upon this subject; the principal are those which refer instinct to mechanism, the agency of inferior spirit, to habit, and to a species of reasoning or intellectual powers. The two first do not, assuredly, deserve refutation; the two last are plausible, and these we will submit to a short examination. With respect to habit, this faculty merely enables us to do well what we have done long; but, if we examine its formation, we shall find that it will carry us but a short way in the explanation of animal instinct. When we first perform any action, we are conscious that a dictinct volition or act of the will accompanies it. We *will* that this act be performed, and we perform it in consequence of this will. Should there be a series of actions, no matter how far extended, it will be obvious that, previous to the performance of any act in this series, an act of the will must be exercised; but when, from long continued practice, we perform such actions quickly, and with little seeming attention on the part of the mind, the separate volitions or exertions of the will are not then apparent—yet, as Professor Stewart well observes, "our inability to recollect our volitions gives us no right to dispute their presence." To take a familiar instance—when a person begins to learn upon any musical instrument, every note he sounds is accompanied by a separate volition, and the first tune he acquires may easily be analysed into as many separate acts of the mind as there are notes, as at each note he is under the necessity of consulting his recollection, to know the precise position of each finger upon the instrument. But after he attains a facility in using the instrument, these separate volitions or acts of the will, together with the peculiar position of the fingers, are kept together by the laws of association, or, if you will, suggestion, and he performs the tune without adverting either to the one or the other—without being conscious of any separate acts of the will, or at all attending to the position of the fingers. Yet we are certain that the will must act in every particular case.

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This, then, is the process by which habits are formed, and this is the history of the mind during the process. In all this it will appear evident that no new mental power is developed. The whole amounts to this, that by constant practice we acquire a facility in performing some *known* act. We have made no advance in knowledge. Clearly, therefore, if we refer the unerring certainty with which animals perform some acts to habit, we presuppose example, we presuppose exercise, we presuppose practice. But instinct acts without example, and is independent of all experience—and so far is it from being dependent for dexterity of operation upon practice, that its first attempts are as perfect as the last. Habit, therefore, depending upon experience, cannot by any possibility be exalted into an instinct. We shall now compare it with reason, in order to trace some marks of resemblance.

As this is no place for entering largely into the principles of intellectual philosophy, we shall confine ourselves to a brief sketch of the powers which are subservient to the reasoning process.

It may, *in limine*, be observed, that, with few exceptions, we receive the whole of our knowledge through the medium of the senses—in what manner, we need not at present discuss. These sensations we have the power of storing up for future use by the faculty of memory, a power without which we should be liable to perish every moment. Without memory, we should have no experience of the past; every object we saw, even for the thousandth time, would to us be new, and a danger we had avoided to-day would meet us again to-morrow, unprovided by any record of experience to avoid it. Instead of gaining experience every day as we proceeded in life, we should rise every day with a mind wholly uninformed, and the last hour of our existence would be as helpless as the first. To proceed, ideas acquired by the senses, and treasured by the memory, we can at any time place before the mind by the power of conception, and retain them there till, by comparing them, we form judgments of their various qualities. Having advanced thus far, we can still advance farther, and make these judgments or inferences the subjects of comparison—in short, of reasoning, for what is called reasoning is merely a repetition of judgments—a series of simple illations. If any one doubts this, he has only to select for analysis one of the most complex propositions in the whole range of mathematical inquiry, and he will find that, how far soever consequences are deduced, every single step consists in the comparison of two ideas—in other words, in the exercise of the power of judgment. This is the simple instrument with which man has to operate—the organ with which he effects all the wonders which art, science, and literature present to us. With this simple instrument he proposes an end, and invents means to attain that end. But it will be remembered he can only reason from what he knows. Experience is the foundation of all his knowledge. But instinct, as we have observed, acts independently of all experience, and advances through mazes where the human intellect, with all its boasted superiority, would be bewildered and lost. In illustrating this part of the subject, we shall confine ourselves to the insect kingdom, both for the wonderful variety they exhibit, and because they are generally better known than many other parts of the creation.

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If we examine the organization of these little creatures, we shall find it as perfect as that of the most bulky quadruped, and whether we view their internal or their external anatomy, we find the most exquisite skill employed even upon the minutest parts. They are every way fitted for the place they are intended to occupy, and by their weapons of defence, their habits and instincts, are rendered able to contend with wonderful address against the various enemies by which they are surrounded. Some live solitary, some in imperfect or temporary societies, while others, like the bee, are constantly gregarious, and cannot exist but in organized communities, where they are obviously subjected to a certain discipline, and where each individual acts for one common purpose, the general good.

Nor are the states and stages through which these creatures pass the least interesting of their characteristics. They consist of three parts generally; the *larva* state, the *pupa* state, and the *imago* state. The larva is the grub state, of which we have an example in the caterpillar. In this state it is extremely voracious, and is very fitted to satisfy its voracity. It is furnished with organs for locomotion, instinct for choosing the leaf upon which it is to feed, and a mouth most formidably armed with teeth. A caterpillar will eat twice its weight of leaves in a day. But another state awaits it. It spins itself a cone or case, and, enshrouded in this, lies for some time in a state of torpor, generally without food and without motion. It is now called a pupa. In this singular state of existence it remains various periods—sometimes six months, sometimes two or three years. Indeed the pupa state of any insect may be indefinitely protracted by keeping it in a cool situation. Of these pupa, all do not arrive at the imago or perfect state at the same time. This is a wise dispensation of Providence; for were the whole species to come out together, the season might prove so vastly unfavourable, that all might perish, and the race be destroyed. But this is provided for by the beneficent frugality we have noticed; for should the first perish, many yet remain to replace them and repair the loss. At length the last or imago state arrives. The little animal bursts its cerements, flings aside its grave-clothes, and suffers a kind of resurrection—a passage from torpor to activity, from death to life; and in the instance of the caterpillar, from a noisome, crawling reptile and a mass where no form could be distinguished, emerges a beautiful winged insect, the butterfly, which has poetically and justly been called "a flying flower."

We have examined the elements of reason, and pointed out their limit: in the consideration of instinct we launch out into a boundless sea, and, what is worse, with a very imperfect compass. In the first place, when a butterfly chooses a leaf upon which to deposit her eggs, she does it unerringly. A caterpillar which feeds upon the cabbage-leaf is not found upon the willow, nor that which feeds upon the willow found upon the cabbage-leaf. Now, we shall ask any candid person if reason could have effected this. Reason, as we have seen, can only advance from *data*—from something known—and whenever these are wanting or defective, she must advance by analogy; and if nothing analogous present itself, she must either advance at random or stand still. Had the insect under consideration possessed reason, the fol-

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lowing subsidiary knowledge would have been requisite. It must have known that a creature would proceed from the egg it was about to deposit, and that it could only feed upon plants of a certain kind. From this it would be able to infer the proper locality of the egg, but from no fewer conditions.

But of all this knowledge the butterfly was wholly destitute. She knew not what was the nature of the egg, she was ignorant of the nature of the animal it would produce, or what kind of food would be adapted to its taste. To render the matter more difficult, she could not safely reason from analogy, for no two beings can be more different than the butterfly and caterpillar. She has no teeth—it has a mouth most formidably armed with teeth; it lives upon the leaves of a plant—she exists upon the honey found in the nectary of flowers; it crawls—she is winged; it is confined to the narrow bounds of a leaf—she is a denizen of the air.

To render the situation of the butterfly more striking, previously to depositing her egg, we shall call in the assistance of a man, with his much boasted reason—a philosopher, if you please, but one whose taste has not led him to examine the wonders of creation, and we will request him to assist this insect with his advice. He will demand the conditions of the problem; they are as follow:—there is a winged insect, with no teeth, but furnished with a very curious instrument for extracting the contents of the nectary of flowers. She is about to deposit an egg, to produce a future insect as a successor—upon what species of plant, and upon what part of the plant, shall the egg be placed, that the insect may be provided with food when extruded? for he must be told, in addition, that the parent, so far from taking any charge of her offspring, will be dead long before its birth. His most obvious answer would be, that it should be placed near the nectary of any flower; for since the dam ranged the meadows, and settled indifferently upon any flower, he would conceive that the offspring would have the same general taste. The man would, in this case, reason by analogy, and his reasoning, by all the laws of logic, would be sound, yet you are aware he would be wrong. The inference is precisely what the data given would bear, yet, had the egg been placed indiscriminately, and in the nectary, he would have misplaced the insect. He saw an insect of a certain shape—he expected that, like other animals to which he had been accustomed, it would produce its likeness; this insect had certain tastes—he concluded these tastes would be transmitted to its offspring; she fed upon the nectary of flowers—he conceived the insect would be confined to a similar range.

But we will proceed in substituting reason for instinct. This larva or caterpillar forms itself a cone or case, sometimes of the most curious and complicated kind; in which it has to pass the period previous to its great and final change. In the employment of reason here three data would have been requisite, none of which, be it understood, was afforded to the insect: first, a knowledge that such a change was to happen; secondly, that before this change was effected, it would be in a state of torpor, and consequently be wholly defenceless; and thirdly, a perfect knowledge of the manner in which the cone or case was to

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be formed. But the caterpillar had no such knowledge—it never saw a pupa, it never saw a case—it was wholly ignorant of the whole series of operations by which they were made, and yet, wonderful to relate, it advances to its work, carries it on with the most unerring skill, and, what is equally wonderful, finishes it to the same pattern which had been used by its species from the creation of the world.

From this cursory survey of this part of the subject, we see that instinct can be accounted for neither by *habit* nor our boasted *reasoning powers;* we have seen that habit is confined to doing rapidly what we have done long, and has not the most distant connexion with instinct; and what may more humble our pride, we find that reason herself is unable to stir a single step when placed within the magic range of this mysterious power.

We may observe here, that the reason of animals is not wholly useless, and that in some cases it considerably modifies the operations of its instincts. This part of the subject is extremely important, inasmuch as nothing is more common than to confound those actions of the animal which depend upon their acquired sagacity with those which proceed from their natural instinct. That no two things can be more distinct, it is hoped we have succeeded in rendering evident: that nothing may be wanting to a full elucidation of the subject, we will add a few examples as illustrations of the operation of these two great principles together.

The larva of the pupilio brassica generally fixes itself to the underside of the coping of a wall when about to pass into the pupa state. As the ends of the small thread which serve for its girth would not adhere to the stone, it covers the place it is about to occupy with a small web of silk; and to this base it fastens its girth. This is the operation of instinct; but the following fact will show that the animal can modify the operation of the instinct by its reasoning powers. Some of the larva were placed in a box, and in order to keep them in, a piece of muslin was stretched over it as a covering. To this they attached themselves; but as the texture of the muslin afforded a firm hold for their girth, they span no preparatory silken web.

As a farther proof that instinct can be modified by the reasoning powers of the animal, Huber informs us that he transported the larva of some working bees to the cells of drones. What was the result? Did the bees still continue blindly to exercise their ordinary instinct? On the contrary, they placed nearly a flat lid upon these large cells, as if they were aware that they were now inhabited by a race, which being smaller than the drones, did not require so much room. It may be observed, that they form the top of the cells always of the form of a dome, which gives more room to the insect; but the working bees, which are the smallest, being found in the large cells of the drones, they concluded by their own sagacity, apart from their instinct, that their present habitations were roomy enough without the addition of a dome. A flat roof was not only easier constructed, but required less material, a very important consideration for an insect which has to collect that material from so wide a range of country.

Lastly, every sportsman knows that an old greyhound trusts the most fatiguing part of the chase to the younger, and places himself so

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as to meet the hare in her doublings. Here is again a complete union of instinct and reasoning. It is instinct which impels the greyhound to follow the hare, but reason, or in other words experience, which directs him to put in practice this peculiar mode of attack.

As we despair of arriving at the nature of the instinctive principle by direct analysis, it will not be improper to examine to what other principle it bears any resemblance. Having had the subject before us for some quarter of a century, and having instituted a close examination between it and the principle which directs the energies of the vital organs, we have arrived at the conclusion that these two powers are exactly similar in their operation, and are firmly convinced that any farther advances in the nature of animal instinct must be sought in an analysis of the digestive and assimilating processes; in other words, the principle which directs the animalization of nutriment.

Previously to describing such parts of the animal economy as are necessary for our purpose, it will simplify the subject to begin with vegetable life. The great principle of living structures is common to both the animal and vegetable kingdom, but the functions of the plant being limited to nutrition and reproduction, it requires a construction of a simpler kind than that of animals. The plant is fixed to a spot, while the animal generally is under the necessity of exercising sagacity, swiftness, or strength, or all these combined, in order to procure its food. Such vast difference of position requires a very different mechanism of parts; the plant is of course the most simple and most easily understood—while the principle of vegetation proceeds in the same manner as that which energizes the vital organs of animals—and is almost equally adapted for our purpose.

A plant, then, is a structure formed in such a manner as to absorb nutriment from the earth, which nutriment, after having undergone various chemical changes, is sent back into the system, there to be assimilated to its several parts.

Absorption takes place by spongioles—for the surface of the root being coverned by an epidermis, it is incapable of performing that office. The fluid which these spongioles absorb consists of water holding in solution various ingredients necessary for the nourishment of the plant; of these ingredients, atmospheric air, and many saline substances, form a part. This sap ascends in the stem of the plant, undergoing while rising scarcely any perceptible change. In trees it is found to traverse the alburnum, or recently formed wood, and not through the back, as was formerly supposed.

Upon covering the leaves, which may be termed both the stomach and lungs of the plant, it undergoes most important alterations. By the medium of the stomata, or orifices which abound in the surface of these organs, the sap is subjected to the process of exhalation; and the proportion of water which it loses in this manner is generally two-thirds of the whole quantity received, one-third remaining for the purpose of nourishment.

A chemical change much more important now takes place when the plant is subjected to the action of light. This change consists in the decomposition of the carbonic acid, which is either brought up by the sap, or obtained directly from the atmospheric air. In both cases

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the acid is analysed; the oxygen being disengaged while the carbon is retained. Carbon, it is well known, is a principal ingredient in the vegetable kingdom—one of the chief elements of vegetable structures—and having undergone this process, it has attained a state which renders it more proper for assimilation. It is then sent back into the plant, where it supplies increase to every part of the system.

We may observe, that during the night the leaves absorb oxygen from the surrounding atmosphere, and that this oxygen, so absorbed, enters immediately into combination with the carbonaceous matter brought up by the sap, forming with it carbonic acid; and that when daylight again appears, this newly-formed acid is again chemically decomposed, as has been explained before. At this stage it may be asked why all this trouble? why should the carbonaceous matter pass through the plant it was meant to nourish, and then return? why not be assimilated to the various textures of the plant during the time of its rising? From a survey of the animal and vegetable economy, it is found that atmospheric air is a necessary ingredient to the nourishment of both, and that the sap is wholly incapable of affording nutriment previously to its being subjected to this process. By absorbing oxygen from the air to combine with the carbon, the carbon is reduced to a state of the most complete disintegration; for in this state only, it should seem, can the various tissues of the plant succeed in assimilating it.

Having taken this rapid view, what, may we inquire, shall we call the animating property of this vegetable machine? It is, as we see, capable of extracting juices from the ground; it possesses a set of tubes to convey them to its head, which is divided into branches, furnished with innumerable leaves. The leaf or organ is an apparatus which has the singular property of elaborating the coarse matter contained in the sap, and of sending back a substance properly refined, and capable of affording nutriment to every part of the plant. When this refined sap is sent back, the same principle is still in action, and directs each part to analyse this sap, and extract from it the elements which belong to its particular tissue.

In the performance of these operations, the most refined chemical and mechanical principles are called into action, in connecting the various processes with each other, and adapting the whole to the end to be attained, the most exalted wisdom is apparent; the first our clumsy science cannot imitate, the second our boasted reason cannot comprehend. What is this principle? Our pride would take alarm were we to call it intelligence, yet we are so completely humbled as to confess that it is above our reason; for we may add, that all the most refined science of the most profound philosopher cannot in the most distant degree imitate a single process which is carried on in the commonest grass under his feet. This principle we shall not hesitate to call vegetable instinct.

Proceeding in our upward course, the next object that meets our view is the zoophyte, or plant animal. These animals, although, like plants, they are confined to a place, are yet wholly separated from the vegetable kingdom by the existence of a stomach, in which digestion is performed. It has been observed, "that every animal may be con-

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sidered in its extreme abstraction as an alimentary canal." Of this kind is the polypus, an animal of so simple a structure, being merely a tube, that it may be turned inside out, like the finger of a glove, yet all the functions of digestion will be performed just as well as before, the outside being quite as well adapted to this process as the inside; they have little sensation; for their nervous system being wholly molecular, possesses no common centre, like the ganglionic, or the cerebro-spinal. Hence it only exhibits a kind of irritability; and in this part of its economy the Creator seems to have consulted its happiness. It would have been cruel to give it a complete nervous system, and such senses as are possessed by more perfect animals; for being fixed to a spot, it would have been condemned to see dangers it could not avoid—to be made aware of the approach of an enemy, from whose deadly grasp it had no means of escape.

As we ascend the scale of being, the power of locomotion is added to an alimentary canal; and this additional property requires more complicated organs. But as time will not permit us to describe a series of beings, all rising above each other in physical and intellectual qualities, I shall proceed at once to name the most perfect of animals —not in his mind alone, but in his organization.

Here we find a most complete and complicated system of locomotion—an intestinal canal for the digestion of food—a mechanical apparatus for conveying it, when properly elaborated, to the lungs—lungs for the indispensable purpose of exposing it, thus elaborated, to the atmospheric air, and another mechanical apparatus for propelling it, when duly aerated, to every part of the system.

But this is not all; this only provides for vital existence. Man might have been created with the finest form, and with every apparatus for nutrition, but if he had not been presented with a farther apparatus, the office of which was to give him information of what was going on about him, it will appear evident that, besides starving for want of food, he would have been liable, every moment of his life, to be injured or destroyed. He would have been in a worse condition than the zoophyte; for, although it is not furnished with external senses, its food needs no active exertion to be obtained. Of course, although it cannot move, it contrives to live, and incurs no danger from locomotion: whereas the being that I have described would have had to search for food which he could not see—to judge of its qualities, when found, without taste or smell; and be continually exposed to objects which, not seeing, he could not avoid.

But all this is wonderfully provided against by the addition of a substance, which is the foundation of our sensations; and not only the foundation, but which forms the medium by which these sensations are transmitted from every part of the body to the brain, where is placed the intelligent principle which takes cognizance of these sensations. Here we may see that the nervous system is entirely separated from the organs necessary for carrying on digestion, the assimilating process, and the parts subservient to locomotion. It is wholly under the command of the mind, and forms the medium of communication between it and every part of the body. It is also the basis of our reasoning faculties; for all knowledge must enter first by the senses—

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in other words, be transmitted through the nervous system, and form the elements from which the intellectual powers effect their various combinations.

But there is a part of the body which is not under the command of the mind, and which, without any direction from experience, without any lessons from science, performs its functions with certainty and effect. I allude to the whole apparatus employed in preparing aliment, and assimilating it to the various parts of which the body is composed. It may seem curious to those who have not examined the subject, that organs so numerous and important should be placed beyond the control of the will; but the wonder will cease, when they reflect, that a cessation in the action of some of these organs, even for the smallest space of time, might be fatal to life. Could we by volition stop the motion of the heart, of the lungs, and of the many and various secretions, or even in any manner be enabled to influence their energies, derangement of the functions of these parts, or death, would be the consequence. To obviate all these inconveniences, these organs have a round of actions allotted to them, and are regulated in all their motions by a principle wholly distinct from the mental powers. It is to these parts and to this principle we must now direct our attention; as upon these depends the establishment of those facts from which the nature of instinct must be inferred, if ever it be accessible to our inquiries.

When food is received into the stomach it is mingled with the gastric juices, and undergoes a certain change, the result of which is the formation of chyme. The duodenum receives this substance from the pylorus, and in this part, which may be called a second stomach, it undergoes a more completing process. It is here mixed with the bile from the hepatic vessels, which separates it into two parts. The part to which we shall direct our attention is called chyle. The chyle being gently moved along the extended surface of the jejunum and ilium, successively disappears. It is taken up by the vessels called lacteals, which have their origin on the surface of the villi, by open mouths too minute to be observed by the naked eye. These vessels are provided with valves which prevent the return of the chyle, and uniting freely with each other, form other vessels of larger size. In these the chyle undergoes a completing process till it enters the thoracic duct. This duct rests upon the spinal column, and terminates its course in the angle formed by the jugular and subclavian vein. The chyle is here poured into the blood just as the venous torrent is rushing into the heart. At this point it has suffered a change inscrutable to us—it is no longer dead and inert matter—it has become vitalized, and wants only aeration to fit it for assimilating with the various parts of the body and supply their wastes.

We arrive now at a hydraulic machine, (the heart,) which must now be described, and without the aid of which neither chyle nor blood could make a single advance farther.

The heart is divided into two parts, or, more properly, two sets of chambers; one for the reception of the blood from different parts of the body, and the other for impelling to different parts of the body. The chamber of the heart which receives the blood is called the

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auricle, and is connected with a vein; and the chamber which communicates impulse to the blood is called a ventricle, and is connected with an artery.

This curious machine acts in the following manner. The veins which bring the blood from the body are two: the first is called the superior, and the second the inferior, vena cava. Both these bring blood to the right auricle of the heart, and from that auricle it passes into the chamber called the right ventricle. From this chamber springs an artery which carries the blood to the lungs, and the contraction of this strong muscle impels the blood into this indispensable organ. This is called the pulmonic circle.

From the lungs the blood is returned to the left auricle of the heart, from the left auricle it passes into the left ventricle, and from that chamber springs the artery which carries the blood into the system. This is called the systemic circle. There is much curious mechanism in the formation of the several auricles and ventricles of the heart, which we have not time to describe, and which are not necessary for our present purpose.

We have observed that aeration is indispensably necessary for the sap of plants previously to its being assimilated—it is no less so in animals; for there is no creature, however low in the scale of being, which has not an apparatus for this purpose, from the medusa up to the most perfect warm-blooded animal. The blood upon being forced into the lungs by the mechanical action of the right ventricle, undergoes there very important changes. Our coarse and clumsy chemistry can trace some of these changes, the remainder, like many other parts of the vitalizing processes, must, we are afraid, ever remain a mystery. The lungs have the power of analysing the atmospheric air into two parts; namely, oxygen and azote: the oxygen combines with the blood, and the azote is exhaled. Upon entering the lungs the air consists of 79 azote and 21 oxygen; upon being inhaled it is found to have lost its oxygen, which is replaced by carbonic acid, and in the proportion of 77 to 23.

The blood thus aerated is sent into all parts of the body, there to undergo the process of assimilation. This process consists in every part taking from the blood the elements necessary for repairing its substance. Here our science fails us; so far from being able to imitate nature here, we cannot follow her, nor form the most distant conception how from one and the same blood so many and so very different substances can be formed. The firm muscle, the hard bone, the soft and pulpy nerve, and the flexible tendon, are all derived from the same source; and when the blood has rendered this service, effete and exhausted, it is again returned by a system of vessels called veins to the heart; from thence it is again propelled into the lungs, where it again imbibes that element which fits it again for the nourishment of the body. This departure by the arteries to renovate the system, and returning by the veins to be again mingled with fresh chyle and aerated, is called the circulation of the blood.

When we examine the various parts of the processes which have been thus briefly described, and the various products of their operations, we find that some may be referred to chemical and some to

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mechanical principles. But these two principles will not account for the harmony of operation which pervades the whole, and directs them to one common end: they will not account for the wonderful sympathy which exists among the vital organs, nor for the sequence of effects which follow each other with the most unerring regularity; they will not account for the exact time and measure with which each organ prepares its product; nor, least of all, will they account for the vitalizing process, or for the final assimilation of one substance into so many different tissues.

There is then some principle apart from these, not acting by blind chance, but endowed with intelligence, and yet wholly different from reason. That this principle is independent of our will, and wholly unconnected with any intellectual process, is evident: for we are wholly unconscious of all these operations: that it is different from reason is equally obvious, since it does not depend upon experience. The vital organs of a child need no teaching: the young heart beats without lessons—the young lungs inhale and exhale the atmospheric air without aid from training, and the veriest infant is as perfect in all the varied range of its organic processes as the adult.

A question may here be asked, in what manner does this principle act, since it is independent of the will, and distinct in its nature from the mind? Our knowledge of its action is extremely limited; but one thing may be deemed certain: like the mind, it is under the necessity of acting through the medium of a peculiar nervous system—with respect to its nature, its unity may be inferred from the sympathy which pervades all the vital organs, and from the regularity of their results. But here all likeness between it and the mind ends. The mind, we have seen, receives its knowledge through the medium of the senses, for we can only reason from what we know; but the principle which directs the vital part of the system is endowed with a totally different power—directing from our birth the most delicate and complicated processes; and without a knowledge of either chemistry, galvanism, or mechanics, performs all the most refined operations in these sciences with the most unerring precision.

Here, then, is the point at which we begin our comparison of the principle called the instinct of animals with that which energizes the vital organs. Here is a principle which has life and spontaneous motion—which, without reason, nay, in a manner superior to reason, performs with ease and effect the most difficult functions: which, without the smallest co-operation on the part of our so-much-boasted intellect, effects a series of transmutation which the most learned physiologist despairs of ever rightly comprehending. He is able in some solitary instances to point out their gross chemical qualities, but the animalizing process eludes his grasp. He may show by syntheses the difference between chyme and chyle, by pointing out the results while mixing chyme with biliary and pancreatic secretions, but he will fail to exhibit a substance which, in addition to some chemical difference in quality, shall possess a vital property.

To proceed: this principle is not only competent to perform the various complicated processes we have described, but to combine them all in order to effect one result; and to act with such foreknowledge,

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that while one product is in being finished, another is ready to effect in it some farther change.

Let us now more particularly examine animal instinct, in order to discover what points of analogy exist between it and the principle here described. The first thing which strikes us is, that instinct acts independently of the will of the animal—that it directs operations where experience could have no part, and where the mere intellect of the animal could not by any possibility assist—that here, as in the case of vital energies, in all the requisite processes, a certain and constant sequence is observed—that they are performed in the exact time and measure required—and that all these processes are directed to the attainment of a certain end. Thus a larva will spin a cone or case of the most complicated kind, for the pupa state into which it is about to enter. Now neither the experience nor the will of the animal could be concerned here; for it could have no knowledge of such a state, and it could not exercise its will upon what it did not know.

Sometimes the cone is so hard that the poor insect upon arriving at its perfect state would be unable to extricate itself. But this is foreseen by the instinct of the larva, who being furnished with teeth, cuts out a place for the egress of the imago, and then partially fastens the piece thus cut out. When the time arrives for the freedom of the insect, little trouble is required to push aside the frail barrier. Thus, for example, "the larva of the wheat moth becomes a pupa in the interior of a grain of wheat, which it has excavated. But the opening by which it has entered is not larger than a pin's point, and quite insufficient for the egress of the moth. How then shall this weak and tender insect force its way through the tough skin of the wheat corn? The little provident larva, previously to assuming the pupa state, gnaws out a little circular piece at the end of the grain, where the head of the future moth must lie, taking care not to detach it entirely. At this little door, which is sufficient to protect it from intrusion, the moth has but to push, when it falls down, and leaves a free passage for its exit."

The larva of the saturnia pavonia perform a yet more delicate and complicated task. The cone of this insect consists of a solid tissue of layers of silk, but at the narrow end it is composed of a series of loosely attached longitudinal threads, which converge like bristles to a blunt point, in the middle of which is an opening of a circular form. By this opening the moth escapes; the silk is so strong and so gummed, that had both ends been closed with this tough substance, the escape of the insect would have been impossible. It finds, however, no difficulty in forcing its way through this aperture, which yields easily to pressure made from within.

Now we are quite assured that the little animals which constructed these cases never had any pattern before them—and we must be equally assured that their intellectual powers having no data whereon to proceed, they could by no acquired science arrive at the knowledge of these structures.

If we examine the sequence of the various states of insects, we shall find that, as in the case of vital energies, they are unerring. We find the larva extruded from the egg—the larva provide for the pupa state,

and the imago or perfect insect succeed to the pupa; this again produces its eggs, and the circle of existence begins and proceeds through all its stages as before. In the same manner the chyme is subject to the action of the hepatic secretion, which is provided by the vital energy prospectively for it—the chyle with some alteration it receives before it is poured into the venous blood, together with that blood is aerated and sent back into the system. Here it undergoes a kind of partial analysis, and is sent back exhausted to undergo the same process, to begin and perfect again the same circle.

Lastly, both these principles have a definite end in view, of which they never lose sight. The end of the digestive and assimilating process is to replace the waste of the various tissues of the body;—the end of animal instinct is to provide for the preservation and continuation of the species. In both cases the means to effect these ends are the shortest and simplest that could be devised—both the principles, whatever they are, exhibit consummate sagacity. They are scientific without learning, and wise without experience. Not confined to the sphere of the present, they are curiously prescient of the future, and carefully provide for all the events it will unfold.

To conclude. If general agreement in qualities and similarity in action constitute identity, these two principles may be pronounced the same. They are both independent of the reasoning faculty—for reason, as we have shown, acts from experience; but they advance without experience, yet with a certainty which reason rarely attains. They are both prescient of the future, which they see with the greatest clearness, and provide for in the fullest possible manner,—reason may guess at the future by the analogy afforded by the past, but where such analogy is wanting it stands still.

But the identity of these two principles is not the only inference we draw from this curious subject; the nature of spirit, as inferred from the intellectual powers, may be summed up in a few words. It is dependent upon the organs of sense for all the knowledge it possesses—it can only reason from what it knows—and when experience or knowledge is wanting, it can form no probable guess of the future. This is the limit beyond which it cannot advance; the most fertile intellect, the most splendid genius, is unable to form a new idea, or produce a single image, which, upon being analysed, may not be resolved into ultimate elements, all derived through the medium of the senses. But taking with us the knowledge acquired by considering the instinct of animals, and that principle which, for want of a better name, we designate *vital*, our knowledge of the nature of spirit is indefinitely extended. We find it possesses knowledge independent of experience—the most consummate skill without practice—a prescience not founded upon happy guesses or the comparison of analogous cases—and lastly, that it is wholly independent of any communication with the external world for all this extensive and curious information and singular ability.

That spirit has prescience receives confirmation from dreams. We have well attested cases where the dreamer, at a distance and without having the slightest knowledge of the parties or the circumstances in which they were placed, has foreseen and foretold what would happen

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to those parties. We shall not fill our paper with facts which have been years before the public, and which are so well known that every reader can supply them for himself. We shall only observe that this prescience occurs only when we are asleep—in other words, when the mental powers are in a torpor, and the whole animal economy is under the influence of vital energy alone. In what manner, at that time, the intellectual powers and vital energies combine to produce this curious effect, we will not venture a conjecture. It is worthy of a particular investigation—and though at present only a solitary and isolated fact, it may one day become the germ of a new theory, pregnant with the most useful practical truths.

IRISH BALLAD.

CARA MACHREE;

OR, THE LILY OF LOCK ERNE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Go visit Lock Erne's lovely waters by night,
When they shine in the beams of a summer moonlight;
And the white-water lily, as pure as a bride,
Is kiss'd by the wild breeze that dimples the tide.
Then down the green valley, with all its sweet flow'rs,
The Fairies come tripping o'er true-lovers' bowers;
With their magical music to hold the sad wake,
For the lovers that slumber beneath that cold lake:
Young Lochlin Adare, and the maiden that he
Called "*the pearl of his bosom,*" sweet Cara Machree!

By those song-hallow'd waters, the lovers had strayed,
To watch the sweet bloom from the rosy West fade;
When Cara Machree, all for sportiveness sake,
Sought to pluck a wild lily that grew on the lake:
Like that beautiful boy of a fabulous dream,
She bent her white brow o'er the mirror-like stream;
And before her brave lover could fly to her aid,
She had sunk, he had lost her, his own darling maid!
The love of his boyhood! the dear one, that he
Called "*the pearl of his bosom,*" sweet Cara Machree!

"Oh Cara mavourneen! sweet Cara Machree!
"I will save thee, or share thy death-slumber with thee!"
One splash of the water, one circle, and then
The truest of lovers, and bravest of men,
Sank beneath the white lilies that lost him his bride:
And there they both sleep! where those bright waters glide;
Young Lochlin Adare, and the maiden that he
Called "*the pearl of his bosom,*" sweet *Cara Machree!*

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REMINISCENCES OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

BY J. W. LAKE, OF PARIS.

CHAPTER V.

AN OMINOUS MEETING.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."
CAMPBELL.

THE evening of the day that Marat had taken leave of Mademoiselle Fleury, he had a narrow escape from the officers of justice, who entered the subterranean of the Convent des Cordeliers at the very moment he emerged from it by a secret issue. He directed his steps to Versailles; it was dark night when he arrived there, and not daring to confide his life to the fidelity of his former acquaintance in that city, he wandered along its streets, until, exhausted by fatigue and cold, he sank down despondingly by the door of an ancient house.

At this moment a priest passed by, on his return from administering the host to a dying person; he wore a simple soutain of black cloth, large shoes with leather ties, and gaiters. It was the curé Bassal. He was not liked by his clerical brethren, on account of his opinions, which were considered as leaning towards heresy, both in a religious and political sense. The curé approached Marat.

"Proceed on your way," said the latter, with a bitter smile, "I am a Calvinist."

"I will not," replied the priest, "pass by a man who has no shelter for the night; for I remember that my Master strayed in the same manner in the streets of Jerusalem, having nowhere to hide his head."

"I tell you that I am a heretic."

"My son, all the religions are sisters. I offer you the shelter of my house; refuse it not."

Marat accompanied the Abbé Bassal to his humble presbytery, where, secure from all apprehensions of the police, he remained till the following morning, when he took leave of his reverend host, promising in all cases of extreme danger to seek an asylum beneath the same hospitable roof.

Marat took the route into Normandy; his intention being to gain the sea-coast, where he hoped to find a vessel of some description, in which, under cover of the night, he might embark for England. The journey of the proscribed fugitive was one continued series of alarms and perils. During several days he had wandered round the city of

[1] Concluded from p. 209.

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Caen under a false name, when one morning, having walked into the country, he saw coming towards him, along a narrow path in a corn-field, a young, blooming, and artless-looking girl. The path, as we have said, being narrow, the traveller drew up on the side to let her pass. Seeing a man in a coarse garb, covered with dust, with beard unshaven, hollow cheeks, eyes haggard and mistrustful, a misshapen hat, and a walking-staff in his hand, she naturally took him for a poor mendicant, and dropped an *ecu* into his hat.

"I do not ask alms," said the stranger; "I took off my hat to salute you."

The young girl, mortified and blushing, withdrew the silver coin from the hat.

"Nevertheless," rejoined he, "I must own that in my present state I have more the appearance of a mendicant than of a traveller; I have suffered so much on the road."

"Where do you come from then?"

"From Paris."

"Is it possible that you are a victim of our revolution?"

"It is both possible—and true."

"Perhaps you have escaped from prison?" inquired the maiden, in a tone of pity.

"For two years, I had not beheld the pure light of heaven, nor the verdure of the fields."

"And how are things going on at Paris?" asked the fair stranger.

"Badly."

"There is a man who spoils our noble cause by the monstrous excesses of his journal,—I mean Marat."

No answer.

"Have you any place of refuge at Caen?" resumed the young maiden.

"No; I wander round the city, sleeping at night beneath a tree, or by the side of a ditch. I dare not trust to an aubergiste, and I have no personal acquaintance in the town."

"Were I free to act, I would offer you an asylum, as I admire our noble revolution, and take an interest in all who suffer in its cause, without knowing them. But I live with an aged aunt, a royalist, who would give you but a bad reception. Address yourself, on my part, to Madame T——, Rue de Rempart, she is a kind and courageous woman, to whom all the proscripts apply."*

"Your name?" demanded Marat.

"Charlotte Corday."

Marat applied for shelter at the address indicated, and was received with hospitality. In the midst of all this errant mode of life, he did not neglect the editorial duties of his journal, which continued to appear daily. The articles, however, which he forwarded to the *Ami du Peuple*, since his meeting with that beautiful maid of Normandy, were much less violent and more humanised :—

> Beauty hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
> And even monsters have its power confest.

* Historical.

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Such, in fact, was the transient influence of beauty, combined with native grace and goodness, on Marat's pen, that his readers were astounded, and declared that he must be either bribed or mad.

In the meantime, the patriot, *par excellence*, prepared for his speedy and secret departure for the shores of Albion, and on the third evening after his arrival, he quitted his retreat, and proceeded to Courseulles, where he engaged a fisherman's boat to carry him over to the opposite coast. It was between six and seven o'clock; the mists of evening were fast descending upon the world of waters; the heart of Marat was sad; he had already one foot upon the frail bark, when, turning towards his native strand, by a sudden and almost involuntary impulse, he leaped on shore, exclaiming, "Non, ô revolution je ne t' abandonnerai pas!"

Marat returned to Paris.

CHAPTER VI.

MARAT AT LIBERTY—THE ROYAL FAMILY IMPRISONED.

The vicissitudes to which Marat had devoted his life and fortunes still continued; he was again an inhabitant of the cavern before spoken of, a prey to bodily suffering, and a still greater degree of mental agitation; his fair Samaritan, Mademoiselle Fleury, seldom left him.

It was on the eve of the fatal tenth of August, when the actress announced to him that the people were assembling in the streets. Marat slept not. At midnight, the report of a simple cannon made his heart leap with joy. Presently the tocsin sounded throughout the whole capital.

"Heard ye not the cannon's thunder?
Heard ye not the tocsin's knell?
Slavery's bonds are burst asunder,
'Tis the tyrant's last farewell!"

The day had scarcely dawned when the drums beat to arms, and the columns of the ruffian Marseillais marched on the Tuileries. Intelligence was conveyed to Marat that Santure and his faubourg were hastening to join them. At eleven o'clock a loud cannonade was heard, with occasional and awful intervals of silence. Like a caged panther, Marat strode along his cavern, with heaving breast and gnashing teeth, the sweat sluicing from every pore, the foam starting from his mouth. His features, decomposed by the workings of popular fury, were frightful to behold; his eyes were set in blood. He looked the demon of revolt personified. The château still held out; the front of the insurgent columns was repeatedly swept by the fire of the brave soldiers; the sans-culottes gave way; again they returned to the charge—and again—but the victory remained undecided. At length, towards the close of this day of unhallowed slaughter, the distant shoutings of the returning Marseillais announced that the battle was won, and monarchy lost.

At six in the evening Marat emerged from his den, and the unfortunate Louis XVI., with his august family, entered the tower of the Temple.

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CHAPTER VII.

A SITTING AT THE CONVENTION.

"The judges all ranged, a terrible show."

The business of the day had not yet commenced; most of the respective leaders of the different factions were already at their posts;—Robespierre, with his embroidered waistcoat; Saint Just, as usual, completely habited in black; Danton, in all his impatient and intellectual ugliness; Camille Desmoulins, the *spirituel* journalist; Barbaroux, the hope of *la Gironde*, the most eloquent and handsome man of his time; and Brissot, the sycophant of the people, and one of the most contemptible tartuffes engendered by the revolution.

The tribunes above the seats of the deputies, like the boxes of a theatre above the pit, were full of men and females, wearing the bonnet rouge. For many of them it was but a spectacle gratis, for others an occasion of indulging their mob propensities for noise and tumult.

Suddenly a movement took place in the hall, at the appearance of a little man in a black cloth houppelande, or paletot of that period, with furred edges and collar, leather inexpressibles, white satin waistcoat, much soiled, and top-boots. This was Marat, who proceeded to take a place at the crest of La Montagne. Several deputies affected to turn their heads aside, and to escape from his proximity, with signs of disgust, while, on the other hand, the people in the tribunes vehemently applauded him. Paying no attention to these divers manifestations, Marat quietly placed his casquette grasse upon his bench, and surveyed the assembly with a cynical look. The applauses from the tribunes were redoubled, the men pointing him out to the women, exclaiming, "Salnez; c'est lai!"

The deputies of the Montagne gave no sign; Camille Desmoulins alone approached, and shook him by the hand.

"I love that young man," said Marat, almost in a loud voice; "he wants firmness of character, but his heart is good."

The sitting was opened in the midst of sombre visages, presaging a stormy discussion. After a trifling debate on a question of minor importance, the order of the day was demanded, when Merlin rose and said,

"Citizens, I will tell you what is the veritable order of the day. Lasource informed me yesterday that there was a party in this assembly who sought to establish a dictatorship; I call upon him to name the chief. Be he whom he may, I declare that I am ready to poniard him!"

Cambon, from his place, with arm extended, and bent fist, cried,

"Wretches! this arm shall lay low all dictators!"

Royalty being abolished, the necessity of establishing a new authority in its stead began to be felt, and Marat had proposed, in his journal, to substitute a dictator for a king. This opinion met with two sorts of enemies, the Girondins, who wished to destroy "the friend of the people," and the republican-anarchists, who shrank from the shadow of aught in the semblance of supreme power.

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The greatest tumult now agitated the assembly, especially around Marat; Cambon loudly declaring that he had seen a placard, signed by the former, strongly recommending the dictatorship. A crowd of Girondins, among whom were Cambon, Rebecqui, and Goupillon, surrounded Marat with menacing gestures, elbowing, pushing, and even placing their clenched hands under his nose, to eject him from the rostrum.

It was the first time this extraordinary man had mounted the tribune. His aspect excited movements of fury and indignation beyond bounds. His thick and soiled cravat in the most slovenly disorder, his hair in a similar state, and his villanous casquette lying beside him on the tribune in all its republican foulness—these, with the derisive laugh he opposed to the hues and cries and insults around him, increased still more the tumult, and cries of "Down with him! down with the dictator!" proceeded from all parts of the assembly.

It was in the midst of this astounding war of voices that Marat attempted to make himself heard; at length he succeeded, and thus began his maiden speech as a deputy.

"I find that in this hall I have a great many personal enemies——"

"All! yes, we are all so!" shouted nearly the whole of the assembly, furiously starting up *en masse;* after a moment's pause, the undismayed orator resumed:—

"I have numerous enemies in this hall; I recal them to order, and a sense of shame . . . If guilt is attached to any one for having the first emitted to the public the idea of a dictator, I alone am culpable. My colleagues, especially Danton and Robespierre, constantly repudiated it. I, therefore, invoke the nation's vengeance on my head only, if it disapproves such counsel. But, before thus condemning me, before consigning me to shame and death, learn, citizen representatives, first to listen to him you accuse.

"In the meantime, how have I merited your reproaches?

"Is it a crime to have proposed a dictatorship, if it is the sole means of arresting you on the edge of the precipice?

"Moreover, who can blame the measure when, in fact, the people have approved and adopted it, by erecting themselves into a dictatorship for the purpose of punishing traitors? On beholding those scenes of popular vengeance, those sanguinary deeds of the fourteenth of July, the sixth of October, the tenth of August, and of the second of September, I myself shuddered with horror at the impetuous and disorderly movements prolonged amongst us. Fearing the excesses of a multitude without restraint, grieved to see the axe strike indiscriminately the petty delinquents with the great criminals, desiring to strike only the veritable traitors, I sought to submit these terrible and ill-regulated movements to the wisdom and control of a leader. It was thus, then, that I proposed to give instantaneous authority to a single man endowed with reason and firmness, under the name of a dictator, a tribune, a triumvir—the title is of no consequence. What I desired, what I still desire, is to have this power conferred on an honest and enlightened citizen, who would at once have laid hands on the principal conspirators, so as at a single stroke to cut at the root of the evil, and thus to save the necessity of farther bloodshed, restore

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tranquillity, and lay the foundation of liberty on a firm and sure basis. Follow my writings, you will find them everywhere maintaining these views. . . . I thank my enemies for having enabled me to give a full and entire explanation of my thoughts, which I am resolved to do, regardless of personal consequences.

"If, then, after the taking of the Bastille, the power had been in my hands, I would immediately have caused *five hundred heads* to fall on the scaffold, here in Paris. This bold stroke, by spreading a salutary terror in the metropolis, would have cautioned and paralysed the wicked entirely. Nothing would then have remained to do but to found order, peace, and public happiness upon the laws, which task would not have been difficult, as it would no longer have been disturbed by dark manœuvres and conspiracies. The default of such an energetic measure has been the cause of numerous and reiterated massacres. You yourselves have shed much blood, you will have to shed much more. Really when I compare your ideas with mine, I blush for you, and feel indignant at your false notions of humanity.

"You may have the air of rejecting this measure with horror, but I tell you that, and in spite of yourselves, you must come to it at last; but with this difference, it will be too late. Divisions and anarchy will have gained all classes of citizens, and instead of five hundred heads, you will have to strike off two hundred thousand.*

"Violent measures, legalised and ordained by a chief, are always preferable to those into which a false moderation, in a time of disorder, throws an entire nation. Thinking minds will feel all the justice of this principle. Citizens! if on this point you have not reached my standard, so much the worse for you.

"Yes! such is my opinion; I have affixed my name to it, and I am not ashamed to maintain it.

"They have been shameless enough to accuse me of ambition, of cruelty, of connivance with the tyrants. I sold! Messieurs, the tyrants give gold to their slaves, their tools, and I have not wherewithal to pay the debts of my journal! I cruel! who cannot bear to see an insect suffer,† or pass by a wretched fellow-creature without sharing with him my purse, and the shelter of my humble roof. I ambitious! Messieurs, behold and judge me, un pauvre diable, without patrons, without friends, without intrigue! All my glory consists in the triumph of the nation, whose rights I have defended during three years, with the axe suspended o'er my head.

"Let us terminate, then, these scandalous discussions, which are disgraceful to this assembly, and ruinous to the cause of national liberty. And do ye accelerate the march of those grand measures calculated to assure the happiness of the people. Lay the sacred

* After the overthrow of the Girondins, which greatly increased the horrible influence of Marat, this diabolical idea would have been realised, but for the dagger of Charlotte Corday. The list which decreed the fall of two hundred thousand heads by the "*Sainte*-Guillotine," on the same day, and at the same hour, throughout all France, was nearly complete, and in Marat's possession, when Charlotte struck the blow.

† "Rien n'egalait son horreur du sang; il lui en contait dans ses expériences de tuer un insecte." Such was the *young* Marat le Médicin!!!

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foundations of a just and free government; and cause the rights, the origin, and the dignity of man to be respected.

"When ye have done this, then slaughter me!"

The rapid action, the bitter smile, the electric movemont of his dark eyes, the aspect of his restless brow, upon which all the future storms of the revolution seemed as foretold, produced a strange effect upon the assembly; and a gloomy silence prevailed for some minutes. At length Vergiraud succeeded him at the tribune, and said,

"Citizens, if there is a task disagreeable for a representative of the people to perform, it is to replace here a man in a state of contumacy against the warrants issued for his apprehension." Marat exclaimed, from his bench, "I am proud of such persecutions." Boileau, Larivière, and other Girondins, proposed that the editor of *l'Ami du Peuple* should be sent to the prison of l'Abbaye. Marat, however, again forced a passage to the tribune; and such was his demon power of speech, backed by the mob in the galleries, that he came off conqueror, and the assembly passed to the order of the day.

On another occasion his enemies in the convention prevailed against him, and sent him for judgment before the terrible revolutionary tribunal, where, however, he had many friends, and was triumphantly acquitted.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONFERENCE.

"Two of a trade seldom agree."

The two chiefs of the revolution were, at this period, Marat and Robespierre. The one reigned at the Cordeliers, the other at the Jacobin Club. These two leaders were of revolutionary natures entirely different. Marat was the temperament of the people, Robespierre was their head. The former was necessary to commence the impetuous movement of '93; the latter to finish and consolidate it.

The soi-disant friend and representative of the poorer class, Marat wore, as it were, their livery. His soiled and slovenly dress contrasted strangely with the neat white cravat, the frilled shirt, embroidered waistcoat, the fresh coat, the polished shoes, with silver buckles, and the carefully-arranged coiffure of Robespierre. The features of Robespierre combined those of the tiger and the fox; the vulture and the bat might have served as a model for the physiognomy of Marat.

These two, and *too*-distinguished, chiefs of the revolution kept aloof from each other as much as possible in public, and in private had never met. At length some of their common friends contrived to bring them together in one of the chambers of the ancient abbey of the Cordeliers. They approached each other with the most chilling politeness; but Robespierre, wishing at once to acquire an ascendancy over his rival, first began, with characteristic finesse, to extol the capacity and revolutionary services of Marat, and then reproached him for the excesses of his journal, L'Ami du Peuple.

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"Occasionally," said the consummate hypocrite, "occasionally, my dear Marat, there escapes from you *des paroles en l'air*, which spring, I feel assured, from good intentions, but which, nevertheless, compromise our cause."

"Learn," said Marat in a proud tone, "learn that the influence of my journal is owing to these very excesses, to the audacity with which I trample upon all human respect, to the unchecked effusion of my soul, the impulses of my heart, to my violent appeals against oppression, to my impetuous sallies, my dolorous accents, to my cries of indignation, of fury, and of despair. . . . These cries of alarm, these strokes of the tocsin, that you take for words in the air, are the naked and genuine expression of my sentiments, the natural echoes of my agitated breast." *

"But," continued Robespierre, "you will allow that in serving the cause of the people, you have sometimes, in the name of liberty, called for measures contrary to liberty itself?"

"What," said Marat, with a penetrating look at his rival—"what, are you talking to me about liberty? You know, as well as myself, that words are like the alarm-bells which we sound to rally round us the populations; liberty, equality, the rights of man, are phrases which agitate powerfully the minds of the vain and unreflecting, and therefore we use them. We are simply essaying upon mankind a new order of things. What we are doing we are divinely prompted to do, and our revolution is a continued succession of miracles! Each age has its current of ideas, which can neither be turned aside nor dried up; when these currents meet with obstacles, a contact takes place, and thrones, and societies—in one word, the past is overpowered by a force insurmountable. This is the whole history of our revolution. There are moments, I confess, when, in the midst of our newborn republic, I myself regret the ancient regime; but we must submit to the necessity of a regeneration; it would be easier to bring back the ocean to the shores it had deserted and left dry, than mankind to the time-worn and threadbare institutions they have abandoned.

"Since, then, the men of '89 provoked and commenced a revolution, it must be accomplished, at any price. They began it in the midst of fêtes of joy and fraternal embracings; it is our destiny to achieve it in bloodshed and tears. Such is the law; revolutions are like aspics, they sting only with the tail. We shall, probably, be destroyed at the work; but what imports that? The labour and the struggle is for us, and our children will reap the fruit of our toils and our trouble. The existing generation must disappear; free men are not made out of ancient masters and old slaves."

Robespierre listened with terror; he turned pale, and for some time remained silent. At length he rejoined,

"You are, then, entirely for sanguinary measures; but if you pretend to strike all those who have inflicted the yoke, and all those who have borne it, the half of France must be destroyed."

"You are well aware," replied Marat, "that our government is surrounded with obstacles and resistances of all kinds; in a time of tran-

* L'Ami du Peuple.

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quillity, when the ruling system is firmly seated, then dissidents are recovered by moderation and by patience, and finally attached to the constitution by the benefits that flow from it; but in the midst of factions, civil wars, and ruinous principles which menace our young republic on all sides, we have no time to act thus; every species of resistance must be crushed, and war must be answered by war. Harassed, bleeding, covered with dust and wounds, our government is the wild boar pursued by the hounds; so much the worse for those it overthrows on turning round. Revolutions commence with words, and finish by the sword. I myself, in '89, had not foreseen that we should perforce be driven to cut off heads; but it was an error, blindness on my part. Every revolution creates, amongst those whose ancient privileges it disturbs, irreconcileable hate and vengeance; a struggle ensues, a struggle unto death, in which the new government must necessarily strike or be struck down. Vanquished or repulsed on one point, our foes immediately reappear upon another; to get rid of them, they must be destroyed. You know these things as well as I do, but you are afraid to avow them; you are a hypocrite."

Robespierre bit his pale and thin lips.

"Finally," resumed Marat, "it is not the government of any particular class of Frenchmen that I desire to establish, it is the government of the whole. To the triumph of our liberty I consider attached that of all the other people of the earth, the happiness of the whole human race.* Be not astonished, then, if I am exasperated against those who impede this noble object, and, by their plots, retard the reign of justice. Either this reign must arrive, or I must die. This is my explanation of those 'paroles dans l'air,' those transports of rage, those cries of indignation which you blame, but which are forced from me, in spite of myself, on regarding the miseries of the human species, feeling indignant at its oppression. Such a spectacle throws me into fits of fury that I cannot control, and then it is that I say, 'Avenge yourselves, my friends! avenge yourselves! Kill, burn, and destroy, and cease not the slaughter until the whole brotherhood of man is out of the hands of its *bourreaux!*"

Robespierre retired from the madman's presence terrified.

The next day Marat published the following in his journal:—

"I declare that not only Robespierre does not dispose of my pen, although it has often served to render him justice, but an interview I have just had with him confirms me in the opinion, that he unites to the enlightened understanding of a sage senator the intrepidity of a truly honest man; at the same time I feel bound to state, that he is alike deficient in the enlarged views and in the audacity of a *statesman.*"

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEATH OF MARAT.

"Well! how do we find ourselves to-day?" inquired the doctor, on entering the chamber of Marat.

* Marat's daily journal.

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"Very bad," answered the patient, shaking his head.

"Indeed? Give me your arm."

The doctor held his finger on the arm of the sick man, and at the same time announced to him that a new counter-revolution, whose centre was Caen, was forming in the north of France. At this news, a sudden fever swelled the patient's pulse, and caused it to beat violently.

"You must be bled again," said the physician.

It was the third time within a week that Marat had been bled. There was a calculation in this treatment; it was supposed that the fits of sanguinary rage, to which he was now more than ever subject, proceeded from a sort of fever of the blood; the blood, therefore, drawn from the veins of 'L'ami du Peuple' was so much saved to the nation at large. Nevertheless, the malady of Marat daily increased in intensity and danger, and he was obliged to remain the greater part of each day, and frequently the night, in a bath, the only means by which he could procure temporary alleviation of his sufferings.

On the thirteenth of July, 1793, at twenty minutes before seven in the evening, Charlotte Corday got into a fiacre, on the Place des Victoires.

"Where am I to take you?" demanded the driver.

"Rue des Cordeliers, No. 30," replied a voice soft and clear as that of a young child.

In less than a quarter of an hour the vehicle stopped before a sombre-looking dwelling; it was there where Le Monstre de la Montagne had established his repair.†

Charlotte descended quietly from the fiacre, in front of the porte-cochère. At a later period, the neighbours recounted their surprise at the time on seeing a young and beautiful female, with a green ribbon in her hair, coming in a coach to *that* house. Her first difficulty was to obtain the permission of the portress, a female Cerberus, to enter the dwelling;—her master, she declared, was ill, and would not be disturbed, nor would she allow him to be disturbed. The pressing and resolute tone and manner of Charlotte, however, prevailed, and she was permitted to pass. Marat occupied the first floor; Charlotte stopped before a door painted in gray—it was there!

For the first time, she experienced a chilling sensation at the heart; behind that slight partition was her enemy, the enemy of her country and humanity; behind those boards she saw, too, in perspective, for herself—a scaffold!

It was still time to draw back; but once the threshold of that door past, she felt it would be too late; the door at which she was about to knock would be the entrance to her tomb.

She hesitated; her feet were fixed and cold as the chill pavement on which she stood; she remained erect and motionless as the statue of Judith; her hand was heavy as a mass of lead.

Seven o'clock struck; she heard steps coming up the stairs; she knocked at the door—it was opened—and Charlotte Corday entered the ante-chamber of her destined victim.

† The house where Marat lived and died still remains; it is in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médécin, 18, ci-devant R. des Cordeliers, 30.

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Marat was in his bath. The narrow room in which the baignoire was placed was but feebly lighted by a small window looking on the court-yard. Its sole furniture consisted of a block of wood, on which were pens and paper and a leaden inkstand; this writing-*block*, ominous in its name and its uses, stood close beside the aquatic bed, from whence "the friend of the people" signed his wholesale death-warrants. He heard proceeding from the ante-chamber the rude and hoarse voice of his housekeeper, in conversation with another and a younger voice, whose soft and clear tones excited his attention.

"Who do seek?" inquired the servant.

"The citizen Marat."

"This is his dwelling, but he is out."

"It is absolutely necessary that I should see him; I come from Caen; I wrote to him this morning."

"He is within, but is suffering, and can receive nobody. Come another day."

"I earnestly entreat of you just to tell him my name. He must have received my letter, and I am persuaded will not refuse me a short interview."

The housekeeper remained obstinate, and Charlotte was slowly retiring to the door by which she had just entered, when Marat, under the fascination of that sweet voice, which, strange enough, he thought, seemed not unknown to him, called to his servant Therése, saying, "Laissez entrée," and Charlotte was admitted.

When she entered into the sombre cabinet where Marat was reposing in his bath, his head was leaning on his breast. This cabinet, as we before remarked, was at the back of the house, where silence reigned night and day, and the sole and scanty light that entered it was by a small window from the court below. Marat, reposing in the bath, his arms extended, and a white sheet thrown over the baignoire, might have been taken already for a corpse beneath its winding-sheet. But he still breathed, the monster!—still ruminated fresh scenes of slaughter—still hoped to survive the execution of that fiendish decree which devoted *two hundred thousand heads to the scaffold at the same awful moment!* There, on the rude table beside him, lay the fatal list—but there also, severe in youthful majesty, stood the avenging angel of humanity, the beautiful, the self-devoted Charlotte Corday.

* * * * * *

The blow is struck—the deed is done—the Monster of the Mountain* is no more!

* This appropriate epithet was given to Marat by the Girondins.

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FURTHER PARTICULARS.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

Well, it is very odd, but at the same time it is very true, that there are seasons in our life when our mental imitating or else partaking of the nature of our corporeal faculties, are just wise enough or silly enough to fall asleep. The head does not, indeed, put on a night-cap, nod, and say, "good night," in a straightforward, deliberate manner; neither has it sense enough, with all its sense, to lock its chamber-door for fear of surprise; but lo, first there is a little heaviness, and then a little nodding, and then a little dozing, and then comes the sound, unmistakeable intellectual sleep.

Now the dreams of this state of somnambulism are exceedingly pleasant, racy, and enjoyable; but, like walking upon parapets and house-tops, they are spiced with a little danger. Horace Harvey, after being withdrawn from the exciting company of his gay companions, first stagnated, languished, and then dropped off into pleasant visions of repose. His prudence had all gone without saying good-bye, and seduced by opportunity and the want of relaxation, Horace Harvey found himself making love for amusement to his half-hand maid and half-hostess, pretty Deborah Allen.

This human nature of ours is such a tangled, ravelled, perplexed, tied, and knotted skein of passions and purposes, that it really is next to impossible to disentangle it. Horace Harvey had been fully aroused by his interview with the Bishop, an interview in which his own ignorance had glared out upon him to its fullest extent. Up to that moment he had enjoyed so high an opinion of his abilities in blinding other people's eyes, that he had quite relied upon passing his examination, by aid of a little cajoling, with the highest credit. He was now quite entirely convinced of his mistake. He saw that if ever he might hope to be Vicar of Ingledew, and win his three thousand a year, he must labour, and dig, and earn, a certain amount of information. The cunning which carried him through like a steam-engine, and which he wore over his face like a mask, both lost its paddle-wheels and dropped from his face in presence of that calm, searching, dignified Bishop, who did not appear to have the slightest taste or talent to appreciate the art of wheedling, though Horace might well deserve to be made M.A. It was all of no use, however, and Horace began to delve at dry books. It was a dreadful punishment, but so it must be. Let no one say that hypocrisy is an easy task. To be a hypocrite is to be a galley-slave. But *habit* follows us in everything. Horace Harvey had got into the habit of pretending to be immaculate, and even in his *divertissement* of love-making he carried on the farce. Deborah Allen was easily deceived, for she deceived herself—nobody can do that so well as ourselves. She thought Horace Harvey an angel from heaven. After reading theology all day, he took sunset and moonlight walks, and made Deborah Allen his companion. She had been used to coun-

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try bumpkins, and nothing wins upon a woman so much as a man who is her superior. Horace Harvey appeared to her as good as he was immeasurably above all her acquaintance in refinement and intellectuality. It was the greatest possible honour for Horace Harvey to condescend to be in love with the homely country girl. Pity that ever a woman's heartfelt devotion should be paid to such a contemptible idol.

So everything went on very deliciously for a time. Sad that the pleasant interregnums of life won't last longer, and be more durable.

One day that most important personage, the postman, brought Horace Harvey a letter.

"My dear Horace,

"I hear with infinite satisfaction of your exemplary conduct,—('So,' thought Horace, 'then I'm watched: I must take care,')—and your close application to study. To prevent any ill effects arising from the one, and to reward the other, I inclose you a letter of introduction to a very respectable family in your neighbourhood, and I remain,

"Your sincere friend,

"CHRISTOPHER STERNDALE."

"So, so," said Horace to himself, "you've been a good boy, and you shall have a sugar-plum. So, so, then I am thought fit just to be suffered to creep into decent society. Ah, you, Mr. Christopher Sterndale, it would have been quite as well if you had thought it proper just to give me this *entrée* a little sooner. Talk of getting into good society, why people's drawing-rooms are just like glass-cases, in which they are all locked up. Still you are nobody if you are not somebody, or at least amongst somebodies. Thank you, Mr. Sterndale, only I may just as well tell you in your absence, just because I could not do so in your presence, that if you had sent me this introduction sooner, it might have enabled me to have got over the time without troubling Farmer Allen's daughter for amusement. That matter has been entirely your own fault. Well, perhaps better late than never. I shall see what this open sesamé produces, at all events.

Horace Harvey dressed with peculiar care. That is, he did not make a fine painting, but a finished one. Keeping his intended clerical character in view, he contented himself with the bloomiest black and the daintiest white. As he issued forth from his room drawing on a pair of speckless lavender gloves, he all but jostled the farmer's daughter Deborah, who was tripping about on hospitable cares intent. Now Deborah was very homespun in her dress—the farmer hated new-fangled ways, and would have everybody look like what they were, and as this was the law of the Medes and Persians, Deborah wore a stuff dress, a checked apron, and thick-soled shoes. Meeting thus, she stepped back and eyed him for a moment with a succession of quick feelings. She began with surprise, which passed into admiration, admiration into envy, envy into pride, pride unselfish, and in him—and with a rosy smile, that lit up her face like sunshine, she said,

"How grand you are! Well, now you really are more like a great gentleman than the squire himself. Are you going out to walk, and—*alone*?"

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"Alone this time, my pretty Deborah, I cannot always have the happiness of having you with me. But I shall soon be back," added Horace, as he saw the shade that passed over her face. "You know very well that I could not keep away from you very long. You know that I am obliged to come back to you—O yes, you know that well enough; this poor heart of mine would have such pulls—you know well enough that you have tied it so tight, and allow me so little length of chain, that I must come back to you very, very soon; so adieu, my pretty Deborah, for the present. Mind and be here to welcome me back with a smile when I do return."

"But you have not told me yet where you are going?"

"Did I not? Ah, well. It is a trouble that Mr. Sterndale has imposed upon me. I wish he had not done so, but I can refuse him nothing. You know that I love retirement and books, cheered by the presence and the smiles of my pretty Deborah, better than all the stiff and formal state and style in the world. It suits my character, my taste, my feelings, and my future profession, to lead a calm and meditative and secluded life. To listen to the birds singing—with Deborah at my side. To look on the beauties of nature—with Deborah near me—to whom I may exclaim, 'How lovely is this solitude!'"

Deborah's bright eyes danced with triumph, and her rich cheek put on a deeper bloom.

"But you have not told me yet where you are going?"

"O, have I not—well then—Mr. Sterndale has requested me to call upon Mr. Normanbury, of Normanbury Hall, and we must sometimes act disinterestedly, and deny ourselves in this world—nay, we must even do what is repugnant and disagreeable to us."

"Squire Normanbury up at the Hall?" asked Deborah in an anxious voice.

"I suppose so—I believe so," replied Horace carelessly; "I should have been glad to have been left to my studies at peace, but our duty requires sacrifices—and I must make one at this moment—I must bid you farewell. Once more adieu, my pretty Deborah."

"But do you mean the Hall, the great white house upon the hill?—there—that which we see from the windows—do you mean that?"

"Very likely. It matters little what the house may be if I am obliged to go. A cottage or a palace is alike to me. So, indeed, it ought to be to all men, especially those of my profession."

"The squire's is a grand house—and they are proud like—you will not like them—or—perhaps—you may like them too well."

"Am *I* likely to be led away by pride and state? Have I ever shown such a tendency in my dealings with you, Deborah? I did not think you judged me so harshly, so hardly. I did not think you would have been either so unkind or so unjust!" and with an air of deeply wounded feeling and great injury, Horace turned away.

"Nay, nay," exclaimed Deborah, her dark eyes filling with tears, through which they but flashed the brighter; "nay, nay, forgive me! I did not mean to doubt you! You have proved that you care nothing for pomp and grandeur by caring for *me!* You are too good for this world! too good for me! I am unworthy that you should think of me, but do not go without saying that you are not angry with me."

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"I am never angry. It would ill become me," said Horace Harvey coldly, for even Deborah's generous accusation of herself and her noble justification of himself, failed to touch his feelings. Wretch! he had no feelings to touch!

"I am never angry! It would ill become me to be so!" repeated Horace, in still colder accents.

"Ah, *be* angry with me!" exclaimed poor Deborah in an agony, "I could bear it better than to see you so cold—so severe—so cruel! Be angry with me, if only in mercy!"

"You ask me to do what is wrong," said Horace. "Your passions mislead you. It is a sad thing to give way to our passions. By the time that I return you will be calmer." And so saying, our hero walked away, completing the operation of drawing on his lavender glove as he passed out.

And how did he leave poor Deborah? There was a dreadful contest in her heart between two opposite feelings, and sometimes one preponderated, and sometimes the other. Her reliance on the high principles of Horace, and her affectionate devotion, made her at one moment think that nothing less than some base depravity in herself could have called down his just displeasure—could he be anything but just?—but then her heart would rebel, and though her own blind devotion and unselfish generosity clamoured down its suggestions that Horace was as unjust as he was cruel, yet ultimately the strongest feelings triumphed. Her affection and her reliance on Horace overbore everything else, and she wept away the hours of his absence in sorrowful repentance for crimes which she had never committed.

Meanwhile our magnanimous hero wended his way to Normanbury Hall, perfectly self-satisfied with his own diplomacy, and a little gratified that his power was proved by the undoubted evidence of Deborah's unhappiness. Yes, he was well pleased to know her wretched, since that was the best and most flattering testimony that he could make her so.

Thus gratified and satisfied, no wonder that he presented himself at Normanbury Hall under a most amiable aspect. Having sent in his letter to the squire, he was shown into a private apartment, and spent the interregnum of time in calculating the squire's probable income, his number of acres, his weight, his worth, &c. &c.

Meanwhile the squire threw his letter to his lady. "There, my dear, there is an epistle from our good old friend, our *warm* friend, Mr. Sterndale. He wants us to show a little kindness to a godson of his, a young man studying for the church, Horace Harvey,—ah, that's his name—'A most amiable youth,'—'modest, studious, pious, only that his good qualities are obscured by an excessive nervousness,'—'bashfulness,'—'sheepishness,'—'afraid that his prospects in life may be blighted by his excessive diffidence,'—so intensely studious, and yet doubtful whether he will ever be able to pass his examination through his extreme modesty.'—'Anxious to preserve him the advantages of your society for the sake of giving him more confidence in himself, as well as to enliven his studious solitude.' 'Probably the future Vicar of Ingledew,'—'fill a respectable and even honourable position in life.'—Very respectable indeed. Three thousand a year

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not to be sneezed at, especially as times go, when most families are plagued with so many younger sons. Sad plague to be a younger son too—poor fellows! Well, my dear, I suppose we must be civil to the young man? our future vicar, you know, my dear."

"Oh certainly, certainly, love," said the squire's lady, "we must be civil to our future vicar—to Mr. Sterndale's godson; besides, he may have good prospects, you know, as well as good certainties. Mr. Sterndale is rich, and has no near relations; and you see he speaks warmly about this young man."

"What do you say, Julia?" asked the squire of his daughter, a high aristocratic-looking girl; "you know you always have a voice in our family councils."

"Oh, of course do as you please, papa; I only hope that he will not always be blushing a very red hot. It might do very well in the winter, but would make me very uncomfortable this warm weather."

"Oh, he'll get cured of blushing before the winter comes; and in the meantime we must have him shown up."

"Papa, are you mischievous or literal?"

"You are the only mischievous piece of ability here, Miss Julia, and I see that I shall have to protect this poor helpless student from you. And now we will have him up."

Horace Harvey was accordingly shown up, and truth to tell, he entered with a slight emotion of sheepishness, that was quite unaccountable to himself; but the fact might very well be understood by remembering that he had been used to no general society, and that the hotel sort of license to drink with a number of wild reckless boon companions, among whom he who could dare the most was accounted of the highest breeding and the highest blood, not only has a tendency to disable, but actually makes a man more frightened at entering better circles, as it hinders rather than helps the polished ease of a gentleman. Howbeit even in this his good stars had their influence. His manner verified the character with which Mr. Sterndale had prologued him, and he thus came warranted, that not only his diffidence but all his other qualities were genuine.

The squire very kindly worked hard to re-assure him. He shook him heartily by the hand, so heartily, indeed, as to suggest the idea of the necessity of surgical aid, and tried to inspire him with courage by overpowering him with his own. "So, young gentleman, glad to see you. Come to rusticate among us. Come, come, you must not be downcast. You mustn't be dumpy, dull, and heavy. Sparkle up, youngster, sparkle up! It's a bad thing to be too modest. It prevents a man getting on in the world. Modesty's a sort of petrifying, —a sort of lethargy—a kind of stupefaction. Shake it off, man! shake it off! I never knew a modest man that did any good in the world! Not I. See how it dulls the faculties! See how it impairs the memory! See how it blunts the comprehension! Shake it off, man! shake it off! and sparkle up, mind and sparkle up!"

Now whether or not this exhortation was likely to produce the desired effect, or whether that effect was to be desired, or whether there existed any cultivatable ground for improvement in that particular produce, we say not—indeed we think that further particulars

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on that head may not be necessary: Horace Harvey, however, did make answer and say, in the spirit either of humility or its opposite, that he would, he would indeed, endeavour to improve, and that he was sincerely obliged to Squire Normanbury for his excellent advice, of which he saw the full and entire value and justice; and though he spoke with a sincerity that was perfectly unimpeachable, yet even in his double-dealing candour he was a hypocrite, for while speaking the truth, and nothing but the truth, he covered it with a false seeming of pretended bashfulness.

"And now I must introduce you to my family. *My wife.*" The squire pronounced the words as if the title comprised all the dignity of all the ladies in the three kingdoms and the colonies. "My wife, Mrs. Normanbury. My dear, you are very glad, I know, to see our old friend's young friend;" and the good squire turned from one to the other. "Don't be nervous, my young friend. Mrs. Normanbury *is* very glad to see you, very glad indeed—I give you my word. You have a great pleasure, my dear, have you not, in encouraging merit in any shape? and you would feel very sorry in Mr. Harvey's experiencing any oppressive diffidence in your presence. Yes, my dear, I know you would, you need not express it. I see it perfectly—thoroughly. I always understand you. My young friend, I beg you to support yourself; Mrs. Normanbury would be quite pained if her presence overcame you. In a little time you will be quite at ease in her society. I give you my word you will. My dear, in a little time Mr. Harvey will be quite at ease with you. I give you my word he will."

The lady, who had a dark, impressive, oppressive, sombre, stern, Jewish look, got up, bowed her turbaned head, rustled her stiff silk, and sat down again.

The squire carried on his guest to his daughter.

"Julia, my dear, Mr. Horace Harvey. My daughter Julia, Miss Normanbury, 'a black-browed girl,' as old somebody or another says in the play. Ha! ha! black-browed, is not she?" said the squire, with a look of exultation that defied assent. "Now hark you, Julia," whispered the squire, in a voice like loud wind, "mind I've taken this poor simple youth under my protection. I won't have you use him in either of your ways. I won't allow you to send him to Siberia with your proud cool looks and your high and mighty frowns, looking just as if you were empress of all the Russias; and neither will I let you amuse yourself with playing with his poor wits as if they were shuttlecocks, to be bandied about to please a giddy girl. Mr. Harvey, my daughter Julia has much pleasure in making your acquaintance;" and then lowering his trumpet tones to the aforesaid windy whisper, "a fine girl, Mr. Harvey, but rather high—rather high—but you must not mind that. She'll soon be quite affable with you—quite. Do you see any resemblance? She is considered very like me. If she should get into good spirits, and quiz you a little, you must not mind it. She is very much like me in character at all events. Though she is rather high sometimes, yet she loves a little fun too. She can't help it—it is her nature. She has it from me. But don't mind!—don't mind. Don't be bashful. Muster up all your courage!

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Don't be put down! Don't be browbeaten! Don't let a woman frighten you. Psha! man, afraid of a woman!"

Our hero internally resolved to profit by Squire Normanbury's advice to its utmost extent.

Squire Normanbury had not inaptly described his daughter's character. She was very high, and yet she did like what he called a little fun. Girls of good spirit and good spirits, who lead a secluded life in the country, if they do not get moulded into their position, and fall into a sort of peaceful lethargy, are exceedingly apt to snatch at anything new in the shape of amusement. Julia Normanbury, feeling very restlessly the need of some new excitement, saw that the importation of a new article in the shape of a beau was very much like 'corn in Egypt.'

Julia Normanbury glanced over our hero with her half saucy, half proud eyes, with an expression that seemed to say, "Are you worthy of being permitted to admire me? Shall I suffer you to look at me as an humble subject would an arbitrary despotic sovereign? Shall I allow you to echo my sentiments, change them as often as I choose? Say that black is white at one moment, and white black the next? Shall I make you my shuttlecock to bandy you about? Shall I consider you as my lapdog to fetch and carry? Well, I shall see. I scarcely yet know whether you are worthy of being my football; but if I find you endurable, I may promote you to that honour. You are tolerably good-looking, but I could not tolerate even a dog that was ill-bred. Patience, however; you will soon show yourself."

The unuttered reply in Horace Harvey's mind to this was, "Scornful beauty, how dare you presume to look at me in that arrogant and searching manner? Afraid of a woman! Afraid of you—Indeed it would much better become you to be afraid of me! And who knows whether the day may be so very far distant when you shall be so? So you are used to play the tyrant, but you shall not play it over me! If I stoop, I stoop to conquer. Now I warrant you think I shall be only too happy to be permitted to adore you at the greatest possible distance—somewhere at about as many thousand miles off as the Peruvians worship the sun, and perhaps in about as many years as it took for Jacob's courtship, I might get a single straggling faint beam to reward and encourage me on. But, no, don't be too much disappointed, my pretty lady. You expect me to admire, and that expectation gives me the key of your cabinet heart. You show me how I can disappoint you; and when you are disappointed in not obtaining my humble devotion, then you will endeavour to win it as a favour instead of demanding it as a right. So now my present object is to convince you, in the most polite way in the world, that I do not admire you very particularly in person, and that I differ with you, of course upon principle, in every sentiment you express."

"Mrs. Normanbury, my dear," said the squire, "I know you are going to ask Mr. Harvey how he likes our country neighbourhood. Mr. Harvey, Mrs. Normanbury asks you how you like our neighbourhood. Ah, I see, I see, yes, exactly so. You think it a fine country, but you have been rather immured. My dear, Mr. Harvey likes the

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neighbourhood, but he will like it better when he has got more domesticated among us."

"You have, of course, felt the want of society, Mr. Harvey," said Julia; and now, thought she, he will take the opportunity of saying how delighted he is to get amongst us.

"I must not prevaricate, even for politeness sake," replied our hero. "With nature spread out around me, and my books open before me, I have been enjoying the highest and most intellectual society."

"Such," said Julia, with an air of slight provocation, "as actual every-day people can scarcely hope to rival."

"Your remark is profoundly wise and just," replied Horace with a bow.

"What a pity to withdraw you from them," said Julia.

"Why, Julia, my dear," interposed Mr. Normanbury, "would you have Mr. Harvey here turn himself into a book-worm—a mere grub—lead a sort of no better than caterpillar existence?"

"If he prefer books to society, I would merely indulge his preference," said Julia.

"Julia, my dear Julia," said the squire, in an expostulating tone, "you forget."

"That Mr. Harvey is our guest?—or that he would rather not be so, papa? Which?"

"I have no doubt, sir," said Horace, "propitiating the squire, and passing over Julia, "I have no doubt, from the tone of your mind and conversation, that you have enjoyed the pleasures of erudition, and still do so, in the intervals of your domestic leisure."

"Certainly, certainly," said the squire; "but women, you know, my young friend, have no appreciation of these pleasures."

"So, so," thought Julia, "even papa turning against me!"

"And pictures, too, my young friend; I am sure you have a taste for pictures," said the squire, pointing his attention to a long range of family resemblances which hung around the rooms.

"Capital opportunity for humbling you, my proud beauty, and not to be lost," said Horace to himself, as he rose to inspect them. "Now for it, since I have thrown the gauntlet."

"Fine, effective, rich," said Horace, pausing before a picture in which the portraits of two ladies were grouped together, the one fair, the other dark, standing under a portico of marble, dressed in the stiffest of brocades, linked together with wreaths of roses, with a velvet-coated greyhound gambolling around them, held by a silken string in the hand of the one, with a canary perched on the finger of the other; while in the distance a fountain was playing, and the sun was setting beyond a garden full of every flower of every land and every clime and every season. "Fine, effective, rich," said Horace, seeing at a glance that he could easily make this picture the means of a personal comparison that must touch Julia's womanly vanity. "Is this a Lawrence, sir?"

"No. Done to encourage country talent. Some way or another, however, the artist, poor fellow, never got on. The fate of neglected genius. A great deal of modest merit dead and buried in this country, my young friend."

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Horace heaved a sympathizing sigh. "Members of your family, I presume, sir?"

"My two maiden aunts," said the squire, "taken when they were girls. One on the father's the other on the mother's side. Great friends, though they were called the rival beauties. They always went everywhere together, and people said they did it for the sake of contrast. Ill-nature, sheer ill-nature; they did no such thing! It was all friendship, pure friendship, I give you my word, sir."

"There might be contrast, but certainly no comparison," said Horace, decidedly.

"You quite agree with me, and I quite agree with you," said the squire, with an air of great satisfaction; "there *is* no comparison. The dark beauty——"

Horace hastily interrupted him. "Ah, the dark beauty indeed cannot enter into any competition with the fair one. A tall woman is always masculine—always makes me think of an Amazon, a Boadicea, or at any rate of those repulsive Roman ladies who must have looked so stern to frighten the Cæsars and the Brutuses and the Coriolanuses, whilst they were boys, and keep them in good nursery order. Look now how different do we meet the beams of those soft blue melting eyes that seem to shrink away from the encounter! How graceful, how feminine is this fairy figure! Look at the soft complexion just blushing under our gaze, with the palest tint of the wild rose, the head half averted, the gentle mazes of the pale auburn hair hanging like sun-kissed tendrils, the sylph-like figure as if about to take flight to its native skies; yes, refresh yourself with gazing—in doing so, you seem to imbibe peace and composure—you look, and long to look again. While here, on the other hand, contrary emotions seem to suggest themselves. Look at these flashing eyes—this passionate burning cheek, this proud imperious lip, this dilated stature—the person drawn up to its full height—this——."

The squire hastily interrupted him. He did not very well know what was the matter, but he saw that something was wrong. Julia Normanbury had always been considered amazingly like her aunt, and had constantly been complimented on the resemblance, and she was now standing exactly as Horace had exaggeratedly described the portrait, with flashing eyes and burning cheeks, and the mien of an angry queen. Horace instantly paused, and turned towards her with an air of meek, unsuspicious, unconscious innocence.

"Come, and I will show you the grounds," said the squire, hastily.

Horace immediately assented.

"Silly fellow!" said the squire to himself, as they passed out of the room—"silly fellow! he knows nothing of the world. Quite raw. I must enlighten him. Must rub up his faculties. Must stir up his understanding. Never found out that the picture was like Julia! Never saw that he was making her angry! Not he! Not a whit! Well, really, these simple modest fellows do make sad blunders altogether. Julia will never like him now. But all the better in some respects—we don't want any danglers. To be sure, the vicar of Ingledew will have three thousand a year, and he may have expectations from his godfather. However, possession is better than

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expectation, and he has not got these loaves and fishes yet. Come along, Mr. Harvey, and I'll show you my grounds."

Horace Harvey improved his ground so well—was so modest, so bashful, so deferential, so willing to learn something of the world from the good squire, who was so well able to teach it, that when they returned, the squire said to his lady,

"Mrs. Normanbury, my dear, I am sure you would be exceedingly happy if Mr. Harvey will stay and take a family dinner. Mr. Harvey, Mrs. Normanbury will be exceedingly happy if you will stay and take a family dinner. Come, my dear sir, you must not rusticate too much. You must take these opportunities of hearing and seeing something of the world. It will be of great use to you—I give you my word it will. Mrs. Normanbury, Mr. Harvey will do himself the pleasure of staying. You are very glad indeed—yes, my dear, I know you are."

Miss Normanbury did not make her appearance again until they were in the dining-room, and then she came in like a queen.

"Ah, it tells!" thought Horace—"it tells!"

Meanwhile, poor Deborah watched from her lattice window, with a swelling heart and a tearful eye, for the return of Horace. He had left her—that was grief enough—had left her in displeasure—that was more than could be borne. Poor Deborah! How did her heart beat, her temples throb, her eyes gush out with tears! Ay, these early hours of love are all hope; the rising sun fosters only bright buds, but, when they open, they breathe out nothing but bitterness. Hitherto her acquaintance with Horace had thrown a charm over her life; she had moved in an atmosphere of happiness; spirits of joy had trooped around her wherever she went, if only to the performance of the humblest of her household duties. But the first grief of a cloud—ah, what a dense gloom at once shrouded her from the vast expanse of her surrounding felicity! Ay, it is very possible to suffer the most intense remorse without having committed the slightest crime. In the first freshness of her feelings, it is enough for the one who is beloved to show that he thinks a woman wrong, and instantly the heart makes a traitor of the conscience, to accuse the crimeless criminal of unimagined depravity. Deborah thought Horace infinitely too wise, too good, too high-minded, too noble, too pure, too kind, for her ever to doubt his justice; and if he were right, as he ever was, she must be wrong. O, if Horace would only return, if he would only come back once more, that she might show him how penitent she was, might ask him to forgive her, what peace that would bring! How did she watch that pompous white house upon the hill, with its proud stone walls, and its lofty windows, and its arrogant flight of steps, and its browbeating portico; how did she watch it, and hope to see him wend his way from it and homewards to her; but still he came not! Came not, though the sun declined from its meridian, though the shadows lengthened into evening, though darkness hid the hateful white house from her view. But still she watched, for she could see the lights which shone where he was flickering through the windows, though interrupted by the umbrageous trees which intervened. Then was poor Deborah's imagination on the stretch—then

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did she imagine all that those lights witnessed, all that Horace said and did, and even thought—O, did he think of her!

At length she heard the sound of his footsteps, and she flew to the garden gate to open it for him and to welcome him.

"I thought you would never return—but never mind, you are come back to me!"

Horace Harvey started as from a dream. In truth he had been dreaming, and such a dream as had entirely obliterated Deborah from his remembrance. He had, in fact, forgotten her existence. The sound of her voice brought her in a troublesome aspect to his recollection. What should he do with her? Perhaps it would be well to follow up the happy accident of the stiffness with which he had left her. He must throw her to a distance, and it was really quite lucky that the thing was already begun.

"I thought your stay so long! The day has been a year to me! O, I have been so wretched! But you are too kind to remember my folly!"

"I am sorry to hear that you have been annoyed," said Horace, stiffly. "Has anything happened during my absence?"

"Anything happened!" half shrieked Deborah. "Was it not enough for you to be angry with me? O, what do you mean?"

"I should rather ask what do you mean?" rejoined Horace, as unmelted and cold as before.

"O, you have not forgiven me! You are angry with me still!" exclaimed Deborah, clasping her hands piteously together.

"It appears to me that you are labouring under some strange mistake," replied Horace. "I believe that I have always expressed myself satisfied with everything that has been done for me whilst I have been under your roof."

Deborah's mind, unused to crooked politics, could not at once take in the drift of Horace Harvey's change of tack. She only saw that his pilotage was steering right away from her. She stood before him with clenched hands and flashing eyes, her passions working like a volcano within her.

"You must excuse me," said Horace, attempting to pass her, as she stood directly in his path. "I am rather tired. I shall go direct to my room. I have dined late, and only just now having taken coffee, I shall not require any supper. Allow me to pass you. Good night."

"What!" exclaimed Deborah, passionately. "Am I alive? Do I hear you? Did you speak to me, or to a stranger? Am I your servant? You shall not pass! You shall trample on me first!"

"You forget yourself," said Horace, rather startled and rather frightened. "I am sorry to see you so passionate."

"Passionate! Do you call me passionate because I *feel*? Would not this rouse an angel?"

"If it did, I should be apt to think her a fallen one."

"Can you be so cruel! so unforgiving! so unrelenting?"

"I do not see the reference of your terms," replied Horace. "But allow me to say, even while I endure your ill-judged vehemence, and perhaps somewhat anticipatory of a character which authorizes me to

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offer exhortation to the erring, that passion in a woman is above all things unamiable, offensive, and intolerable."

"Do you mean to drive me mad?" shrieked Deborah.

"Do you mean to alarm the house, Miss Allen?"

"O, if you are angry with me," said Deborah, changing instantaneously from passion to supplication, as the thought flashed over her that, after all, Horace might only be jealous and displeased, and not cold and estranged—"if you are angry with me—ah, you are angry with me, and I must have done something to deserve it—only forget it, whatever it may be, and I will so study, so take myself to task, so endeavour to find out your wishes—from morning till night—my first and my last thought—I will take such pains, that never, never shall anything happen to ruffle the peace between us again! Never, never, O do believe me!"

"I should be exceedingly sorry to give you so much trouble," said Horace.

Poor Deborah shrieked as the stab went to her heart. She dashed herself on the ground before him, gasping, and exclaiming,

"You have killed me! you have killed me."

Now Horace was dreadfully frightened—not at the fear of having committed murder, whether of body or soul, but at the dread of exposure, which might have marred every prospect and plan of his life, the great one of being vicar of Ingledew inclusive.

"Deborah!" he exclaimed, not at all in the calm, cold, freezing tones in which he had hitherto spoken, but really passionately and energetically—"Deborah!" do you care nothing for exposure?"

"Nothing! nothing!" shrieked Deborah. "What is all the world to me?"

"Nothing for the scandal of such conduct?"

"Nothing! nothing!"

"Mad girl! you will ruin both yourself and me!"

"It will be together! I care not! It will be together!"

And now lights moved about the house, and doors opened, and voices sounded, and Deborah's name was heard, called out most lustily.

Horace strove strenuously to raise her, but she resisted his efforts.

"Deborah, do you care nothing for what will be said when they find you lying here, and in this state?"

"Nothing! nothing!"

The door opened, and the farmer, with three or four of his working men, appeared, with lanthorns in their hands.

Affairs now became desperate.

"Deborah!" shouted the farmer, in a stentorian voice. "Deborah! is it you calling out? Answer, my girl!"

"Deborah!" Horace stooped and whispered, with a full perception that everything was at stake, now only anxious to save the moment, and compelled to leave the future to itself—"Deborah! I thought that you loved me!"

"I thought that *you* loved *me!*" sobbed Deborah, like an infant, instantly subdued, even in the midst of all her frenzied, powerful passion, by this appeal to her still more powerful feelings.

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"If you do love me, rise and be calm, or you will ruin me."

"Why should I love you, when you don't love me?"

"I do love you. Now, then, rise and be rational."

"Say it again," said Deborah.

"I do, indeed, love you! you know it!" said Horace, with hatred in his heart. "Now, would you—will you ruin me?"

"I would die first!" said Deborah, rising.

"Halloo!" shouted the farmer. "Deborah, girl, where are you?"

"Deborah!" whispered Horace, "they must not see you in this state. You could not command yourself. Your looks would betray everything that ought to be hid. Glide gently round by the hedge, and in by the back entrance. I will meet the farmer."

"But you love me?"

"I have said it," replied Horace, as if there could be no injury like that of doubting his word. "Have I not said it?"

And Deborah, like a lulled child, departed. Horace stood calm and still.

"So, is it you, Mr. Harvey?" said the farmer, approaching with his men.

"Yes, sir," said Horace. "I have just returned from Normanbury Hall. I have been dining with Squire Normanbury. I was standing looking at the stars. Farmer Allen, you are a cultivator of the ground, and such a pursuit is peculiarly favourable to rumination and contemplation. You ought to think on these things, Farmer Allen. Now look at those bright stars above, and tell me—"

"I was looking for my daughter! I thought I heard Deborah calling out! Have you heard anything? Have you seen anything?"

"I thought I told you, Farmer Allen, that I was looking at the stars in their courses, and invited you to join me in their contemplation? For your daughter, may I beg to know if that is not her room with the light in it?"

"To be sure it is! to be sure it is! Well, I thought I heard—I dare say it was the owl in the pigeon-cote. I beg your pardon, sir; I'm sure I beg your pardon."

"You have not offended me, Farmer Allen," replied Horace, with calm dignity. "You are averse to contemplating the stars—to rumination and contemplation—"

Horace Harvey heaved an audible sigh for the depravity of the world, and walked into the house holding his head up.

Farmer Allen followed him, holding his head down.

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THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.[1]

CHAPTER XXII. *continued.*

HIGH noon was now at hand, and the dinner meal (which the little page had arrayed as fairly and featly as his sister had done) was scantly ended, when the sound of some one quickly coming toward them from the stair-foot made the heart of the English damosel to beat full fast, and incontinently there was thrust from behind the arras the ruddy visage and yellow locks of Rougemain, whose breathless plight betokened him to have come in foothot haste.

"They are here, maiden!" he cried, tarrying not so much as to look round the chamber. "Speed thee if there is aught to do! Sansloy comes over the bent even now, and with him the merrymen from Vannes. But, Saint Vallery to speed! what is this?" he said, now first perceiving that it was the damosel Avis. "Sir Monadich, where sitteth our sea-bird? By Poule and Peter, they will be knocking the whilst."

"Alcyone is here—thy tidings!" said the voice of that masterful maiden, as she stepped into the chamber, with look and mien as high and stately as if grief and watching were wholly unknown to her.

"By my fatherkin, maiden, they shall be soon told," answered the old man. "Sansloy is by this at the gate, and the folk from Vannes after him—at whose head rides one that we must needs joy to be—"

"Speak out, man, and leave fooling!" broke in the maiden, after her own lordly fashion. "Who comes beside?"

"Yea, maiden, who else should come save our doughty man-at-arms, Sir Aymery Taillefer? Now must I back—they are, ere this, at the wicket."

"Abide!" she said, still with the same stedfast eye and voice, though her cheek waxed deadly pale withal. "Commend me to our sire, so soon as he lights down in the court, and beseech him from me to give me audience here alone, and that without delay of a moment. Here, bear to him my token, to make faith thereof!"

"By bread and ale, but the world is going upside down, since the devil is fallen to playing bedesman!" quoth the old robber to himself, as he took the ring and let fall the arras. "So may I thrive as there should be some high-flying hawk on wing, that our wild sea-bird cowers thus to ground. Howbeit, for that it matters little, so 'scape we the rule of that goodly man Sir Aymery—and, by my crown, he sits no higher in her grace in this tide than he did a month agone, if eye and speech belie her not."

No sooner was the old man gone forth from the chamber, than the stout-hearted sea-maiden turned her to May Avis, saying,

"Damosel, betake thee right anon to our sleeping-place—and thou, Basil, with her—and tarry there, one and both, until ye be called for. Fear nothing, maiden, for thyself or any other—Alcyone is thy surety."

[1] Continued from page 314.

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You may think that the damosel tarried not a second bidding to avoid that terrible man; nor seemed the meek boy more loth than herself; for he straightway caught her hand, and hastened her yet more quickly toward the place whither they were sent.

"Pray you, dear maiden, shut fast the door," he said, so soon as they were gotten within, "lest he espy us through the chink. Soothly, I love not to come within his sight when there is fierce debate on hand between him and our sea-bird."

"Methinks thy beauteous bird should need all her high-heartedness and stedfastness, my little man," answered the damosel, as she made fast the door-pin, "when she adventures to withstand the will of so stern a sire."

"By my fay, little were the strife that should reasonably come of such gear; for truly, in her own matters and mine, she worketh all her will, without yea or nay of him or any other. But at whiles will she take a fantasy to meddle and make, as she calleth it, in our sire's own business, as she did erewhile in the dealings between him and the knight our playfellow, which, certes, hath caused more unrest here than all—hist, maiden, he is coming! I hear him even now on the stair."

May Avis listened, and heard the heavy sound of the robber's mail boots drawing nigher with every step; nor tarried she a second warning to betake her, with the boy, into the inner vault, that was his sleeping chamber, until such time as those evil-boding footsteps had stalked past the outer entry toward the pillared chamber beyond, whence soon came to their ears the voice of the sea-sweeper, in loud and angry debate.

"Now would I give my first summer garland," said the child, "so knew I the reason of the strife, and how she will speed therein—though little doubt I that it is all along of that Aymery Taillefer, who hath caused as sore chiding between them of late as did the gentle knight in former time."

"And who, then, may be this Aymery, my pretty page?" asked the damosel. "Some strong and hardy man-at-arms, as I guess."

"Yea, maiden, assuredly have you deemed aright, else had he not waxed all at once so lefe and dear to our sire; for he came but when last the berries were growing red, and the woods down in the valleys looked brown. A tall and lusty fighting man is he, and calleth himself a knight to boot, though Rougemain mocks ever thereat, and swears he had his knighthood at the gallows-foot on Saint Nicholas' eve. Yet hath he a goodly aspect withal, and can make fair show of courtesy and gentilesse when it lists him, though far better loved I to look on that other noble knight I told you of. Moreover, this Aymery heedeth not book-lore, and knoweth not even to con his primer—all can he trip, and dance, and sing, and trill lays by the hour, all of love and ladies' eyes, and such like idleness, whereof, truly, we simple folk con not the meaning."

"And thy sea-bird, sweet boy, how brooketh she such discourse?"

"Truly, ill enow, maiden; and this it is that hath raised so sore debate at whiles between her and our sire, in that he riddeth us not of the company of this stout Sir Aymery, who is blither of making

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tarriance in our bower than are we of his fellowship, and taketh no more note of the scornful looks and short speeches of our sea-bird than I do of the twitter of the martens in the rock overhead. Hist again, maiden, he cometh! their talk is ended for this time."

And even with the word heard they the iron-shod feet once more pass the door, and slowly and heavily tramp up the stair, until the echoes died away in the court overhead.

"Now, dear maiden, take heart!" said the fair boy. "Our sire comes not hither twice in one day. Soothly he hath business overmuch down below, to rule and order his people; and ill should he speed therein at whiles, without aid of Rougemain."

Now peradventure may you desire to know how matters had gone in all this while within the pillared chamber, where left we that hardy maiden, with death-pale face, yet with brow and eye as still and stern as was her wont, awaiting the coming of her terrible sire.

He came anon, even as she had prayed him, staying but to unlace helm and habergeon—for the weather was hot, and his journey had been in all haste. And verily, little amended thereby had May Avis deemed his aspect, if she had met with him bare-headed, his fustian jerkin stained and besmirched with his mail-coat, and his right knee yet bound round and stiff with the hurt he had got by the shooting before Harfleur. But naught, by long usage, recked the damosel of Roche Kerouel, either of his looks, or yet of the loud boisterous voice wherein he cried out at sight of her—"Why how now, popelot! here am I at thy bidding, with as ready obedience as hound to horn, or lusty bachelor of twenty to May-day. Look thou make me fairer cheer in guerdon thereof, than thou didst yestermorn."

"Father!" said the maiden, with unmoved aspect, and in the same low voice she kept through her dreariest mood, "do you still enforce me to choose betwixt those two you set before me?"

"Yea, maiden! thy trothplight to stout Sir Amery, or thy court minion to the gallows, and that afore sunset; or, by my father's soul, will I choose for thee, and also perform my deem—and that in thy sight and hearing, thou stubborn wench!" shouted the Sea-sweeper, as lustily as if he had been on the deck of his ship.

"Father!" said the maiden again, "will you swear to me by the oath you break not, that so I obey you in this matter, the Lord of Beaucaire shall have both life and freedom, with safe conduct so far as I shall desire, in this very night?"

"Yea, girl, will I—since better may not be; though by Saint Paul, less joyful were I of a thousand gold franks, than of sending to a dog's death that proud beggar—he, that durst spurn Sansloy, who hardily adventures life and limb for daily sustenance, yet lives himself a menial of the most outrageous thief and spoiler in France—who, by reason that his waste and pillage shall be of no meaner gear than towns and provinces, is called a right noble prince, God save the mark! and knights and landless counts are honoured in the carrying of his comfit-box."

"Father,—swear to me!" she said, soon as he had ended. "Swear to me! and by that same oath you swore yestermorn."

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"I swear to thee, then, mistrusting wench!" answered the robber, "and by the oath thou hast asked—by the most holy right hand of our Lady of Hatred of Treguier!"

"It is enough!" she said. "Father,—I consent to wed Aymery Taillefer!"

"Dost thou in sooth?" answered the robber. "Now, by the rood, so joyful a sound have I not listed this many a year! Yea, Saint James of Galice bless thee, both body and goods, mine own dainty sea-bird! Come hither and plight thy troth here in mine hand, and then kiss thy sire on the treaty—though, truly, plight or oath from thee were needless, for never yet mistrusted any thy simple yea and nay. Thou brave wench!—by my crown, but this is such spousal as befits thee!—aye, and such as was long agone foreshown me on thy behalf. Dost call to mind, sea-bird, the old star-watcher that was wont in former time to make abode here, and roam with thee by rock and heath? He it was that bade me look to wed thee in good time with a young valiant knight; who, moreover, should stead both me and thee in our sorest strait to the boot. And who shall better beseem such office than bold Sir Aymery?—a goodly strong man at arms, that shall rob and reve after myself; ay, and keep thee queen and empress here all thy days, with store of all choice and costly gear, even at thy will; i' the place of yonder court popinjay, that at best should but have ransomed him from his service with thy gold, to lead ever after a slothful life at thy cost, and haply spurn the while at the hand that fed him."

"Enough!" she said—"Father, there needs no more. I have plighted to thee my troth!"

"Yea, hast thou in verity, sweet bird; and fear is there none but thou wilt hold it! Smite off my head now, but we will make for thee as brave and blithe a bridal as it were for the damosel of Bretaigne herself! By my crown, but the old sea-rock shall run over with wine and ring again with jollity, until the burgher churls down below yonder shall deem that Dane and Norman are awakened once more, and holding festival here in the cliffs. Thou rare wench! never doubted I, but thou wouldst at last arouse thee from thy fantasy of pining and love-longing after that taffeta bachelor, and prove thee thy sire's true daughter! And verily, popelot, he that hath but half an eye, should not fail to commend thy choice for discreteness, for no compare is there between——"

"Father!" said the maiden in her stern fashion, "leave we this talk! Have I not said it?"

"Yea, honey-sweet, hast thou, and well know I thou wilt keep thy say! Saint John to speed, but we will make this marriage out of hand—the rather, that the season for emprize and adventure is coming with the summer tide, both by sea and land, and ill can we lack such lusty arm as thy stout bachelor. Hearken, popelot! the fifth day hence shall be the feast of Easter, and jolly Friar Nicholay shall be here from the cell at Pontivy, to shrift and confession. Wherefore, conclude I, in that tide to have our wedding; which shall be truly performed in more worshipful guise, in a time of so high and solemn feasting, wherein we shall have no other business on hand save wassail

and revelry, for an eight days' space. Thou wilt accord me this, sweet wench, wilt thou not?"

"Order all as pleaseth you, father!" she answered. "I have said it."

"Yea, grandmercy, pretty bird, for thy gracious consent. The betrothal then to-day, and the bridal at Easter! By the mass, thou shalt be as grandly bedecked as any princess!—with a gown of cloth of go d, and a collar of balais rubies for thy small neck; yea, and thou shalt have a crown of gold, garnished with pearls and rubies, such as the Queen of France might envy thee. And dread not that thy lord shall be less than worthy of thee! Stout Sir Aymery loveth sumptuous array and apparel, as certes, none better beseemeth such; for wouldst thou search all through France, and England to the boot thereof, thou shouldst hardly find again so comely a bachelor, or with so fair and manly bearing. Moreover a knight is he, and of knightly blood—yet maketh he suit for thee, girl, as earnestly and humbly, as it were for a daughter of France; which alone should win for him thy grace, above yonder misproud——"

"Father, forbear!" broke in the maiden—the whilst a strange and sudden fire shone in her eyes.

"Nay, popelot—by my fatherkin would I not chafe thy mood at this time, for the spoiling of the best craft between this and Tubaltare. And since it lists thee not to hear praise of Sir Aymery, by my fay he must tell his own tale, whilst I take order for our festival to-day, even as fits the betrothal of the lady of Roche Kerouel. Thou wilt grace our table of dais in the cave below, for this one day, popelot,—and show thyself to our people, sitting in bridal guise, between thy sire and thy true knight?"

"That will I not, by my fay!—Alcyone brooks no such fellowship."

"Nay, sea-bird, as thou wilt. Then shall I to stout Sir Aymery, and bring him hitherward to hear from thine own lips the grace thou hast vouchsafed him?"

"Neither!" she said stedfastly—"I will none of his presence, save when needs must! Father—be content—thou hast my plight! Now give me here without more, the key of the knight's dungeon, and send me Rougemain anon."

"Why, what a twenty devils wantest thou with either?" asked the robber, in amaze.

"The one, to give freedom to the Lord of Beaucaire; and the other, to take order for his going hence in secure and seemly wise."

"Now, by Saint Ronian, wench, shalt thou not meil or make in any such matter! Go, look to thy gauds and toys, and leave such gear to men."

"If Sansloy hold not his oath, my pact is naught—I will free the knight with my own hand."

"In God's name, have I not sworn to accord the popinjay both life and freedom—yea, and safe conduct to boot?—(which truly shall be performed, either to Vannes, or Rochepèrion, if thou wilt)—and what more wouldst thou desire?—to play the knave page to thy dainty minion, and set him in saddle thyself, in guerdon of his former spurns of thee?"

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"Sansloy—beware! this to me?—to the blood of Mon . . . ."

"Thy pardon, sea-bird—but by our Lady of Quinipily, thy stubbornness might move a patienter man to choler. Hearken then! thus much will I yield up to content thee, as that the whole guidance of the business shall be in the hand of thy knight Sir Aymery, whom I will bring hither forthwith to learn thy pleasure thereupon, and thank thee on his knee for that thou hast accorded on his behalf."

"I will plight him no plight!—I will not see him! I will not wed him!—if Sansloy give me not all my will, without further grudging or gainsaying."

"By Saint George! little shall it avail to gainsay so masterful a wench," said the robber betwixt his teeth. "Listen, lordly one!—if I freely yield to thee in this, wilt thou as freely plight me here within this hour thy faith to Sir Aymery, as thou didst erewhile to myself?"

"Before all—shall I have that key, and Rougemain?"

"Yea, marry, shalt thou—by my broom and blood-red pennon!"

"Good!" she said. "Father, give me now the key, and I will plight the man my troth in your sight."

"Why then thou art mine own sweet wench again, and shalt reign queen and lady of all here, as thou hast ever done. The cliket key shalt thou have, and let out this doughty lord without lordship, if it so please thee, (with mischance to him!) Rougemain shall purvey all thou wilt, and bear him company as far as Ploermel, and our Lady of Hatred keep him henceforward from Bretaigne! But bear in mind, seabird!—this thine owl must fly, like others of his feather, in the night season, and that without noise or worshipful array. Nay, never knit thy small brows thus. Weighty reason is there, such as needs not to speak of at this time, for his journeying secretly, and in guise of one of our Bretons. For myself, so may I prosper, as I mean him no evil; nay, blithe were I to pray him dance at thy bridal, and see the brave change in our bachelor."

"Father, no more of this!" she said suddenly. "The key!—the key,—without further talk!"

"Nay, then, have herewith the key, since thou art so hasty thereon. Hold yet!—why how is this? . . . do mine eyes daze? . . . and yet methinks it looks not like the same. But parfaie!—how may that be, when never another was there in my poke?"

"The key!—the key—leave we this sorry jesting!" she said; and therewith caught she the key from his hand, and incontinently dropped it within the silken purse at her girdle.

"Nay, by mine honour, wench, I meant not to jest! Pray thee, let me look upon it again. Why so, this is it, out of doubt. Now could I swear there had been here some juggler's work!—for by Saint Toce of Ponthieu, it looked to me after another fashion but a breathing while ago, though never once hath it left my side, from the hour when I turned it on that fair courtlord, until now, save for those few moments it lay on yonder chest, when I spake with thyself yestermorn."

"What matters such idle fantasy, so it be right i' the end?" she said. "Now send here Rougemain!—I will speak with him alone."

"And Sir Aymery, wench?"

"Bid him hither an hour hence, and look that he take his leave quickly—Alcyone lacks patience for sweet words and follies, and so advise him!"

"Thou wilt not sure be shrewish or discourteous, girl?" . . . .

"No—so he keep measure with tongue and time."

"By my crown, so thou wilt but make him some show of graciousness, his tarriance shall not weary thee! And now, popelot, I would fain know how liketh thee the merry-eyed English wench I brought thee for bowermaiden? Hast made essay of her service?"

"Yea, have I, and by my fay, she pleaseth me right well. 'Tis a gentle kindly natured maiden, and true and honest withal."

"Good, popelot!—and shall do thee fair service when she hath forgotten her pining and love longing I told thee of after that dainty carpet knight, whose pastime it seemeth to voyage the world over, snaring the hearts of silly . . . . eh! pretty sea-bird, leave that frowning mien! By Poule and Peter, I did but play! Now will I to do thy bidding at the tower, and then to Sir Aymery with these brave tidings. By our Lady of Joy at Quinipily, such bridal as ours shall not be heard of again this many a year, either in Cornouaille or Morbihan!"

It was no long while after this, that the English maiden, and the gentle boy her companion in the small inner chamber, heard a foot, all unlike the robber's, descending the stair from the court above.

"It is Rougemain," said the child, "by the footfall—he ever treads warily. Now much marvel I what our sea-bird hath on hand that she holds counsel with the old man so oft!"

Howbeit, Rougemain was as soft-spoken as light-footed—so that not so much as a sound came to them from the pillared chamber, throughout the long talk there between him and the maiden—until they suddenly heard thence the loud boisterous voice of the Sea robber himself, calling to him of the yellow hair to make speed.

"My certes, our sire hath come back in fire-hot haste, by way of the caverns!" said the little page. "Strange doings are toward, in good sooth. Hark! there goes Rougemain, for his life, to the tower. Methinks Aymery Taillefer should not be far off when such stir is afoot."

Scantly were the words spoken when they heard at distance the sound of a virelay, chanted in a deep manly voice, and drawing every moment nigher, as the singer descended the stair.

"It is he!" said the child softly. "None other hath heart to sing here. Now hie thee to the hole in the door, maiden, and thou shalt espy our goodly knight."

Verily May Avis was somewhat curious to behold the bachelor who sought to stand in the grace of Alcyone, so, bending low, she looked out at the chink as he passed by, and discovered, as the boy had spoken him, a goodly personage, of great stature and strength, arrayed at point device, in a rich suit of red and gold, and bearing him in as proud and gaillard a fashion as if he held none under the sun worthy to be his peer. Comely was he also of face, and fresh and fair of hue, with golden hair hanging all adown in bright curling rings. But when the damosel got sight of his features, she could scarce refrain from

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crying out with amazement, on perceiving that this stout Breton knight was in very deed no other than Messire Piers Bradeston.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The right side.—The ambush.—The friend at need.

Heavily and drearily, it may be thought, had gone the livelong day with the Lord Guy, alone and unheeded in his prison, whence he now looked for no other deliverance than the death he was warned was prepared for him at sunset.

Yet were his thoughts, even in such extremity, less on his own doleful hap than on that young beauteous thing, whose destiny, despite his will, seemed thus joined to his by fate; and long time perplexed he his mind in vainly seeking to expound her dark speech touching some dire evil that menaced herself by reason of his tarriance.

Noontide was long overpast, in so far as he might compute the hour by the feeble ray of light overhead, ere the solemn stillness of that gloomy place was broken by any sounds from without; but as even drew nigh, there came to his ears, as from the lower part of the rock, a noise of human voices, first faintly and singly, but waxing louder and more in number, until they might be plainly known for a company of revellers, who were shouting, whooping, and rioting, (and not seldom, as it should seem, brawling and fighting likewise,) in some of those huge vaults or caverns of which he had formerly heard speak, as lying up and down the rocks between the old castle and the sea-shore. And nothing doubting, from these tokens, that the sea-sweeper was himself returned, and holding some high festival, which he designed to crown by the slaughter of his captive, he forthwith addressed him to such thoughts as might best beseem him at such a pass, and sat down, patiently awaiting the arrival of his murderers.

Howbeit, the light faded wholly away, until he could no longer discern the walls of the dungeon; and after another while, the bright stars began to look down on him, as one by one they flitted athwart the high narrow cleft above, and still no human thing came near the place—until, when it was now not far from midnight, he began to deem that some deeper wassail, or more perilous brawl than common, had caused the robber to forget him for that night, and concluded to stretch his limbs on his rude couch for that space. But scantly had he done this, ere there fell upon his eyes a light from the door, which opened without noise, and standing thereat, bright and silent even as those stars above him, beheld he Alcyone.

Nothing doubting but she was come at this last moment again to urge his escape, at peril of discovery by her cruel sire, he started hastily afoot, with design, if need were, to constrain her departure as before; but when he drew nigh, he discerned an eye and aspect so fixed, so still and stedfast, as rather bespoke one come to call him to his doom than to rescue him therefrom.

"Lord count!" she said, in a voice not less stern and solemn than was her mien, "Sansloy sets thee free—now depart, without more!"

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For a brief while the Lord Guy stood there, like one entranced.

"Alcyone!" he said at last, "none may doubt *thy* words, yet for heaven's love, what meanest thou?"

"That the boon thou wouldst not take in free gift, Alcyone hath bought!—the price is already paid—now go hence, without question or delay!"

The lord Guy started, and smote his hands together.

"Alas, Alcyone, some fearful mystery lurks in thy speech, both now and yesternight! O, tell me, I conjure thee, what too, too precious price hast thou given for my worthless, hateful life?"

"A thing, Count Guy, in very sooth, of little worth and small enough account, as none knows better than thyself—Alcyone's faith and troth! which she has this day plighted to one of her sire's robber rout—fit spousal, noble count, as thou wilt deem, for a felon outlaw's daughter."

The knight cast himself at her feet.

"Alcyone, unsay that word! Thou—*thou* the mate of one of those wretches! And deemest thou Guy of Beaucaire so vile as to accept such life?"

"Rise, sir count!" she said scornfully, "thy thought comes all too late! Yesternight wert thou as free to take, as I to give thy freedom."

"Out and alas, maiden—and how?—at costage of thine own life!"

"Yea, and by my sooth, I had held it the lighter of the twain. But of that, no more! It pleased thee not to take such gift. To-day have I bought the boon—now art thou my captive, and at my will."

"Woe worth the day and hour when such unholy pact was made!—but it shall not hold!" he cried, starting up. "It were too monstrous a bargain for Sansloy himself to claim! I will go seek him out—pray, kneel to him for a thousand deaths ere such villainy shall befal!—Alcyone, the fay, the sea bird—bride of a thief?—a ribald outlaw!"

"Aye!" she answered in the same dreary voice—"such is she both by hand and word!—and wert thou dead at her foot in this moment, nevertheless must she live and die the mate of Aymery Taillefer! Thy wilfulness may rob Alcyone of her gain, but not amend her loss. Now follow, sir knight!—and that without further speech."

The high-hearted maiden turned, and led the way up the stair—and the Lord of Beaucaire, with dizzy eye, and wildered brain, obeyed the sounds as it were a spell cast o'er him, and followed to the court above—which they passed through, and out by the open wicket, to the heath beyond. There they speedily came upon two persons awaiting them in the path, whom the knight, somewhat recovering sense and eyesight, perceived for Rougemain and the damosel Avis.

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THE CAMPHINE LIGHT.

Perhaps of all the inventions, which man's necessities in the first place, and his luxuriousness in the second, have extorted from man's ingenuity, artificial light is the most important. When we remember the miserable substitutes with which we were wont to supply the absence of those floods of irradiation which make our day, we seem to think that we have but just emerged from some barbaric age. The present century saw twinkling oil-lamps in our streets, which, in the faint struggles which they made for the preservation of their existence, just succeeded in making "darkness visible:" and, in our dwellings, candles of ill odour, with their constant requisition of snuffing, were our common household illuminations. From this state of Gothic darkness we have emerged by bold and sudden steps. Oil-lamps in our streets are now mere matter of memory, and candles in our houses are almost obsolete. We have made many transitions from one species of light to another. It would be vain to endeavour the enumeration of the vast variety of lamps which have emerged, phœnix-like, the one from the ashes of the other; but as all improvements must have a boundary, at least the boundary of perfection, when further invention would only retrogade, so we think it is now pretty generally allowed that society need wish for nothing brighter and better than the Camphine Light.

The advantages of this splendid light are almost beyond enumeration. The largest public edifices may enjoy a blaze as efficient as that of day, and the private sitting-room be illuminated with any graduation of light. It possesses a peculiar power of penetration, which entirely precludes shadows and dark corners. The quality of its light is pure, intense, and lustrous. It has nothing garish in its tone, and an artist might paint the most delicate tints, and discriminate between the finest shades of colour by its aid. Blue and green are at once distinguishable by it. To the painter, therefore, it will be invaluable, since to him the advantages of day may be thus prolonged. So, too, must it prove to all whose occupations make nice distinctions and accurate comparisons necessary. In every species of handicraft where powerful light is necessary, the Camphine will be found to meet every exigency, to exceed every necessity, and even to require subduing for ordinary service. In the public shops of our metropolis it will prove invaluable, not only for its intensity, but for its power of detecting and displaying colours. But perhaps, for our individual and social comfort, we shall derive the largest share of benefits in our private dwellings and our ordinary sitting-rooms. One of these lights is amply sufficient for a large apartment. The finest print may be perused, and the most delicate work fabricated, and every species of occupation carried on by various individuals round this one orb; and eyes that have once grown accustomed to its lustre will soon find, by comparison, all other lights dim, fatiguing, and inefficient.

We have said that we cannot enumerate all the advantages of the

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Camphine Light; still, there are two others which we must advert to—its elegance and its economy. The spirited patentee and proprietor, who belongs, we believe, to the commercial town of Hull, has introduced a variety of tasteful and classical designs in the lamps manufactured for his Camphine. Many of these might take the place of ornaments in our drawing-rooms, from the purity of their design and beauty of their execution, while, on the score of economy, the expenditure requisite for a couple of those dim cotton-wicked candles to which we have adverted would suffice to procure us the Camphine Light.

IRISH SONG.

ELLEN AVOURNEEN; OR, CONNOLLY'S LAMENT FOR HIS DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

They have broken the ring round the hearth of my heart, dear!
They have taken the light of my cabin away;
And sure it was pain to the father to part, dear,
With the child that had bless'd him for many a day.
Oh! the grief of my soul! when I parted with Ellen,
And she look'd in my face with her beautiful eyes;
Oh! the grief of my soul, at that moment past telling!
But 'twill live, till the old heart of Connolly dies.
Oh! Ellen Avourneen!
My dear one, my lost one,
Ellen Avourneen!

She was all that I had, the lone gem of my casket,
The only strong link of my spirit to earth;
Yet to waste her young bloom with me, how could I ask it?
Oh! mine is a dark and a sorrowful hearth.
My darling, my bright-eyed, at morning I miss thee,
The bread of my labour is moist with my tears;
No longer returning at twilight I kiss thee,
And bless thee, Avourneen! my sunbeam for years!
Oh! Ellen Avourneen!
My dear one, my lost one,
Ellen Avourneen!

Oh! 'tis sad to the heart of the father to enter
The desolate cabin, and sit all alone;
To have nothing to love me—no shrine and no centre
For my heart's warm affections, now Ellen is gone;
To see the sun set as the morning light found me,
With want for my portion, and grief for my guest,
While the cold blast is rocking the cabin around me—
But soon will the green turf be laid on my breast.
Oh! Ellen Avourneen!
My dear one, my lost one,
Ellen Avourneen!

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THE

METROPOLITAN.

MAY, 1844.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Man without a Profession. By CHARLES ROWCROFT, author of "Tales of the Colonies, or the Adventures of an Emigrant."

THE memory of Mr. Rowcroft's former celebrated and interesting work is yet fresh in the reading world. It was not, indeed, one likely to be soon forgotton, and the recollection of its merits fitly ushers in another from the pen of the same talented author. Unlike the multitude of his contemporaries, and distinguished from their average as well by motive as execution, Mr. Rowcroft writes with an important moral purpose. While portraying, with the most facile power, scenes full of the farce of life, his transitions to those of sterner suffering and saddening intensity mark at once his conception of the sorrowful truths of our existence. While dazzling in the sunshine of a superabundant mirth, he knows that grief treads on the heels of enjoyment; that a smile is but the harbinger of a tear; that the dark night invariably succeeds the brightest day; that the possession of a joy is but the preliminary condition for its loss; that life itself is but the prelude to death.

This perception is the under current which agitates the surface of Mr. Rowcroft's animated writing. There is a purpose in every stroke of his pen. And truly the highest office of fiction is not solely to amuse, but only to amuse while it instructs. The conning of an empty verbiage would be an unprofitable labour, though we might smile at quirks and quibbles, puns and subtleties, without end or number; but when the most important of all life's lessons are taught us

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with a cheerfulness of spirit which renders them as attractive as they are valuable, we cannot choose but estimate the agreeable mentorship more highly for the very charm of its persuasiveness.

"The Man without a Profession" is, then, a most important lesson, most delightfully conveyed. In it Mr. Rowcroft has aimed at one of the great evils of existing society. Its title bespeaks its purpose. The sin, the danger, and the folly of subjecting a youth to be cast upon the world without an educational resource to which to fly, is admitted in the main on every hand; but let it not be forgotten that we are very willing to allow an end without travelling over the steps which make its road. We all acknowledge that penury and destitution are fearful things, but which amongst us realizes the horror of the downward road. In the contemplation of an individual who, having reached the climax of his sufferings, presents us with a view of grief and toil-worn destitution, our eyes and our hearts at once evidence the reality of his existing sorrows, but do we, can we, imagine the host which he has encountered, the accumulated agonies which he has endured, before that acmé has been reached? It is possible for us to behold but that one point in his destiny—that, indeed, is sufficient to affect our sensibility, and move our sympathy; but we doubt whether to the sufferer the last stage of sorrow is indeed the most severe. On the contrary, we believe that the earlier wounds of grief are the most poignant; those which reach our yet sensitive hearts, which bleed in their freshness; which wound before our feelings have grown callous and blunted. Mr. Rowcroft has in this work proved himself a master of our nature. He has given us the history of a heart as well as of a life. "The Man without a Profession" has an air of reality about him that goes far to prove that his was no ideal existence. The earlier chapters of the work give us a most admirable view of the country gentleman's life. Rusticity and respectability are stamped upon it. We seem to see the old hall, with its credulous master, its simple mistress, and their hopeful son, and to hear the canvassing of that heir-apparent's future lot. The young Etonian, fresh from his birch and books, is admirable. There is the undoubted stamp of reality on all Mr. Rowcroft's scenes, whether they be grave or gay, and the slang, the tricks, the habits, the eating, and the expenditure of the young Etonian, are all true to the life. This is one of the mirth-moving portions of the narrative, but the view of those difficulties into which the simple-mindedness of the father has involved him succeeds like shadows of painful darkness. Who could have depicted them as Mr. Rowcroft has done? The consuming anxiety, the bewildered judgment, the fluctuating will, the sad bewilderment, all rendered more unbearable by his unconscious wife's blundering for ever on the subject of his concealed torture. The cunning and extortioning attorneys are hit off with the broad bold stroke of Hogarth: they play into each other's hands with the natural complacency of winning gamesters, knowing that success is inevitable, failure impossible. Nothing could be more effective than the briefly narrated life of this imprudent gentleman; and when the climax of his suffering has brought the end of his life, and the position of our hero, "The Man without a Profession," is fairly before us, we commence his career with an in-

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terest already stimulated to its highest pitch by the very preliminaries which have brought us but to that starting-post.

Such is the outset of our author's volumes. We may not follow him through them, because we would not willingly anticipate the interest of a work which will travel into everybody's hands. For knowledge of life and variety of character it may well be called unrivalled. The diversity of scene and incident crowd upon us in quick succession. The alternations between the highest and the humblest classes of society are rapid and effective;—and truly this is nature—nature, because "a man without a profession," impelled by necessity into every diversity of employment, is now the companion of peers and gentlemen, and now of mechanics and beggars—now he inhabits a palace, and now a prison. A man fixed in one position of life walks in one regular course; he is associated with but one class, and seldom or never steps beyond the prescribed precincts; but he who is for ever fluctuating, who never takes root in any soil, he who is a sort of supernumerary of society, who seeks in vain to find himself a place to which he may append and attach himself, passes through all the varied circles of men. Had Mr. Rowcroft framed his work on no higher intention—had he waived his powerful and valuable moral, and written only for versatile amusement, he could not have devised a plan which would have conducted through such marked and opposite scenes. Not only has he made his hero pass through all the ordeals of home life, now of the highest, now of the humblest, but, being himself a traveller, he has conducted him through other climes and countries, thus accomplishing a variety of scene, only ending with his pages. Much of the naturalness of his descriptions—that most rare and yet most valuable quality—may be attributed to the perfect simplicity of his style; a great part of the charm of his descriptions lies in their unaffectedness. There must be genius in the artlessness which can lay by the grandiloquence of speech, and rest wholly and solely on the force of the truth of nature. But why need we enter further into a book which will be universally read? The "Tales of the Colonies" was one of the most delightful narratives of other lands that ever charmed the world; "The Man without a Profession" takes the same footing as belonging to our own.

Our extract shall present our hero in two successive and most opposite scenes, in both of which the descriptions are most happy.

"The fat porter surveyed him, as those officials are pleased to scrutinise strangers without title or known position in society; being satisfied with his exterior, he condescended to summon a footman in waiting, who communicated with another, by whom Frank's card was conveyed to the great man above. An immediate invitation was the result, to ascend the principal staircase leading to the sacred precincts of the master's private study. The alacrity with which this summons was conveyed, accompanied by some telegraphic signs which were at once understood by his brethren, caused the domestics in waiting instantly to assume an attitude of respect, and Frank, with an easy urbanity of manner calculated to inspire favourable impressions, and smiling within himself at the idea of the change in the demeanour which would come over the spirit of their dreams, if they were to be made aware that they were throwing away their obeisances on a clerk at a guinea a-week, was ushered into the presence of his new patron.

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" ' Mr. Coverley, I am glad to see you. My old friend, Colonel Yelloley, has made you aware of the object of my giving you this trouble, and he flattered me with the hope that it would be agreeable to you to accompany me to Aix-la-Chapelle, and render me your assistance in the transaction of some matters which call me thither. But I am afraid I must tax your good-nature in the beginning rather severely. I set out to-morrow morning; would it suit your engagements to accompany me at such short notice?'

" Frank was charmed with the manner and the gentlemanly politeness of his new acquaintance, and at once acceded to the offer, as he was aware that his absence from the office of his present employer would occasion no inconvenience; and after a few explanations and arrangements, took his leave, with the invitation to dine at ——— Square that day, and with the injunction to be ready to start the next morning at eight o'clock.

" The number of people that he knocked down in his joyous bounding to Gray's Inn, has never been accurately ascertained; and it is to be feared that he had the overturning of more than one apple and roasted chestnut stall on his conscience, in his eagerness to hurry forward. Matters were easily settled at his late employer's, and he then bent his steps to his two-pair-back in Gray's Inn Lane. He soon packed up his clothes, settled with his landlady, and took the liberty to convey the bulk of his wardrobe to the office of Mr. Playfair, marked, ' Private Papers, nê Coverley, with care.'

" At seven o'clock he was at ——— Square, where he suddenly found himself in the presence of some personages of rank and fortune; but as he was used to that style of life, he was quite at his ease, which was increased by the inquiry of a gentleman present if he was related to Mr. George Coverley, of the county of ———?

" Frank said he was the son of that gentleman, upon which his questioner asked him to take wine with him. He satisfied his conscience by saying that his estate was in chancery; but as nobody seemed to hear or to care where the estate was, he let matters take their course, and began to feel very well satisfied with his position. There was a foreigner present, which caused the conversation to be carried on occasionally in the French language, in which Frank modestly joined when necessary, which drew from his host a complimentary expression of satisfaction that he was so great a proficient in that language.

" Said Frank to himself, if you knew where I got it, you might not think quite so highly of me; and he thought of his lodgings in the two-pair-back, and the French fiddler in the garret. But as it was by no means necessary to enlighten the company on the real state of his private affairs, he contented himself with dating back from Coverley Hall, which was a satisfactory reference.

" He was nearly abashed, however, by a chance question as to the present place of his abode, but he replied that he was moving about, and that his letters were addressed to his solicitor, who forwarded them to him according to his movements. But all passed off very well, and in due time he retired, much the better for his converse with his kind, and with his unaccustomed good dinner; and he felt, as he went home, as if he could skim over the pavement without using his feet, so elated was he at the prospect which was opening before him.

" He found his friend the dancing-master waiting supper in his ' apartments,' as he was pleased to designate his front attic. He had reserved for himself the side of the little bedstead, on which he had contrived to raise himself to a sufficient height to dispense in a becoming manner the sumptuous feast which he had prepared for the parting entertainment of his young friend. The chair, as the seat of honour, was placed for his guest.

" At the top of the table, which was covered with two clean towels as a

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table-cloth, was a sixpenny plate of beef, cut curiously thin, and artistically spread out so as to cover the whole of the dish, and to present an imposing appearance. In the middle was a whole half-quartern loaf, flanked on each side by a slice of best Dorset butter, and a stick of celery, respectively. At the bottom was an empty dish, appropriated, it might be presumed, for the reception of some rare delicacy requiring particular skill in the preparation.

"Frank found his French friend sitting by the fire, in an attitude of expectancy. After a brief welcome, the dancing-master, casting a glance at the well-furnished table, which seemed plainly to invite Frank's admiration of the profuseness of the entertainment, immediately proceeded to insert the end of a broken fiddle-stick into a succulent piece of single Gloucester cheese; but suddenly recollecting himself, he hastily placed this substitute for a toasting-fork in Frank's hand, and begging him not to burn it, disappeared down the stairs at a rapid pace. Presently he returned, slowly bearing in his hand a pot of ale, which he placed in a sociable manner midway between the two ends of the table, so as to be convenient to the hand of each, and after lighting a considerable remnant of a tallow-candle in the neck of a green glass bottle, (tastefully fringed with white paper,) as a supplemental illumination to spread brilliancy on the gala nature of the entertainment, he invited Frank to take his place at the table.

"It was the first time for some months that Frank had failed to sit down to his supper with his usual appetite, and that ceremony, therefore, was soon finished, for the dancing-master eat but little, from the fear of getting fat.

"'They told me you were going to leave us,' he said, in a sorrowful tone; 'and now I shall be alone again, with no one but my violin to speak to me.' And saying this, he reached it down from its peg, and gave a little melancholy flourish.

"Frank considered for a moment. His sharp experience of misfortune had taught him early discretion. It could be of no use to his dancing friend, he thought, to make him a confidant of his movements; and possibly it might prejudice him if the dancing-master were to speak of it publicly. He refrained, therefore, from indulging in the loquacity common to weak minds, and replied, that he was going abroad with a gentleman for some weeks, or perhaps longer; and that, in the meantime, any letter addressed to his solicitor's office would reach him.

"'Ah! you are going; and for you there is a future. You may be anything; for anything is possible to youth! But I!—When my legs grow a little stiffer, and the fingers of my feet become fixed! then what is there for the poor dancing-master, but to dance his last step into the grave!' A movement of his bow, corresponding to this thought, produced a few lengthened notes, which insensibly merged into an air of the last new ballet.

"His companion did not know what to say, not being able, at the moment, notwithstanding his usual eloquence, to hit on an appropriate expression of consolation under the circumstances.

"'The life of man,' continued the dancing-master, waving his fiddle-stick oratorically, 'is short! He has scarcely time to learn his steps, before his limbs grow feeble! He appears on the grand scene—[here he gave a lively flourish on his violin]—he places himself in position—he flies—he bounds—he turns round in a grand pirouette. In the words of your great poet, which I have read somewhere,—"Man is a vapour, full of woes; he cuts a caper, and down he goes." Voila la vie! The curtain drops, and there's an end.'

"'And there's an end of the candle,' said Frank, glad to find an excuse for laughing, for the comic illustration of the dancing-master, so professionally wound up, albeit it was entirely sentimental, was almost too

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much for his power of face—'there's an end of the candle,' as the proper festooning of the gala dip in the green glass bottle caught fire, and after a momentary flare up, went out suddenly, spreading a gloom over the apartment;—'and that warns me that I have to get up early to-morrow morning. And now, my dear friend, you must allow me to pay my debts. I owe you I don't know how much money, for all your French lessons; and I have put five guineas in this paper, which I hope you will do me the favour to accept.'

"'Me take money from you?' replied the dancing-master. 'If I have taught you French, you have taught me English,—so that is equal. No, no,—you must not affront me by offering me money! I would rather see my violin broken to atoms, than take money from you. You are young, and want it. I want little now—and that little my violin supplies to me. So good night, and say no more about it; but let me hear from you when you come back. Perhaps the old dancing-master may be useful to you yet.'

"Frank bade him a cordial farewell; and he heard the Frenchman discoursing with his fiddle, and inviting its reply by sentimental little touches, till he fell asleep.

"The next morning he was punctual to his appointment at —— Square, and seated in a comfortable chariot with four horses, was presently whirled along to Harwich, on his route to Aix-la-Chapelle."

We ought not, however, to close our notice of a work so talented and interesting without a comment on that portion of it which, to those admitted behind the scenes and into what may be called the green-room of literature, will appear the most extraordinary. We speak of the mysteries of the *Press*. The most familiar knowledge of the world, joined to the keenest insight into general society, could not have enabled Mr. Rowcroft to penetrate the secrets of typography and publishing; and yet he has here shown himself a perfect adept in the subtleties of the craft. We would, indeed, most strongly recommend all those who are intending to assume the badge of authorship to read this portion of Mr. Rowcroft's work with most earnest attention before they take up their cross. A more full, more candid, or more capable exposition it would be in vain to seek. The troubles and difficulties of authors and editors are here shown with all the power of reality. Mr. Rowcroft would have conferred a benefit upon the world had he thrown his mass of information on this peculiar and important subject into the form of a separate work. His knowledge on the subject of newspaper writing has indeed fairly surprised us.

And yet another word. We have been struck with Mr. Rowcroft's chapter mottoes. We believe that these are chiefly from his own pen, and they prove him to be a poet of most superior order—a dramatist also, if we mistake not. Probably these are walks in which we may yet meet with him, and if so, sure we are he will be distinguished. We must not say more so than in his prose writings, for that we consider almost impossible.

Tales of a Lay-Brother. First Series. Neville's Cross.

It would be as impossible to define, as it would be impossible not to feel, the peculiar charm which exists in our being carried out of the present into the past. The cares, the anxieties, the common-places, the puerilities of this every-day world, are all forgotten. After all,

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there is a depth of romance in the bottom of all our hearts which, however we may mask, and hide, and endeavour to subdue, still awakens, and throbs, and bounds to every touch which restores to us the memory of what has been, but is not. It is as if the world grew old and we with it, and as if these reminiscences carried us back to the pleasant days of our departed youth. Society passes through its own advancing stages, and when we can thus turn back upon our way, the pleasure is all but intoxicating. It is natural, also, for who would not, if they could, tread back the steps of time?

This, the First Series of the Tales of a Lay-Brother, abounds in this joyous feeling. Plunged in the deep interest of its pages, we seem to felicitate ourselves on our escape from this most wearying, buying and selling, travelling, show-gazing, tricking, troublesome, and complaining world, and to rejoice ourselves in that fresh and ardent earlier date which has haunted our youthful fancy, and made many of us regret, had we only honesty enough to allow it, that we did not live in the days of tilts and tournaments. The book itself is redolent of the fresh feelings of early life. Nothing of the vulgar and hackneyed present enters into its composition. All is ardent and hopeful as the youngest and least practised heart. We read, and we are at once surrounded by green fields and forest bowers, purling streams, and hills and dales. The castles of our old nobility, those strongholds of the English baron, whose good sword alone established his right, and whose passions were the sole movers of his will, rise proud and towering before us. The fair lady, whose time was spent sitting amidst her maidens plying the endless toils of the embroidery frame, fabricating heir-looms for her children's children in the shapes of tapestry, or haply taking the air right statelily on her sleek palfrey with master falconer by her side, presides again all pomp and gentleness. The convent's chime comes solemnly pealing through the balmy air, and the matins and the vesper hymns rise in holy psalmody to heaven. The halls of the old nobles are filled with bold retainers; the huts of the serfs are sprinkled on hill and valley; the old harper wanders from cot to castle; rough plenty and unsparing hospitality heap up the platter and fill the bowl to overflowing. Ah, were not these indeed the good old times?

Into such times and such scenes has the author of "Neville's Cross" resistlessly carried us, and we follow, delighted with our guide and the pleasures of the way. We might have likened him to Scott, only that we find in him a more thorough abandonment of himself to his subject, less worldly recollections, and more true and artless feeling. The love of nature in its woods and wilds breathes freshly through his volumes. His hero is brave as a paladin, with a delightful mystery around him, which we will not disturb even by a whispered word. We will only say, that it is a most felicitous romance, and that the chief personage is right worthy of his honours. The plot assorts admirably with the date of its performance, and with the characters of its actors. These individuals are various, but amongst them those of the mysterious prophetess, the heroine and her lady-mother, the crooked-minded traitor on whose misdoings much of the story turns, are marked and energetic. But it would be as impossible to describe the charm

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of this narrative, consisting as it does so much in its freshness of feeling and the richness of its imagery, as it would be to paint in words the changeful light of a brilliant, or the blending hues which overarch our earth, and seem to support the dome of heaven, when sunshine and shower struggle for the mastery. We have lately had abundance of clever and faithful copies of present and familiar life, and "Neville's Cross" comes most opportunely to recreate and refresh us with memories of the past. The reading world will enjoy the novelty as a rich treat.

Those who are illustrious in history mingle with the hero and his compatriots in this scene, and are finely pictured, as our extract will witness.

"On the evening of the eventful day which humbled France in the field of Creci, King Edward, mounted on an ambling palfrey, rode, with the Black Prince, through the ranks of his victorious army, profusely dispensing the favours of his royal hand on the most deserving of his followers.

"As they approached the camp of the Percy, Edward saw that oak of English chivalry at the entrance of his tent, resting on the iron hilt of his long sword, and cased in a coat of mail, which, by the gouts of blood crusted on the brazen bosses of its rivets, and the splashes of gore and froth which mackled the brightness of its steel plates, gave reeking testimony of the might and valour of its wearer.

"'What!' exclaimed the merry monarch, prancing up to him; 'under arms, Percy, when all the camp is feasting! Methinks you and our straight-limbed son should have been blacksmiths.'

"The Percy smiled, and the Black Prince laughed outright, at his father's raillery.

"'What say'st thou, fair son?' resumed the king; 'should we not put our Lion of Northumberland under arrest, for bearing arms in time of peace?'

"'Peace!' echoed the Percy, sturdily. 'The French have rallied, my liege; fresh forces are swarming into the field; and if a veteran, grown grey in camp and battle, dare advise his monarch, Percy would advise the King of England to command his troops under arms, till dawn again calls them to the conflict, or tells them they are victors.'

"Edward raised his truncheon, and, at the signal, his aides-de-camp came galloping around him.

"'Command our forces under arms,' cried he; 'let the wassail cease, and, at the sound of the trumpet, let every man lie to his weapon.'

"Percy stood upright, struck his mailed hand on his sword-hilt, and lifting his helmet from his brows, graciously acknowledged the compliment of his sovereign.

"'What say'st, Ned?' interrogated the king; 'does it become us thus to obey our subject?'

"'Sire,' replied the Black Prince, with that chivalrous grace of which his very name now conveys the idea, 'many a crowned head has listened to the advice of a Percy. They have ever been the bravest defenders of the island-nest of the kings of England.'

"'Beshrew me, but thou mak'st me proud of this same Percy. What say'st, sturdy Harry, to our earldom of Northumberland?'

"A deep obeisance spoke the gratitude of the chieftain; but not a word escaped his lips.

"'And now, my fair son,' resumed Edward, 'since we have done our duty to this right arm of ours, it behoves that we should find the stripling who plunged his pike into the weasand of the Earl of Blois, and saved thy precious life, about to be sacrificed to his broadsword. We will knight

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him, by all the saints in the calendar! should he be our meanest subject. Hast thou in thy stalwart band, Northumberland, a boy braver than the rest of his fellows? Should'st know him again, Ned?'

"'Ay, by my bright sword, father,' replied the Black Prince; 'his face is too like a Neville's to be easily forgotten.'

"'A Neville's,' echoed the king; 'what, has he our stay-at-home Ralph's gentle features? By'r lady, I would dub him for the very likeness. Hast thou, I say, Percy, such a youth among thy followers?'

"'There was such a one, my liege, came here some days ago, whose mien a veteran soldier's eyes do love to rest upon. He said he knew no art of war, but desperation drove him hither. He had upon him a rusty hauberk. We put into his hands a pike, and placed him in the last of the ranks.'

"'The same, by heaven!' exclaimed the prince.

"'Did he say aught in fight, to-day?' asked the king.

"'My liege,' replied the Percy, 'he shamed the bravest. Twice I drove him from the front of the battle, for he knew no discipline; twice he disobeyed me. But his deeds were such, pardon me, my liege, I overlooked his conduct with a reprimand, clad him as one of my near retainers, and placed him in the second ranks. He is now restless as a warhorse for to-morrow's battle.'

"'Thou didst well, Northumberland; but we will teach him deeds of chivalry. Call him forth.'

"While a squire in attendance went to summon the intrepid youth, the monarch continued—

"'We will leave a lesson to posterity. It shall be said among them that the third Edward rewarded merit, not blood, on the field of Creci. How now, Sir Squire?'

"'May it please your majesty, the young soldier returns for answer, that the Percy bade him not to quit his post on any pretext: and he resolutely refuses to attend the presence till the Percy himself commands him.'

"The earl smiled, and the king whispered to his son, who observed—

"'Perhaps he is merry-making with his new comrades?'

"'No, your highness,' resumed the squire; 'while his comrades are reclining on their arms, he stands leaning on his pike.'

"'What are his looks?" asked the king.

"'Fierce and melancholy, my liege.'

"'Go tell him the King of England commands his presence.'

"'I'll wager a trifle he'll not come,' observed the Percy, addressing the prince.

"'A wager! with all my heart. My black jennet against your surly-looking iron grey there,' replied the prince.

"'No, your highness; I cannot part with Ned,' said the Percy, shaking his head, and patting the arched neck of the noble beast.

"'Ned!' echoed the king; 'our own royal name, fore St. George.'

"'Yes, my liege, Ned was foaled the day your royal son was born. He is too old now to bear the brunt of an onset; but, in our marches, he carries his master with as much fire and beauty as the youngest of his grandsons. I cannot part with him, your highness.'

"'Well, then,' said the prince, 'my jewelled riding-sword against that ugly steel-hilted Goliath of yours.'

"'Your highness makes unlucky hits this eve; this is an old friend, too,' replied the earl, laying his hand on the hilt. 'The sword that has carried Harry Percy through France, shall rest on the walls of his own castle.'

"The monarch, who had listened with admiration, now interrupted them, by observing that if the Percy were so confident of the discipline of his young volunteer, he should not hesitate to accept any wager.

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"'Your majesty is right. I will take both his highness' wagers,' replied the earl.

"'Lost,' fore heaven,' exclaimed the king, as he saw the squire returning at some distance. 'Well, what says the obdurate stripling!'"

The English Fireside. A Tale of the Past. By Mr. Mills, author of "The Old English Gentleman."

This attractive title ushers in a work the merits of which realize the highest anticipations. "The English Fireside" is an English work in every respect. English in its feelings, its morals, and its character. Plain, unvarnished, energetic, and replete with an interest which, while it is awakened at the first page, goes on augmenting to the last.

We might well have thought that novelty in fiction was all but unattainable. Anything new under the sun could scarcely be looked for when all the incidents of life had so long been ransacked as to leave no hope of fresh combinations. Yet were we wrong in such an opinion. "The English Fireside" is new in conception, new in arrangement, new in execution. A romance in fancy, and yet made plain as fact. Most strange, yet with all its strangeness still with the fullest possibility of truth. Abounding with the most exciting interest, and yet familiar as our daily intercourse.

Mr. Mills has chosen to display his extraordinary powers of description in the creation of his hero. Natural, yet of a nature rarely to be met with, courageous to the highest flight of daring, adventurous beyond the scope of ordinary conception, an adept in all manly exercises, with youth enough for ardour, for hope, for energy, this king of the poachers, for such he is, stands out conspicuously from the surrounding group. This youth, trained in a cottage, the only son of an adoring mother, as gay as the sunshine, and as wild as the breeze, is a Jack Sheppard of another order. Mr. Mills has shown good morality, as well as good taste, in painting his hero without the vices of a class from which he is thus kept separate and distinct. The imprudent, reckless, headlong, adventurous youth does not by his crimes forfeit his claims upon our sympathy, which, though the power of the author might have enforced it, would yet have been reluctantly accorded. When we first make his acquaintance, high in health, overflowing with spirits, ready for any wild deed of daring, breasting the brushwood with his gallant hounds at his heels, he seems so well imbued with the sweetness of nature's genial kindliness, that we are tempted to excuse his social sins for the sake of his natural gallantry, and the more because we shall always find it difficult to look upon these woodland thefts with very censuring perceptions of their enormity. From the moment that he is brought upon the scene, he shows that either he has gentle blood within his veins, or gentle thoughts within his breast; for the ready knife, whose point all but drinks the blood of the gallant deer, is withdrawn at the request of a lady, and he declines the guerdon which might have requited a more mercenary forbearance. From this point we follow him through a course of the most exciting adventures, related with a

power and a spirit which carry us resistlessly along. The manner of his wooing is very touching; the inequality of rank between himself and the gentle object of his adoration, the gallantry of the action which renewed their intercourse, and the circumstances which attended and surrounded them, all combining to excite an interest which, if its current be pleasant and delightful, yet reaches a point which is sometimes painful from its very power. The feeling is throughout deep, earnest, and sometimes overpowering; such are the mother's love, the gipsy king's revenge, the young girl's devoted, generous, and disinterested passion: such too, and most eminently, are those scenes where the hero tastes the bitterness of incarceration, where branded as a murderer he lays chained in his dreary cell, and such, perhaps above all, are the scenes between himself and the father of the unhappy girl of whose death he stands accused, that father who believes him to be the accursed and the guilty. These indeed are powerful, and beyond our ability to convey the impression. Mr. Mills' introduction of the far-famed Bamfylde Moore Carew is also most felicitous; that extraordinary personage having all the interest of reality, and yet strange as the most unshackled invention could have conceived, admirably fills in the woodland scenes of his canvass. The whole work is full of nature, and spirit, and power, with a *denouement* as happy as it is unexpected, to crown the satisfaction of the reader.

Our energetic hero's escape from prison is strongly marked by the author's peculiar talent.

"The irons upon Ned's wrists were coupled together with two long and thick links, which gave him much use of his hands, although they greatly impeded the progress of his labour, and these were the first objects of his attack. Quickly he drew the keenest file that he possessed across the end of the links, which constant friction had worn considerably thinner than the centre of them, and, pausing every now and then in his work to listen if the grating noise caused any attention within, he severed them before the perspiration upon his brow began to trickle down in globes upon his cheeks.

"With a throb of pleasure they fell apart, and then, with renewed vigour, he commenced filing each of the thick-locked clasps from his fretted wrists.

"Had not the moon, now rising brilliantly, and without a cloud to dim her lustre, dipped a bright ray through the grate of the cell, and afforded sufficient light for the labourer's work, morning must have broken long before it could have been completed. But now he could see to keep cutting in the same spot, and although, with the weight and eagerness of his nerved hand, it slipped occasionally, and inflicted many a flesh wound, yet he maintained his purpose steadily, and it was not long before one of the clasps fell clanking on the stones with a startling sound. Then with the freed and unburdened hand he worked afresh, and it was not many minutes before the other snapped from his wrist. As his irons were removed, so did Ned's spirits and energies mount. He could scarcely refrain from giving a 'whoop' of delight as he commenced sawing at the heavy fetters rivetted to his ankles. These, indeed, proved to be tougher materials, or at least thicker; for the file seemed to make but little impression on the massive ring, although he ground his teeth with the energy with which he laboured, and the perspiration trickled from every pore in his skin, until it streamed from him. At length, however, he

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felt that the instrument was becoming buried in the metal, and in a quarter of an hour more the obstinate fetter was cut in twain.

" Ha, ha!—yes, his heart laughed, but not a sound came from his lips. No, he sawed on, and on, and on in silence, until his muscles ached and his joints cramped, and his tongue became parched with thirst, and he felt that a draught of water would have been a taste of heaven; but his pitcher had long since been emptied of the last drop. Still he would have sung or whistled, had not, for once, and perhaps the only time in his life, a feeling of prudence overcome the impulse. * * *

" Like a panther in a cage, Ned paced to and fro, and momentarily increased in the desperate determination of getting on the outside of his prison.

" ' I have it,' said he, between his teeth, in a hissing whisper, as if the thought, quickly engendered, was scarcely ripened for action; ' I have it,' repeated he, and then he stood measuring the distance from the ground to the grating. Ned's movements followed in quick succession upon the compassing of them, and in a few moments he began digging with the point of his stoutest file into the wall, some four feet from the floor, and immediately under the barred window. The stones were old and hardened by time, and it occupied many minutes of vigorous work to produce an impression upon them. The sparks flew from the steel, and clicked against the grey, age-worn flints, until there appeared to be a great deal more sound than anything else in Ned's arduous labour. Between each stroke he turned a quick ear to listen if his proceedings were overheard; but finding no apparent disturbance had been created, he continued his task with a steady perseverance to attain his purpose. At last, a hole sufficiently large for the admittance of a hand, or the end of a foot, was made, and then he commenced another, some few inches out of the perpendicular, and about three feet from the one already formed. Progressing in this way, and rising himself from one to the other by using the small cavities as he would the steps of a ladder, he, after some four hours' incessant toil, found himself within reach of the grating.

" Then he began filing the rusty, neglected bars, which crumbled before his toothed watchspring saw, as if they had been wax before the pressure of heated iron. To drive three from their fastenings was but the work of a few minutes, and then—for he could not deny himself the pleasure—Ned dashed his clenched fist through the window, made of horn,—glass being at the time of the erection of that prison an unknown luxury,—and he felt the fresh breath of the scarcely breathing morn as it streamed through the aperture, and fanned his heated, glowing cheek, and cooled his clammy lips with the freshness of her dewy, maiden kiss."

Lectures on Electricity, comprising Galvanism, Magnetism, Electro-Magnetism, Magneto- and Thermo-Electricity. By HENRY M. NOAD, Author of " Lectures on Chemistry," &c. A new and greatly enlarged Edition. Illustrated by nearly three hundred Wood-cuts.

The present is a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Noad's former highly valuable work, enriched by his own recent labours, by those advances which the science has made, and by the incorporation of all that has been attained by philosophers on this highly important and deeply interesting subject. Chemistry in its manufacturing relations is of the highest importance to a commercial country, but Electricity must still be paramount in scientific interest. It appears to us that the dawn of important discoveries, disclosing some of the greatest mysteries of nature in the creation, is now breaking upon us, and that, as our knowledge of electricity progresses, more and more of these

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momentous influences will be unveiled. Meanwhile Electricity, no longer considered as an adjunct, or mere branch of Chemistry, but taking its place as a legitimate science, is receiving the attention not only of professors but of general society. Enlightened men of every class are watching its developments, and to these this work of Mr. Noad's must be highly acceptable. In its former shape it comprised much valuable materiel, but the vast number of important facts which have since accumulated, so industriously collected, have materially enhanced the worth of the publication. The limitations of the previous edition having given place to the present comprehensive form, has almost destroyed the identity, and entitled it to the consideration of a new publication. The popular character of the work is a high recommendation to the general public. Mr. Noad has selected his series of topics illustrative of electrical science with skill and judgment; they are of marked interest and usefulness, and embrace a succinct account of most important facts. The explanatory engravings greatly facilitate whilst they abridge explanations, and we consider that Mr. Noad's industry, talents, and research, have been productive of a work most valuable to the world.

Philip. A Tragedy. By ALFIERI. Translated by CHARLES ORLANDO CHILDE.

It is said that the sight of Michael Angelo's mausoleum in the church of Santa Croce, at Florence, first inspired Alfieri with literary ambition. If so, this traditionary power of the influence of one great mind over another, produced in the Italian poet an effect as great as it was worthy. The taste modelled out of this inspiration was chaste and severe. Alfieri's tragedies are marked by a careful preservation of the unities, and an entire singleness of action, undisturbed by any minor train of under or subordinate agencies. This concentration of energy on a single passion carries a resistless mastery through the energy of the sentiment, and the fire of his spirit. It is possible that "Saul" may deserve the preference in a computation of the respective merits of Alfieri's plays; but "Philip" assuredly takes the next place. It is, however, needless to do more than glance at the comparative claims of these classic dramas, in order to speak of the ability of the translation now before us, which has preserved with wonderful vigour the fire and spirit of the original. The course of the rendering follows the current of the tragedy with corresponding ability; contemplative, fiery, impassioned, tender, our language seems to have acquired fresh capability in the hands of Mr. Childe, for the transferring of Alfieri's feelings into our vernacular. The translator who opens out to us the beauties of the literature of another country, eminently merits the thanks of his own, and this Mr. Childe has done in a manner that deserves the highest praise.

The Book of Thought, or Observations and Passages relating to Religion, Morals, Manners, and Character. Noted down from the reading of a Traveller on the Great Railway of Human Life.

If experience could ever be imparted, if wisdom could be bequeathed

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as a legacy, or talents made available to any one but their possessor, how near to perfection would existing society now have attained! We know, however, that such a state of things would turn our country into a Utopia; but still there is a modified sense in which we do profit, and that largely, by the wisdom and the worth of others. Society is improved, morals elevated, sentiment exalted, the affections directed, the judgment instructed, and all these are done by the work before us, which is one of the happiest selections of all those gems of thought and fancy, taste and feeling, which lie scattered through the writings of the most celebrated and talented of our world of authors. To us there is an unspeakable charm in this delightful volume, independent of its worth. Every mind has a species of originality of its own, and the coinage of its own thoughts passes from the mint fresh and glittering, impressed with a perfect individuality. These gathered together not only form a rich and valuable, but a most various collection, full of the best things which the wisest of the world have thought and said. That the work which has called from us these commendations has also received its due meed of appreciation from the public, is also evident from the fact of its already having passed into its second edition. The young could have no more valuable compendium of wisdom presented to them, nothing that could better recommend all that is high, honourable, useful, or praiseworthy, than is concentrated in this single volume; whilst the members of society in general might count the beads, pearl-like, which form its rosary, and learn wisdom from each solitary sentence.

Béarn and the Pyrenees; a Legendary Tour to the Country of Henri Quatre. By Louisa Stuart Costello, Author of "The Bocages and the Vines," "A Pilgrimage to Auvergne," &c. With numerous Illustrations.

This industrious and adventurous lady is certainly one of the most agreeable of modern travellers. Her present tour carries us through scenes certainly not thoroughly hackneyed in description, a circumstance perhaps arising from the fact, that whilst the more show places of the continent are not only drained by the influx of visitors which crowd into them through the facilities of modern locomotion, they naturally receive a preference in the descriptive portraiture of those works which are the fruits of the wanderings of authors in foreign lands. Owing to these conjoined causes, we might have said that the continent was well nigh drained of novelty, and we think that Miss Costello has judged wisely in choosing the less exhausted mines of interest lying in and between Béarn and the Pyrenees. Not but that it must be admitted that the interest attached to these ancient cities is rather of the past than the present. Their memory is connected with ancient chronicles, and associated with the deeds of the heroes of a gone-by date. Yet are they rich in such memories, and Miss Costello is an agreeable companion as well as an instructive guide in traversing these districts. Yet while allowing her all her merit, while admitting that she has done all that circumstances per-

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mitted, we feel that there has been something of barrenness in the land. Imagination of course is not only unavailable, but an actual crime in a traveller; and we are quite sure that Miss Costello must have felt an occasional wish that the fields through which she passed had been somewhat of more fruitful harvest. We acknowledge, however, that the work has a decided value. It presents us with the freshest existing aspect of the countries she has traversed, joined to a refreshing of our memories of all that has been chronicled of them in the past. Froissart has contributed his share, and in truth it will be found by all modern travellers, that it is in the storehouses of olden records rather than in the vague and corrupted traditions of a neighbourhood, that the best and most authentic information is to be gathered. These has Miss Costello industriously collected, and infusing her volumes with her own love of poetry and nature, has presented us with two most pleasant tomes, pleasingly illustrated, from which we have selected the following extract:—

"The various tribes of the Landes form, as it were, in the midst of France, a separate people, from their habits and customs; they are called, according to their locality, Bouges, Parants, Mazansins, Couziots, or Lanusquets: they are generally a meagre race, and subject to nervous affections; taking little nourishment, and living a life of privation and fatigue. Obliged to labour for their support, like most people in the departments of the Pyrenees, and to dispose of the products of their industry, they have usually fixed places of repose; each peasant drives his cart, drawn by two oxen, and carries with him the food for those patient animals, who are the very picture of endurance. His own food is generally coarse, ill-leavened bread, very hardly baked, and made of coarse maize, or rye-flour, which he sometimes relishes with *sardines* of Galicia. He gives his oxen a preparation of dried linseed, from which the oil has been extracted, and which he has made into flour, and he then lets them loose on the Landes for a time, while he snatches a hasty sleep, soon interrupted to resume his journey. The dwellings of these people are sufficiently wretched: low, damp, and exposed to both heat and cold by the rude manner in which they are constructed; a fire is kept in the centre of the principal room, from which small closets open: they sleep in general under two *feather beds*, in a close unwholesome air, many in the same room; still their domestic arrangements seem a degree better than those of the Bretons, and their dirt does not appear so great, bad as it must necessarily be.

"The dress of the men is a large, heavy, brown stuff cloak, or a long jacket of sheepskin, with the fur outwards; to which, when gaiters of the same are added, there is little difference between them and the animals they tend: a very small *berret*, the cap of the country, covers merely the top of their heads, and is but of little use in sheltering them in rainy weather. The women wear large round hats, with great wings, adorned with black ribbon, and sometimes with a herb, which they call Immortelle de Mer; the young girls frequently, however, prefer a small linen cap, the wings of which are crossed over the top of the head.

"Shepherds are almost always clothed in sheepskins, and in winter they wear over this a white woollen cloak, with a very pointed hood. These are the people who make their appearance on stilts, called xicanques, and traverse the Landes with their flocks, crossing streams of several feet deep, and striding along like flying giants. They have always a long pole, with a seat affixed, and a gun slung at their backs, to defend them from the attack of wolves. Monotonous enough must be the lives of

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these poor people for months together, alone, in a solitary waste, where not a tree can grow, with nothing but a wide extent of marshy land around, and only their sheep and dogs as companions; but they are accustomed to it from infancy, and probably are comparatively insensible to their hardships, at least it is to be hoped so. Seated on his elevated seat, the shepherd of the Landes occupies himself in knitting or spinning, having a contrivance for the latter peculiar to this part of the country. Their appearance, thus occupied, is most singular and startling.

A dignitary of Bordeaux is said once to have prepared a fête to an Infanta of Spain, the destined bride of a French prince, in the Landes, in which he engaged a party of these mounted shepherds, dressed in skins, and covered with their white mantles and hoods, to figure, accompanied by a band of music, and passing under triumphal arches formed of garlands of flowers: a strange scene in such a desert, but scarcely so imposing to a stranger as the unexpected apparition of these beings in the midst of their native desolation.

"The Landais seldom live to an advanced age: they marry early, are very jealous, and are said to enjoy but little of the domestic happiness attributed to the poor as a possession; they are accused of being indifferent to their families, and of taking more care of their flocks and herds than of their relations; they are docile, and obedient to authority; honest, and neither revengeful nor deceitful.

"Whether from affection or habit, they show great sensibility on the death of neighbours or friends. The women cover their heads, in the funereal procession, with black veils or aprons, and the men with the pointed hood and cloak. During the whole year, after the decease of a father or mother, all the kitchen utensils *are covered with a veil*, and *placed in an opposite direction to that in which they stood before;* so that every time anything is wanted, the memory of the dead is revived.

"The Landais on the sea-coast are, like the Cornish people, reproached, perhaps falsely, with being *wreckers;* and their cry of 'Avarech! Avarech!' is said to be the signal of inhumanity and plunder.

"Their marriages are attended with somewhat singular ceremonies, and their method of making love is equally strange. After church, on a fête day, a number of young people, of both sexes, dance together to a monotonous tune, while others sit round in a circle on their heels, watching them. After dancing a little time, a pair will detach themselves from the rest, squeeze each other's hand, give a few glances, and then whisper together, striking each other at the same time; after which they go to their relations, and say they *are agreed*, and wish to marry; the priest and notary are called for, the parents consent, and the day is at once fixed.

"On the appointed day, the *nobi* (future husband) collects his friends, and goes to the bride's house, where he knocks; the father, or some near relation, opens to him, holding by the hand an *old woman*, whom he presents: she is rejected by the bridegroom, who demands her who was promised. She then comes forward with a modest air, and gives her lover a flower; who, in exchange, presents her with a belt, which he puts on himself. This is very like the customs in Brittany, where scenes of the like kind always precede weddings.

"When the bride comes to her husband's house, she finds at the door a broom; or, if he takes possession of her's, a ploughshare is placed there; both allegorical of their duties. The distaff of the bride is carried by an old woman throughout the ceremonies.

"The Landais altogether, both as to habits, manners, and general appearance, form a singular feature in the aspect of this part of France."

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Cardinal De Retz: a Literary Curiosity. From the Original Memoirs. By the Author of the "Maid's Husband," "The Smiths."

Whatever may be the sameness of the passions of man, or the universality of his nature, it is still an unquestionable truth that there will always be a few marked individuals who belong exclusively to their own times. The Cardinal de Retz was one of these. Bold by constitution, ambitious without a commensurate object, and intriguing from a species of impulsive necessity, which made finessing so much more easy than plain dealing, the Cardinal de Retz, constantly operated upon by these influences, for ever evidenced their existence by his actions. His courage was of that effervescing quality which, not content with the *defensive*, constantly impelled him into the *offensive*; his ambition, that might have been ennobled by a worthy object, wasted itself in struggles for power as a mere leader of faction; and his subtleness, being a part of his mental constitution, meandered in a thousand mazy windings through every action both of mind and body. His sins as a churchman can only, in a mitigated sense, be charged upon himself, since parental authority and compulsive circumstances forced him into a position repugnant to his nature, and for which he was in every way unfitted, saving only in a high order of capacity. Something also must be allowed for the lighter morality of the times in which he lived, and of the nation to which he belonged, before a final deduction ought to be drawn of the character of De Retz. But with all the mingled influences of good and evil blending in illimitable gradations on each other in his character, we say again that he strictly and entirely belonged to his own times.

It will at once be seen that such a character as this, of which we have but slightly shadowed the leading features, required no ordinary powers of portraiture. It is comparatively easy to sketch marked expressions of wholly good or wholly evil. Hence it is that writers of fiction generally draw monsters of perfection or depravity, and but seldom wind a yarn commingled of the twain, though nature's world is peopled by a community, and that without a single exception, made up of varying proportions of the dark and bright. Whether or not an author is like his works, we believe it to be true that he could not depicture what could not, though may not, be. The good that we can imagine, we could perform: the evil that we can conceive, requires no more than an act of the will to perpetrate. They are already shapen in our minds, and this is the first portion of their enactment. Here comes the danger, then, of an author endeavouring to embody characters whose extraordinary powers have made them marked men in the histories of their own nations. More dangerous still when in the form of an autobiography, wherein the individual himself is made to speak and unbare the workings of the very fibres of his own heart, and where the interest of the narrative being concentrated in the individual, all is hazarded upon the issue. The world is also in possession of a preconceived idea, which becomes a measurement of an author's performance; and we all know how nearly certain it is that the expectations of an excited imagination must be disappointed. History also has furnished us with a few marked

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words and actions of such men, preserved in remembrance because they were thus marked and stamped above the ordinary level of their lives, and it is vainly expected that the parts which an author has to fill in should match in energy and spirit these the choice sample strokes of their existence. Thus when De Retz, reproached with his extravagance, exclaims, "Cæsar, at my age, owed six times as much as I;" a vaunt by which he emulated the condition and the spirit of him who likewise boasted that "he came, and saw, and overcame;" or when, on another occasion, he exclaimed, "Before noon to-morrow I will be master of Paris,"—forgetting, we say, that these are but the flashes of the spirit, preserved because they were flashes, the world looks to find similar corruscations throughout every part; and instead of this, as is most justly natural, he meets only with disappointment.

Something of this disappointment will assuredly attend the perusal of the "Cardinal de Retz." To have embodied him our author must have possessed his spirit,—have been his equal in talents, diplomacy, and hypocrisy. How else could he have resuscitated the man but by throwing his own spirit into his frame? As a detail of the siege of Paris, the fierce opposition to the crafty Mazarin, and the cabals of the Fronde, it is interesting; yet from its form of autobiography keeping us constantly tied to the sleeve of the Cardinal, we get somewhat tired of his company. The charm of female society is also wanting, and very sure we are, that fiction cannot do without it any more than real existence. In fact, it is an unwise temerity in an author to presume to banish woman from his pages, and a fault which is sure to bring its own punishment in the diminution of attraction. Yet with all these drawbacks, that we do not think unworthily of the work may be gathered from the length of our review. The faults we notice are rather those of the subject than its performance. Our author has manifested much industrious research in ransacking every source of information, and availing himself of existing records. If he have not overcome the difficulties of his task, neither could they have been surmounted by others, and his only error has been in undertaking it. Voltaire, in speaking of De Retz's own memoirs, says, "that they are written with an air of grandeur, and impetuosity, and inequality of genius, which are the picture of his conduct." Rochefoucauld also has given us an epitome of his character in a single phrase, "that which has most contributed to his reputation, is the knowledge how to set his own faults in the best light." Were we to notice that which we hold to be the greatest merit of this production, it would be the aptly expressed and rare faculty which Rochefoucauld has here hit off. Our author has very happily succeeded in placing the faults of De Retz in their best light, and in so far at least has caught something of his own peculiar spirit.

Perhaps we cannot choose our extract more fairly to our author, or more expressively of his work, than in giving his epitome of some of the leading characters that he has introduced.

"I know that you delight in portraits; and I blame myself that, thus far, I have merely given you profiles, and therefore very imperfect likenesses. It seems to me that we have not had sufficient daylight in the vestibule in which we have hitherto been, and therefore you have merely

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had light sketches of the preliminaries of the civil war: we will now enter the gallery where the figures shall be drawn at full length; and where you shall see those persons represented who will appear in the action. You will judge by these pictures, and the particular traits which you may remark in the end, whether I have painted to the life. Here is the picture of the Queen, with whom it is right to make a commencement.

"CHARACTER OF THE QUEEN.

"The Queen had more than anybody I ever knew, of that sort of wit which rescued her from appearing stupid to those who did not know her. She had more ill-nature than pride, more pride than grandeur, more show than substance; more care for money than liberality, more liberality than interest, more interest than impartiality, and more constancy than she had passion. She was more harsh than cruel; more mindful of injuries than of good services; possessed of more profession than piety, more obstinacy than firmness, and more incapacity than all the rest of the things I have thus put together.

"CHARACTER OF THE PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

"This prince was born a general; an honour none could boast of before but Cæsar and Spinola; equalling the first, and surpassing the second. Yet his intrepidity formed one of the least parts in his character. Nature had given him a mind as great as his heart; and it being his good fortune to be born in an age of warfare, he found full opportunity of displaying this courage; though his birth, or rather his education, in a family submissively attached to the Cabinet, had done what it could towards restraining this feeling. There was no early care taken to inspire him with those great and liberal notions, which so surely make and improve the man of rare promise. He had not time himself to attend to these things, from his being prevented in his youth by the unexpected turn of events, and his own happy success in them. For want of this care, with the best intentions in the world, he would often be guilty of injustice; for, with the heart of an Alexander, he was at the same time not quite exempt from his weaknesses; so that with an extraordinary mind, he would still fall into unaccountable follies. With all the qualities of Francis of Guise, he did not serve the state on certain occasions as well as he might; and to these must be added the power of the great Henri his namesake; still, in regard to the faction, he left undone many things he might easily have accomplished. In a word, he slighted the distinction his extraordinary merit might have demanded; which though a fault in itself, is yet as rare as it is admirable.

"CHARACTER OF M. DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

"There has been to me always something so difficult to define in this gentleman, that I hardly know what to say in respect to him. He loved to be engaged in intrigues from his childhood; yet he managed them badly; why I cannot tell; for he had endowments that might have insured success to any other person. He neither saw things at a distance, nor those, as it were, at his door. But his sound sense, so good at speculations, joined to his softness, his insinuation, and his exceeding ease of manners, and which were so admirable, they were calculated to make even more than amends for the defect in his penetration. He had, besides, an irresolution habitual to him; but to what to attribute it I cannot say. It could not have arisen from the want of imagination, for never did any one possess a mind of more vivid powers. Neither can I attribute it to the sterility of his judgment; for though there was nothing very superlative in its exercise, he had, nevertheless, in him a fund of good reason. We see the effect of this irresolution, although we cannot explain the cause. He never would have been a warrior, though a good soldier; and

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yet he had a great mind to be both. He never made himself a good courtier. He never would have been a good party man, though he was always engaged with a party. That air of timidity and bashfulness which you see him to possess in society, turns everything he says into an air of apology: he seems always to have need of such; and this joined to his maxims, which showed no great regard for virtue, and to his practice, which has always been to get out of an affair with the same impatience with which he got in, makes me conclude that he would have done better had he known himself, and been what he really was,—the politest courtier and most obliging person of his circle."

Agathonia. A Romance.

This striking and highly interesting work has reached us too late in the month to admit of a detailed analysis. The scene, which is laid in the seventh century, and comprehends some of the most remarkable incidents in the lives of the early Khaliffs, fully justifies the selection of the striking motto on the title-page, from the IX. Poems of V.

> "I saw the old world's white and wave-swept bones,
> A giant heap of creatures that had been!"

We shall best gratify the curiosity of our readers by a few extracts, which place the style and character of this remarkable book fully before them. The heroine, "Agathonia," is thus introduced to our notice.

"Dispersing with his gruff voice and ensigns of authority the obstruction created on the bastions by the struggling multitude, came a standard-bearer of the Emir's guard, clearing the way for a litter of mean aspect, borne by a Numidian bondsman, and three Rhodians of humble degree. Slow and patient was their march, as in tenderness to the charge within; and beside the litter walked two females closely veiled,—the one apparently advanced in age—the other of tenderer years.

"The sudden opening of the throng afforded relief to these terrified women. No longer hemmed in by the rough pressure of the soldiery, the younger ceased to cling to her companion, but pursued her way with graceful and stately step, like a young roe preceding the herd amid the forests of Carmel.

"Having attained the bastion of the Colossus, the Rhodians halted; and the curtains of the litter being gently unclosed, a venerable gray head became apparent, spiritual as that of an apostle, mild as that of a sage. With wistful eyes gazed the old man upon the statue, fixedly contemplating its august proportions, as one who strives to impress indelibly upon his memory the features of some beloved face.

"This having done for some moments in silence, he covered his face with his garment, and wept!

"Loud burst the clamour of mockery from the heathen crowd! And amid the merriment of the standers-by, the younger of the two females, advancing, inclined her head tenderly towards the litter, and lo, an arm white as the marble of Paros stole forth from the foldings of her veil to embrace the neck of the old man thus bitterly derided.

"Vain now became the efforts of the Asculonian to keep back the soldiery, who, pressing rudely on the litter, overwhelmed with their insults the sorrow of the gray-headed man.

"Thus backed in their cowardly intent, one of the Jews, more daring

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than the rest, presumed to lay a sacrilegious hand on the venerable head of the stranger. Whereupon, with the speed of lightning, the white arm encircling his neck disengaged itself from its clasp, and, like a wounded lioness, the Rhodian maiden sprang forward to repel the attack of his dastardly assailant, careless that the struggle, displacing the foldings of her veil, gave to view a form and face of that exquisite symmetry of which the chisel of ancient Greece has immortalized the type. But how unlike those marble effigies her panting frenzy of indignation, or the glow of outraged feeling painting her cheek! The passions of woman's mortal nature were there, united with a majesty of loveliness half divine!

"The myrtle wreath that defended her brows against the fervour of the summer heat, served to enhance its snowy hue by the darkness of its glossy leaves intermingling with her raven hair. And as she stood there with flashing eyes and parted lips, defying the misbeliever who had dared to defile the gray hairs sacred to her filial piety, she might have passed for some youthful priestess of the earlier ages of her country, revealing from the foot of the altar the oracles of the God."

The Progresses of her Majesty Queen Victoria and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, in France, Belgium, and England. With one hundred Engravings.

This is a valuable record of an interesting event; the visit of Queen Victoria and her Royal Consort to the Continent. The engravings, we are informed, are those which appeared in the Pictorial Times, and part of the narrative has also we presume been read there; but the whole being collected into a volume, may now occupy a place in the library, and will form an agreeable book of reference. The work is very tastefully ornamented, and does great credit to the publisher.

Chronicles of Gretna Green. By Peter Orlando Hutchinson.

"Chronicles of Gretna Green!" could there have been devised a title more provocative of curiosity. "Chronicles of Gretna Green!" Ah, what visions of little Cupids in the garbs of jacketed postboys throng the whole line of road from everywhere to that far-famed spot! Such evolutions of wheels, such cracking of whips, such digging of spurs, such fume, such dust, such noise, such clamour and clatter, all marking the way to the high court of love and matrimony. How many romances have had their *denouement* at Gretna Green! How many hearts bound up! how many broken! How many there have married in haste to repent at leisure! How many have completed acts of filial disobedience, which alone must have left them without a hope of happiness in the perpetration, and in so doing have insured to themselves all the remorse of misery! How much, in short, of the fate of life has been settled there; so much, indeed, that at the name of "Gretna Green" a whole array of associations arise in the mind, and predispose us to an interest in a work which offers itself as a "Chronicle" of its doings. Still, exciting an interest is a very different thing from gratifying it, and as performances often fall far short of promises, so it is certain that too great expectations often produce the evil of disappointment. The name of "Gretna Green" might probably suggest

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ideas of a thousand romantic narratives, but common sense might ask how in a work of verity could these anticipations be fulfilled? The pebble cast into the stream may cause a momentary ripple, but registers no longer or more durable record of its presence, and thus the adventurers who crowd the Vulcanic forge of hymeneal fetters, pass without leaving a trace of their presence behind, save the for ever circulating monied mementos which are extorted from them, often much to their *chagrin*. This mart of matrimony has its comers and goers, its concourse of traffickers, but, like other exchanges, the crowd passes away, making room for a succession, and leaving no registry of its own presence. Thus "Gretna Green," with its hopeful harvest-like name, may prove but a barren spot after all, and truth compels us to say that our author, with all his industry, has not been able to find it or make it a fruitful field. His first volume is somewhat antiquarian: every thing belonging to history that could be attached by a thread to that locality has been so appended. The second descends to records of a later date, but these are far from ample. Perhaps we expected too much, but we think we have received too little. Still it is but fair to remember that out of the multitude of mercenary or romantic couples who crowd to Gretna Green, none leave their biographies behind them; they "come like shadows, so depart." How then can an author glean their histories? After all, the name of Gretna Green does but conjure up shadowy anticipations, that are doomed to pass like shadows.

Still, for the benefit of such of our readers as may be intent on committing matrimony in this blacksmith fashion, we extract as much of the business part of the transaction as our space allows. The bridegroom elect must go well prepared with fees, since the officials know full well how to extort them, and his compliance with their demands are in a great measure the test of his own grade. Our author, desirous of information, paid a visit of diplomatic inquiry to one of the rival functionaries, and we extract some of the particulars of their interview.

"He (the Gretna Green priest) was palpably touched when he was assured that his fame had found its way far south of the border; and being now awakened to his own importance as custodium of the sacred volume, he evidently betrayed traces of being pleased with himself; and when a person is pleased with himself, it is a sure argument that he is pleased with those who may be around him. Like the toad in the fable, he began to swell up at the idea of his own pride of place; so that (in his own eyes) he soon became twice as big a man as he had been only a few minutes before. At length, going to a closet, he produced the very books.

* * * * * *

"The spaces left blank in the paper are filled up with the names and places of abode of the parties, (here shown in italics); and then they subscribe their names at the right hand lower corner, whilst two witnesses (who may be the innkeeper and the postilion) do the same on the other side of the document.

"This is all that is necessary to constitute a legal and binding marriage, and the certificate is always a sufficient voucher that it has taken place.

* * * * * *

"The business we have in hand is—how much base and most despicable

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dross, commonly called gold, will be wheedled out of a bridegroom for being executed at Gretna Green?

"This question cannot be answered bluntly in few words, as—sixpence—a shilling—a pound—twenty pounds—but requires an *if*, a *perhaps*, or one or two suppositions connected with yourself, your lady, the mode in which you travel, the appearance you make, and one or two other contingencies. * * * * *

"At Gretna Green, the universally established maxim amongst the priests is, in their dealings towards those who fly thither over Solway Moss without seeing it, *to get as much as they can.*

"We think we have already somewhere hinted that there exists no regular and fixed demand, either by law or custom,; but that when the bridegroom and the official meet, they are at liberty to struggle with each other much in the same way that two rivals in worldly fame are wont to do;—one, very likely, is striving all he can to mount as high as possible, whilst the other is using every other exertion to keep him down.

"This practice, when the bridegroom has been informed of its existence before his arrival, is often the parent of much chaffering and ingenuity on both sides; at times producing a species of diamond-cut-diamond internegotiation. And the worst of this kind of combat is, that it is in many cases left to the *honour* of the party as to how long he shall contend, and when he shall give in—a position that defeats a delicate or sensitive person at once.

"It is a want of knowledge of the usual customs of that priest that has often made a bridegroom give a sum ten times greater than he might or *ought* to have given. His generosity at such a moment is taken advantage of by the set of extortioners by whom he is surrounded—a fact that is neither fair, just, nor honourable; but what care they, so that they carry on a thriving business? He goes there in a hurry, ignorant of their practices, or perhaps under the idea that there exists certain legal fees to be paid, and that beyond these they cannot and dare not go; but, to his dismay, (if he is of a generous or confiding disposition,) he discovers that everything is left to his 'honour'—a qualification which he secretly wishes he was devoid of on that most especial occasion.

"In order to feel his way, and to sound these swindlers, he asks what is usual amongst the generality of visitors who repair there. Alack! this is asking good counsel of his enemies; it is seeking that which it is neither their interest nor their purpose to give; it is seeking figs among thistles, and bread among stones.

"They say that it is customary not to be mean or ungenerous when a gentleman comes to Gretna Green; that his *friends* there have done more for him, in uniting him to the lady whom best he loved, than anybody in England was able to do for him; that now he was so happy, he surely could not grudge handsomely paying those who had made him so; that it was a joyful thing, that did not happen often in a man's life (and fortunately, too, thinks he); that different gentlemen gave differently, according to their generosity and kindness (not means or ability); and that, indeed, some good gentlemen had given fifty pounds, and some excellent ones had not minded a hundred pounds!

"Not long before my visit to Springfield a young English clergyman, who had failed to procure his father's consent, arrived for the purpose of being married without it. The fee demanded was thirty guineas, a demand at which his reverence demurred; at the same time stating, that though he had married many a couple, his highest fee never exceeded half-a-guinea. The clergyman, in fact, had not so much money about him; but it was agreed that he should pay ten pounds in hand, and grant a promissory note for the balance; and the bill, certainly a curiosity of its kind, was regularly negociated through a Carlisle banking-house, and as regularly returned at the time appointed. And here I must mention a

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circumstance which has not been provided for in the late bill anent combinations; though it manifestly tends to augment the tax on irregular marriages. At Springfield there are two inns, as well as two priests, one of which inns each of the latter patronises exclusively? More than this, the house at which the lover arrives at Springfield depends entirely at which inn he starts from at Carlisle. Though he may wish to give a preference, and issue positive orders on the subject, these orders are uniformly disobeyed. The post-boys will only stop at one house, and that for the best of all reasons, namely, that the priest, knowing the value of their patronage, goes snacks with them in the proceeds. Except in cases of sickness, or absence, the priests never desert their colours. All the guests of the one house are married by Mr. ——, and of the other, by Mr. Elliott; so that those who are most deeply concerned have very little to say in the matter. The latter of these personages, who has lately retired from his calling, or rather been deprived of his ancient office by the usurpation of an innkeeper, published about a year ago a little volume of memoirs, containing many amusing instances of his experiences as a Gretna priest."

"But to return to financial matters. From first to last, it may be said, that the fond pair are, as it were, passively transported from their own homes of single blessedness, at once into a foreign country and a state of matrimony, without any pains on their part, but simply what consists in paying as they go along.

"In this way something like a monopoly still exists; and what is more strange still, not only the postboy who drives a couple, but his companions, and the whole litter of the inn-yard, are permitted to share in the profits of the day.

"The thing is viewed in the light of a windfall, and the proceeds are placed in a sort of fee-fund, to be afterwards shared in such proportions as the parties see fit. Altogether, the marrying business must bring a large sum annually into Springfield; indeed, an inhabitant confessed, that it is 'the principal benefit and support of the place;' although he might have added that smuggling has lately become a rising and rival means of subsistence. Upon an average three hundred couples are married in the year: and half-a-guinea is the lowest fee that is ever charged.

"But a trifle like that is only levied from poor and pedestrian couples; and persons even in the middle ranks of life are compelled to pay much more handsomely. Not long before I visited Springfield, a gentleman had given forty pounds; and independently of the money that is spent in the inns, many hundreds must find their way in the pockets of the priests, and their concurrents the postboys. In its legal effect, the ceremony performed at Gretna merely amounts to a confession before witnesses that certain persons are man and wife; and the reader is aware that little more is necessary to constitute a marriage in Scotland;—a marriage which may be censured by church courts, but which is perfectly binding in regard to property and the legitimacy of the children. Still a formula has a considerable value in the eyes of the fair, and the priests, I believe, read a considerable part of the English marriage service, offer up a prayer or two, require the parties to join hands, (their hearts being joined before,) sign a record, and so forth.

"At my request, Mr. Elliot produced his marriage record, which, as a public document, is regularly kept; and which, to say the truth, would require to be so, seeing that it is sometimes tendered as evidence in court."

These extracts will perhaps just suggest to our readers that Mammon is as much worshipped in the land of romance as Cupid, and that pounds, shillings, and pence are in as high estimation there as in Doctors Commons—nay, materially higher, for special licences and

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lawn sleeves might not dip quite so deep into the purse. Sincerely, however, we hope the fashion will soon be as obsolete as it is discreditable. Perhaps the bargain-making propensities of the blacksmith-priests which we have adduced may help it in its way into disrepute.

The History of the Spanish School of Painting; to which is appended, an Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Art of Miniature Illumination. By the author of "Travels through Sicily and the Lipari Islands;" "The History of the Azores;" and "The History of the various Styles of Architecture."

We agree with our author in the opinion that the Spanish school of painting has been somewhat overlooked, not only in England, but by the rest of Europe. We owe to Murillo our chief acquaintance with that department of the art, aided perhaps by a few of the elaborate portraits of Velasquez. Our engrossing admiration of the high Italian masters on the one hand, and our estimation of the rich breadth of the Flemish school on the other, may perhaps account for our disregard of the peculiar features of the Spanish masters; yet, notwithstanding this, they indisputably possess high claims to notice and estimation, and we are happy to see public attention called to their neglected worth in the unpretending yet judicious little volume before us. Our author well expresses the principal merits of the school when he says, "The Spanish style is very peculiar; it partakes of that of Flanders and Venice, both in point of tone, colour, and touch; and is remarkable for its dark tones, the beauty of its chiaro oscuro effects, its extreme fidelity to nature, and for the exquisite finish of its accessories." These, it will at once be seen, are rather excellences in the manipulation and minutiæ of the art than grandeur of conception or elevation of imagination: and indeed such a result might fairly be looked for in a land where even the pencil was subject to ecclesiastical censorship, and where its chief fostering sprung from the Church, the adornment of whose sacred edifices being the primary requisition of the art, and, as a consequence, confining its effects to the commemoration of miracles and legends, impersonations of prophets and apostles. To these restrictive shackles it is probably owing that Spain has been by many denied the honour of possessing any legitimate school of her own. Unfairly denied, because it has distinctive features, and national characteristics. Without taking the highest place, it yet ought to have place, and we are well pleased to see its claims fairly but not unduly asserted by a competent authority. Our author traces briefly, and without an overweening partiality to his subject, the rise and progress of the art in Spain, and then passes on to succinct biographies of the successive masters whose works form the continuous chain of the history of the art. It too often happens that men are illustrious only when the grave has closed between them and the triumph of their own fame, and consequently, living to posterity only in their works, there is a barrenness of events in their histories as transmitted

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to us. The records of their labours supply us with a chronicle of the art, which is undoubtedly the primary object of importance; for though curiosity and interest may linger round the privacies of celebrated men, yet certainly the performances on which their reputation is founded must command the first-fruit offerings of our interest and attention. These are not lacking in the little volume before us, from which we now extract the author's views of the rise and progress of the art in Spain.

"In reviewing the progress of art during the two last reigns, it is impossible not to feel convinced of the fallacy of those impressions with respect to Spanish art which have so long prevailed, not only in this country, but throughout France, viz. that Spain, as one of our writers states, has produced no regular school of painting, that no men of eminent genius were distinguished in the art, excepting the solitary names of Velasquez and Murillo, who alone have been familiar to the English ear, until within a very recent period. We have seen, however, that not only was it considerably encouraged, but that it has thriven and flourished under the peculiar patronage of the church, of royalty, and the nobility. Charles V., who loved the art, was most sedulous in procuring foreign, and more particularly Italian, artists to visit Spain. Philip II. also, enthusiastically followed his example, particularly as he was himself an artist of no mean powers; for Butron, Pacheco, and Palomino, assure us that his architectural plans, and the judgment he showed in selecting artists for the building and ornamenting the celebrated monastery of St. Laurence, (the Escurial,) strongly proved his taste and intelligence, and that he possessed great skill in colouring and design, as shown in a picture by him of 'St. Joseph contemplating Jesus,' which he painted for his own oratory of St. Laurence.

"During the reigns of those two sovereigns it may be justly said the golden age of painting in Spain was established; under their immediate protection we see Titian, Antonio Moore, Pedro Campagna, Torregiano, Peregrino Tibaldi, and many others, diffusing their principles and exciting emulation by the numerous works they left in various parts of Spain. Titian remained three years at the court of Charles, who was quite enamoured with the blandishments of his pencil; and it is to that long residence and the many excellent *chefs-d'œuvre* of his genius he left behind that we may attribute the origin of the deep rich tones that characterise the Spanish colouring, and the remarkable preference Spanish artists have ever since manifested in favour of the Venetian school. Independent of this, I have shown that all the native men of genius passed from Spain to the various parts of Italy to learn the art, and on their return to plant the seeds of a purer style, which, aided by the favourable events of the times, proved eminently successful: for Spain at that period commanded the seas, held dominion over a portion of Italy, and, under Philip, had conquered Holland and Flanders, which thus opened a channel for the influx of northern as well as Italian art; and the prosperous connexion with the newly-discovered Americas diffused that wealth which is so essential to the growth and encouragement of the fine arts. No sooner did the hierarchy possess the means than they sought all the best talent to adorn the numerous splendid churches and monasteries that rose up during that period, not only in the mother country but in the new colonies, whither works of art were largely exported, and thus gave constant employment to the rising genius of the day.

"Spanish artists are always, and not without apparent reason, reproached for the gloominess of their subjects, and for not varying their compositions, like the Italians, with those beautiful episodes from Grecian mythology, with works of fiction, or the records of civil history; but, on

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examination, we shall find ample apology for the exclusive style to which their pencils were directed, for they were reared under the dominion of the church, nursed in the lap of superstition, and controlled by a tyrannical priesthood. Several circumstances contributed to this state of things: in the first place, the early wars of Spain against the infidel Moors first planted a feeling of religious enthusiasm in the nation; their cause, under the excitement of the priests, became the cause of heaven; every man became a soldier of the cross, struggling, not only for the liberty of his country, but for the cause of Christendom. Hence the national character became exalted by religious fervour, which soon grew into a fierce fanaticism, and produced that solicitude for the purity of the faith which has ever been the peculiar boast of the Spaniard, as well as that deep tinge of superstition which continues to the present day to distinguish them above all other nations of civilised Europe. Ferdinand and Isabella confirmed these feelings by their injudicious establishment of the Inquisition. Charles V. also became a bigot, and Philip II. by his fanaticism immersed the whole of Spain in the most melancholy superstition, the natural result of which was that ecclesiastical influence guided the policy of the cabinet, whilst priests had the exclusive charge and education of youth, consequently directed the minds and tastes of the nation by such principles as were best suited to the selfish purposes of a grasping, ambitious hierarchy; by their moral influence, too, the wealth of the American colonies, which in the sixteenth century began to flow so copiously into Spanish ports, rapidly found its way into the monastic institutions, which in time (according to accurate and most impartial calculations) became possessed of nearly two-thirds of the cultivated soil of Spain. Hence the prodigious influence they acquired over the nation, and the origin of that superstitious bigotry which ever since has held the country in such disgraceful thraldom. Hence, too, their influence over the arts and the taste that has so peculiarly marked the character of the Spanish school of painting; for as artists naturally look to wealth and power for support, so were they necessitated in Spain to appeal for patronage to ecclesiastics and monks, in whom alone was centered the dominion of the nation as well as the largest portion of its riches. Nor were such support and encouragement wanting. The Church, as in Italy, saw in painting a new agency raised up to spread its power; an instrument whereby to extend its peculiar tenets and doctrines, and to perpetuate the belief of those invented miracles and legends of the Church of Rome, which have ever proved so fatal to the exercise of reason, and so efficacious in appalling the minds of the ignorant; consequently, whenever artists were called upon to adorn churches, or to paint the cloisters, walls, or corridors of monasteries, a theology according to the principles and dictates of some superintending churchman was imposed on them, which they were rigorously constrained to follow. The priests, in fact, discouraged whatever subjects tended to make the pleasures of the world appear inviting, or what was in any way likely to counteract the principles of those who hoped to keep man in subjection by exciting his religious apprehensions. They, therefore, selected subjects of terror, miraculous visitations, dreams, and visions, through which they represented the will of Heaven to be mysteriously revealed. Thus, then, was the genius of artists fettered, and hence the endless repetition of miracles, martyrdoms, tortures, conceptions, Ecce Homos, Madonnas, and Magdalens, that every where abound. Even the private works of artists were subject to the surveillance and control of the Inquisition, a visitor from which periodically inspected them and condemned every thing to destruction that bordered on heresy or indecency, or whatever had a tendency to diminish a reverence for Romish faith, or submission to the government, which they alike controlled."

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Progresses of her Majesty Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in France, Belgium, and England. 4to. 12*s.*
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Agathonia; a Romance. Fcp. 8vo. 5*s.*
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THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The Manchester trade, after suffering some depression at the beginning of the month, has rallied and become brisk at improved prices. The shippers who had held off have now felt obliged to execute their orders. But little has been done in the flannel market, and that chiefly in the coarser kinds of goods. In woollen cloths a fair business has been executed. In corn the market has been rather heavy throughout the month, prime samples alone meeting any demand. Sugar has maintained previous prices, while the demand for coffee has been dull.

Money Market.—At the close of the period appointed for giving in the assent of the general holders to the proposed reduction of the Three-and-a-half per Cents., it appears that only the comparatively small sum of 170,000*l.* remains unacceded, and as out of this amount the half is in the holding of the Chancery Accountant, his assent is expected as a matter of course in July. Some fluctuation has also taken place in the money market, owing to the Dutch holders of Stock, desirous of profiting by the high price of Consols, having sold out largely, in consequence of which the demand arose only to be followed by a consequent depression.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Friday, 26th of April.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 196 one-half.—Consols for Acct. 97 three-quarters.—Three per Cents. Consols, Anns. 97 three-quarters.—Three and a Half per Cents. New, 103.—Indian Stock, 289 and a quarter.—Exchequer Bills, Small, 1¼*d.* 75*s.* 77*s.*

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent. 61.—Spanish Five per Cents. Acct. 3 and a quarter.—Spanish Three per Cents. 36 five-eighths.—Mexican Five per Cents. Acct. 30 three-eighths.—Dutch Five per Cent. 100 three-eighths.

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BANKRUPTS.

FROM MARCH 26 TO APRIL 19, 1844, INCLUSIVE.

March 26.—R. Webster, Oxford-market, victualler.—W. G. Kelson, Canterbury, builder.—T. Andrew, Little Earl-street, Seven-dials, victualler.—W. Lott, Ipswich, grocer.—E. and A. S. Levy, Oxford-street, fruit merchants.—L. Eckersley, Liverpool, victualler.—J. Williams, Newtown, Montgomeryshire, flannel manufacturer.—J. Ridgway, Chester, fringe and coach lace manufacturer.—J. Wildey, jun., Nottingham, upholsterer.—R. Hitchcock, Taunton, miller.—S. Bettison, Leamington Priors, wine and spirit merchant.—B. Pountain, Derby, wine merchant.

March 29.—G. and R. Cave, Banbury, drapers.—J. Balls, Holloway-road, Islington, stable-keeper.—T. Smith and J. Osborne, Redcross-street, Southwark, builders.—J. Peaten, Paddington-street, St. Marylebone, ironmonger.—C. Deane, Southampton, coach-builder.—W. Beckitt, Doncaster, money-scrivener.—H. H. Wright, Shiffnall, Salop, cattle-dealer.

April 2.—J. Game, Long Melford, Suffolk, corn-dealer.—J. S. Christophers, Leadenhall-street, merchant.—J. C. Johnson, Laurence Pountney-hill, merchant.—J. Bradshaw, Marylebone-street, woollen draper—W. Ball, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, cabinet maker.—J. F. Garnett, Tooley-street, Southwark, hatter.—W. Brown, Wapping, victualler.—G. M'Donell, Mincing-lane, wine and spirit broker.—T. Winstanley, Laurence-lane, commission agent.—F. J. H. Muller, Addle-street, Wood-street, furrier.—S. Ball, Liverpool, chemist and druggist.—E. Gibson, Kendal, builder.—T. Robinson, Leicester, wine merchant.—G. Hawkins, Bristol, mason.

April 5.—P. Phillips, Southampton-street, Covent-garden, printseller.—F. G. Pegler, Reading, woollen draper—J. King, jun., Budge-row, wholesale tea-dealer.—W. G. Clift, Chapel-yard, Cross lane, High Holborn, coach-broker.—N. Beard, Beech-street, Barbican, leather-seller.—A. J. Sage, High-street, Whitechapel, chemist.—G. H. D. Lawrence, Hornsey, merchant.—J. Briginshaw, Bell Inn, Wandsworth.—T. C. Hodson, Leominster, linendraper.—M. Devine, Liverpool, grocer.—J. Brown, Weymouth, tea-dealer.

April 9.—J. Powell, jun., Quadrant, lodging-house-keeper.—T. and J. Walker, York-road, Lambeth, upholsterers.—N. Procter, Meanwood, Leeds, tanner and leather seller.—T. Pearce, Meaford Stone, Staffordshire, miller.

April 12.—C. Clack, Beech-street, Barbican, haberdasher.—S. Saunders, Golden-square, lodging-house-keeper.—F. W. Palmer, Mincing-lane, colonial broker.

April 16.—T. Watson, Camomile-street, Bishopsgate-street, victualler.—R. Cross, Jermyn-street, St. James's, saddler.—H. Thorpe, Kensington, linendraper.—J. Nall, Chesterfield, grocer.—J. Quin, Liverpool, painter.—J. Metcalf, Liverpool, grocer.

April 19.—J. Battye, Courtenay-terrace, Kingsland, linendraper.—M. Walter, Percy-street, Tottenham-court-road, patent electro-plater.—J. Carpenter, Rothwell, Northamptonshire, surgeon.—J. J. I. Syer, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, undertaker.—J. Todd, Hartfield, Sussex, dealer.—R. Allinson, Whitehaven, ironmonger.—W. Payne, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder.—J. Slack, Hulme, Lancashire, filtering machine manufacturer.—G. Rothery, Wakefield, currier.—J. Dowle, Chepstow, wine merchant.—J. Atkins, Bloomsbury-street, Warwickshire, beer-housekeeper.—J. Diment and J. Grimes, Bristol, plasterers.—J. Mallalieu, Stansfeld Lodge, Yorkshire, cotton spinner.—J. B. Lord and M. Coghlan, Meltham, Yorkshire, woollen cloth manufacturers.

NEW PATENTS.

W. G. Gover, of Chester Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for a method of casting off the sash-lines and weights from the window-sashes, and of taking out the window-sashes from their frames without removing the beads. March 1st, 2 months.

J. Crawhall, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Rope Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery for manufacturing ropes and cordage. March 2nd, 6 months.

J. Stevelly, of Belfast, Professor of Natural Philosophy, for improvements in steam-engines. March 2nd, 6 months.

H. Dunington, of Nottingham, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of fabrics produced in warp and lace machinery. March 4th, 6 months.

P. Ward, of West Bromwich, Stafford, Practical Chemist, for an improvement in combining matters for washing and cleansing. March 4th, 6 months.

S. Atkinson, of Manchester Street, Gray's Inn Road, Middlesex, Turner, for improvements in the construction of wheels for carriages. March 4th, 6 months.

B. P. Walker, of North Street, Wolverhampton, Clerk, for improvements in machinery for making nails. March 6th, 6 months.

T. Forster, of Streatham, Surrey, Manufacturer, for improvements in preparing composition of india-rubber and other matters, for forming articles therefrom, and for the coating of surfaces of leather, and woven, and other fabrics. March 6th, 6 months.

W. H. Barlow, of Leicester, Civil Engineer, for improvements in the construction of keys, wedges, or fastenings, for engineering purposes. March 6th, 6 months.

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W. Fairbrain, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery used for propelling vessels by steam. March 7th, 6 months.

C. Townend, of Manchester, Fustian Manufacturer, for an approved process or manufacture, whereby cotton fabrics are aided and made repellant to water and mildew, and any unpleasant smell is prevented in such fabrics. March 7th, 2 months.

A. A. Croll, of Brick Lane, Middlesex, Superintendent of the Gas Works, and W. Richards, of the same place, Mechanical Inspector, for improvements in the manufacture of Gas for the purpose of illumination, and in apparatus used when transmitting and measuring gas. March 7th, 6 months.

W. G. Turner, of Gateshead, Durham, Doctor in Philosophy, for the manufacturing of salts of ammonia and compounds of cyanogen from a substance never before applied to that purpose. March 7th, 6 months.

C. Harrison, Manager of the Coed Talon and Leeswood Iron-works, Flintshire, for certain improvements in the manufacture of cast-iron pipes and other iron castings. March 14th, 6 months.

C. Roberts, of High Holborn, Middlesex, Bootmaker, for improvements in the manufacture of boot and shoe trees, lasts, and stretchers. March 14th, 6 months.

W. G. Kneller, of Wimbledon, Surrey, Chemist, for improvements in the preparation of zinc, and in combinations of zinc with other metallic bodies. March 14th, 6 months.

H. P. Parkes, of Dudley, Worcester, Manufacturer of Chain Cables, for improvements in the manufacture of flat pit chains. March 14th, 6 months.

S. C. Lister and J. Ambler, of Bradford, York, Manufacturers, for improvements in machinery for applying fringes to shawls and other articles. March 14th, 6 months.

F. Stephenson, of High Street, Birmingham, Comb Manufacturer, for improvements in bookbinding and apparatus for cutting books or other folded paper, part of which improvements is applicable to pen-holders. March 14th, 6 months.

J. Browne, of New Bond Street, Middlesex, Esquire, for improvements in urinary utensils. March 14th, 6 months.

W. Bown, of Leicester, Glove and Mit Manufacturer, for improvements in weaving elastic fabrics. March 14th, 6 months.

J. Tatham, of Rochdale, Lancashire, Machine Maker, and D. Cheetham, of the same place, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus to be employed in the preparation and spinning of cotton, wool, and other fibrous substances. March 14th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in steam-engines, steam-boilers, and furnaces or fire-places. March 14th, 6 months. Communication.

E. Wharton, of Birmingham, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines, which are in whole or in part applicable to other motive engines, and to machines for raising or impelling fluids. March 14th, 6 months.

T. Seymour, of Riding House Lane, Great Portland Street, Middlesex, Gun Maker, and J. Seymour, of Wellington Square, Gray's Inn Lane, Lock Filer, for an improved safety bolt and tumbler for the locks of certain kinds of fire-arms. March 14th, 6 months.

W. H. Burke, of Tottenham, Middlesex, Manufacturer, for certain improved machinery for cutting India rubber and other elastic substances into balls and other solid figures. March 19th, 6 months.

W. Saunders, of Bush-lane, London, Chemist, for an improved apparatus for modifying temperature in the condensation of vapours and in the cooling or heating of liquids and fluids. March 19th, 6 months.

H. Inglis, of Kilmarnock, Scotland, Mechanic, for improvements upon locomotive steam-engines, whereby a saving of fuel will be effected, which improvements are applicable to steam-vessels and other purposes, and to the increasing the adhesion of the wheels of railway engines, carriages, and tenders, upon the lines of rail, when the same are in a moist state. March 19th, 6 months.

W. Bates, of Leicester, Fuller and Dresser, for improvements in the dressing and getting up of hosiery goods manufactured from lamb's wool and other yarns, and in machinery for raising the nap on the same, and in the construction of legs and other forms or shapes for stockings and other articles of hosiery. March 19th, 6 months.

J. T. de la Crouée, of Pinner's-court, London, Merchant, for an improved apparatus for, or method of purifying, clarifying, and refining, vegetable extracts. March 19th, 6 months. Communication.

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A. D. de Charlieu, of Sabloniere Hotel, Leicester-square, Gentleman, for improvements in rails for railways, and in wheels for locomotive carriages. March 20th, 6 months. Communication.

W. I. Cookson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., for improvements in apparatus for burning sulphur in the manufacture of sulphuric acid. March 20th, 6 months.

J. H. Butterworth, of Rochdale, Lancaster, Cotton-spinner, for a certain apparatus applicable to preparation machines, and in the spinning of cotton and other fibrous materials. March 20th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's-inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in dyeing. March 21st, 6 months. Communication.

J. Butt, of Maldon, Essex, Draper, for certain improvements in candlesticks. March 22nd, 6 months.

J. H. Quincey, of Old-street, City-road, Gentleman, and J. Johnston, of Cursitor-street, Lamp-maker, for improvements in the manufacture of lamps, and shades for lamps and other lights. March 25th, 6 months. Communication and invention.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—March 22.—The Royal assent was given by commission to the following bills:—The Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Annuities' (1818) Bill, the Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Annuities' Bill, the Consolidated Fund (8,000,000*l.*) Bill, the Gaming Transactions (Witnesses' Indemnity) Bill, and the Teachers of Schools' (Ireland) Bill.

March 23.—No House.

March 25.—Nothing of importance.

March 26.—The House resolved itself into Committee on the Ecclesiastical Courts' Bill; and after a division on one clause the remainder were all agreed to. The House resumed. Lord Shaftesbury reported the bill with amendments.

March 27.—No House.

March 28.—Mr. Greene and others from the Commons brought up the Mutiny Bill, the Marine Mutiny Bill, and the Night Poaching Prevention Bill, which were severally read a first time, and ordered to be printed. The Earl of Shaftesbury brought up the report of the Ecclesiastical Courts' Bill; the report was agreed to.—On the motion of Lord Monteagle, certain papers were ordered to be printed relative to criminal lunatics in Ireland, who ought (he observed) to be placed under the general control of government.

March 29.—The Criminal Law Bill was read a first time.—The Earl of Dalhousie moved the second reading of the International Copyright Bill, which was read a second time. The Mutiny Bill, the Marine Mutiny Bill, the Indemnity Bill, and the Dean Forest Enclosure Bill, were forwarded a stage.

March 30.—No House.

April 1.—The Mutiny Bill, the Marine Mutiny Bill, and the Annual Indemnity Bill, were read a third time and passed. The Ecclesiastical Courts' Bill was also read a third time.—The House went into Committee on the International Copyright Bill.

April 2.—The Royal assent was given by Commission to the following bills:—The Mutiny Bill, the Marine Mutiny Bill, the Annual Indemnity Bill, the Ribble Navigation Bill, and the Huntingdon Enclosure Bill. The International Copyright Bill, and the Dean Forest Encroachments' Bill, were read a third time and passed.—The House adjourned for the Easter recess until Tuesday the 16th instant.

April 16.—The "bill for abolishing the offences of forestalling, regrating, and engrossing in markets and fairs in Ireland," was read a second time.

April 17.—No House.

April 18.—Lord Campbell brought forward a "Bill to enable actions to be brought against British subjects residing abroad, the cause of the action having arisen in this country." The bill was read a first time.

April 19.—Nothing of importance.

April 20.—No House.

April 22.—Nothing of importance.

April 23.—Nothing of importance.

House of Commons.—March 25.—Mr. T. Bateson took the oaths and his seat for

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Londonderry.—The Harrowgate and Knaresborough Railway Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.—A very long debate arose on the order of the day for the committee on the Factories' Bill.—Sir Robert Peel moved for a select committee to inquire whether any amendment would be desirable in the existing law for the trial of controverted elections; the motion was agreed to.—The House went into committee upon the Mutiny Bill; the clauses were agreed to, and the House resumed.—The House then went into committee on the Marine Mutiny Bill; the bill went through committee, and the House again resumed.—The Indemnity Bill was read a third time.—The International Copyright Bill was read a third time and passed.—On the motion of the Lord Advocate, the Parishes (Scotland) Bill was read a second time.

March 26.—On the order of the day for the second reading of the Brighton and Chichester Railway Bill, the House divided, when the numbers were, for the second reading, 99, against it, 48. The bill was then read a second time.—The Stratford and Thames Junction Railway Bill was read a second time.—Mr. Hutt moved for a committee of the whole House upon the expediency of allowing corn to be imported from the British possessions in South Africa, India, and Australasia, at the same duty as from Canada; the House divided—for the motion, 47, against it, 117.

March 27.—The Bolton and Preston Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Mutiny Bill, and the Marine Mutiny Bill, also the Night Poaching Prevention Bill, were severally read a third time and passed.—Lord Lincoln brought in the Damage by Fire Bill, which was read a first time.

March 28.—Not sufficient members to form the House.

March 29.—The Guildford Junction, the Norwich and Barnton, and the York and Scarborough Railway Bills, were read a third time and passed.—The Southampton Marsh Improvement Bill was read a second time.—A long debate arose on the motion of Sir J. Graham, for discharging the order of the day on the Factory Bill. Mr. Duncombe proposed an amendment, which was negatived without a division; and the order was discharged.—The House then went into a Committee of Supply.—Sir J. Graham brought in a Bill for the more easy recovery of Small Demands in the County Courts of England; the Bill was read a first time.—Sir J. Graham then obtained leave to bring in a Bill to limit the power of the parties to actions in inferior courts to employ bailiffs of their own choice, which had resulted in many cases in great abuses; the Bill was read a first time.—The Factories Labour Bill was also read a first time.

March 30.—No House.

April 1.—Captain Harris took the oaths and his seat for the borough of Christchurch.—The Midland Railways Consolidation Bill was read a third time and passed.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply.

April 2.—Nothing of importance. The House adjourned until April the 15th instant.

April 15.—The House went into a Committee of Supply on the Miscellaneous Estimates. After which, the County Courts Bill was read a second time.

April 16.—The Manchester and Birmingham (Macclesfield and Taunton branches) Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—Several motions were brought forward, which caused much discussion, but they were all withdrawn.—The Report of the Committee of Supply was then brought up and the resolutions agreed to.

April 17.—No House.

April 18.—The Detached Parts of Counties Bill was read a second time.—The Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.

April 19.—The Irish Municipal Bill was read a second time.—The House went into a Committee of Supply, Mr. Greene in the chair.

April 20.—No House.

April 22.—Mr. M. Briscoe took the oaths and his seat for the borough of Hastings.—On the third reading of the North British Railway Bill, the House divided, when the numbers were—for the third reading, 102; against it, 23. The Bill was then read a third time and passed.—The Factory Bill was read a second time.—Dr. Nicholl moved the second reading of the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill. Sir G. Grey proposed that the Bill should be read a second time that day six months; the House divided, when there appeared, against the amendment, 158; for it, 59. The Bill was then read a second time.—The County Courts Bill went through a committee *pro forma*.

April 23.—The Church Vestries Bill was read a first and second time, and ordered to be committed.

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THE

METROPOLITAN.

JUNE, 1844.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Historical Memoirs of a Mission to the Court of Vienna in 1806. By the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT ADAIR, G. C. B. *With a Selection from his Despatches. Published by permission of the proper Authorities.*

Sir Robert Adair's legation occupied a fraction of that eventful period which, on looking back from the calm into which it has subsided, still seems to have been the tempest of all Christendom. The fierce struggles of one gigantic minded man, whose boundless ambition made him grasp at the mastery of the world, rending kingdoms asunder in the violence of spoliation, had put to its utmost stretch not only the courage of the soldier, but the skill of the diplomatist. Factions and parties divided our home councils. One administration elbowed another out of office. In 1806, death dissolved Pitt's administration; and in that which succeeded it, Fox was appointed secretary for foreign affairs, Sir Robert Adair was sent on a mission to the court of Vienna, and hence the despatches which are now before us.

Public opinion has ever been divided whether or not Fox was the friend of peace or Napoleon. True, on his visit to Paris he had received personal civilities from the emperor, who seems to have confidently counted on his co-operation in his plans. Negociations were commenced, Napoleon requiring that Sicily should be allotted to his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, a demand which, compromising the honour of England, inasmuch as its sovereign, on account of his alliance with us, had already lost Naples, could not be entertained. On the other hand, Napoleon, willing at the moment to compromise with

Prussia, had surrendered to her Hanover, which was accepted and retained, although there was peace between us. The negociations for the settlement of these opposing interests, first entered on by Lord Yarmouth, and afterwards carried on by Lord Lauderdale, ended, as it was natural they should, in disappointment. While they were pending, Fox died, leaving what were his intentions, and what would have been his conduct, to the mercy of suppositious judgment—a tribunal least of all empowered to sit, or authorized to pass sentence.

Sir Robert Adair, while alluding to the aspersions which have been cast on the political and patriotic character of Fox, offers the testimony of his own belief in exculpation. His personal instructions from him, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, were singularly simple and straightforward. They seem, indeed, to have well accorded with the character of the man to whom they were delivered, for we have been somewhat disappointed, if we may use the word, at the extraordinary absence of all that subtility and crooked policy by which diplomatists in general endeavour to accomplish some given end. Here we have no unravelling of tangled webs, no threading of mazy labyrinths, no dissection of machiavelian anatomies. Slight veils may here and there be hung over intended purposes, but the features are sufficiently apparent through the slim transparency. Much that was important, because it was immediate and impending, now appears trivial, because it is passed and done, just as objects have magnitude when near the eye, which turn into mites in the distance. Thus it is that to our mind Sir Robert Adair's despatches redound to the honour of the English statesman, from the very circumstance that they are deficient in that spirit of intrigue which might have made them more palatable to the general taste. Here are no scandals of courts, no whisperings away of reputations, which, whilst they might season and enliven official documents, might also deface the monuments of some who have passed to a higher judgment, and a court loftier than that of kings. The real value of the work consists in the elucidatory light which it may cast over history, a matter so all-important, that every rectification of its errors, and every unadulterated fact which is added to its archives, ought to be accounted as a national benefit.

We append two or three of Sir Robert Adair's despatches when on the eve of departing from the scene of his diplomatic labours. As feathers thrown into the air instantly indicate the way of the wind, so does court favour, which a feather may indeed aptly enough image, significantly express from what quarter the breezes blow. The nuptials of his Imperial Majesty with the Archduchess Mary Louisa Beatrix of Austria had just been celebrated.

"MR. ADAIR TO MR. CANNING.

"*Vienna, January* 9, 1808.

"SIR,—At the court which was held by their Imperial Majesties immediately after the celebration of their nuptials, some circumstances occurred with which, together with what followed them, I think it my duty to acquaint you.

"A material deviation from the ancient form took place in the admission of the ambassadors to their Imperial Majesties. Hitherto the nuncio had enjoyed the unquestioned precedence over all other foreign ministers, and

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the ambassadors have been called in the order of their arrival. On the present occasion, the nuncio and the two ambassadors of Russia and France entered the presence-chamber together. The Emperor, by what I have since learnt, addressed his conversation solely to the ambassador of France.

"At the supper of their Majesties, it is not usual for ambassadors to appear; but the ministers of the second order are placed on his Imperial Majesty's right hand, who from time to time signifies by his grand master his desire to speak with one of them.

"It is undoubtedly true that no order or etiquette is fixed, with regard to the priority of their admission to this honour, but I am informed that it has hitherto been the usage, in consideration no less of the respect and veneration due to the person of his Majesty, than to the rank held by the British nation among the powers of Europe, to call first to the British envoy; and that if any deviation from this form has at any time taken place, it has only been in favour either of the Saxon envoy, as the oldest member of the *diplomatique*, or the Neapolitan envoy, in consideration of the family connexion of the two courts.

"I was, therefore, surprised and hurt to observe that after the Saxon and Neapolitan envoys had respectively been honoured with the notice of the Emperor, the grand master called successively to his presence the envoys of Bavaria, Wirtemburg, and Prussia.

"For a moment I was in doubt whether it was fit for me to remain longer at the ceremony; but considering that a step so marked as that of retiring suddenly from the circle would have put me under the necessity of exacting a reparation, which in the present melancholy state of the affairs of Austria it is impossible for her to make, I preferred a different course, and waited patiently until my name was pronounced, which was after the Prussian envoy had retired.

"The next day, which was the day fixed for the presentation of strangers, I waited upon Count Stadion, and told him that, after what had passed on the preceding evening, it would be impossible for me to attend the circle unless I received some marked reparation for a neglect which I could not help thinking intentional; and that, with this view, I required that, immediately after the ambassadors, I should be the first envoy spoken to by their Majesties, and admitted to present the English gentlemen who attended me.

"After some discussion between Count Stadion and myself, in the course of which he repeatedly assured me that there was nothing intentional in the circumstances of which I complained, and if I pleased he would say so in writing, he agreed to grant me the reparation I asked, and that in a manner sufficiently distinct to attract the general attention. I then further made a point of his arranging this matter himself with the Emperor; and on receiving his promise to do so, took my leave.

"I have the satisfaction of informing you that the promise was faithfully kept, and that immmediately after the Russian ambassador, and before that of France, I was spoken to by both their Imperial Majesties, and admitted to present the English gentlemen to the Empress.

"These circumstances, which in any other times would scarcely have called for a detailed communication, may perhaps deserve the attention of his Majesty's government in the present very critical situation of our relations with the Continent, and with Austria in particular.

"I must not omit reporting to you that her Imperial Majesty expressed, on the occasion, the warmest and the most particular wishes for the long continuance of their Majesties' health and happiness; and that, in the course of the evening, the Archduchess of Milan, with whom I had the honour of conversing, took every opportunity of testifying to me how deeply she felt, and how gratefully she remembered, the notice with which she was distinguished by their Majesties during her residence in England.

I have the honour to be, &c.

"THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*Vienna, January* 27, 1806.

"SIR,—The courier from Prince Starhemberg arrived yesterday from London with despatches of the 10th instant, and in the evening I saw Count Stadion, who communicated to me the state of affairs as they then stood between his Majesty's government and that of Austria.

"He informed me at the same time that he feared that in a few days he should be under the necessity of presenting a note to me, declaring the motives which had led his Imperial Majesty to put an end to the relations subsisting between the two countries.

"Although fully prepared for this issue to the offer of mediation of October 28th, I must confess that it will be extremely painful to me to receive an intimation of this nature, without any instructions as to my conduct in a situation so full of difficulty and responsibility.

"Notwithstanding what passed, I am persuaded that it must be the wish of his Majesty's government to consider Austria as a power to whom every facility should be afforded of resuming at a favourable moment her amicable relations with Great Britain. You must be aware, however, how little can be effected towards this object by my mere personal and unassisted efforts, and that no plan of future correspondence or confidential intercourse, still less any provident arrangement with a view of counteracting the enemy in his designs on Turkey, or of preventing the consolidation of a continental league against Great Britain, can take place, unless under the sanction of his Majesty's government. I have the honour to be, &c.

"P.S. I have just heard that the French ambassador received four days ago a fresh order to insist upon the expulsion of the English mission, and I know that he has complained of some pretended intrigues by which his demand has been resisted. Coupling the date of Bonaparte's message to England of the 3rd instant with the probable date of Andreossy's first orders, you will observe that if his Majesty's government had listened to his offers, and if Austria had obeyed his commands, (both of which were sent off at about the same period,) he would have been by this time in a state of amicable discussion, and Austria in a state of positive hostility with Great Britain.

"THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"*Vienna, February* 6, 1808.

"SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I this day received an official note from Count Stadion, acquainting me that Prince Starhemberg had quitted London on January 20th, after having failed in his endeavours to induce his Majesty's government to enter into negociations for peace with France; that all diplomatic intercourse, therefore, between Great Britain and Austria must be considered as broken off, and that he had the Emperor's commands to send me passports for my departure.

"In consequence of this communication, I shall remain no longer at Vienna than will be necessary for me to learn how I can quit the Austrian territories, and bring away in safety the cyphers and official correspondence entrusted to my care. I have the honour to be, &c."

A Tour in Ireland; with Meditations and Reflections. By JAMES JOHNSON, M.D., Physician to the late King, &c. &c.

Ireland must always possess the strongest claims upon the interest and sympathy of England. The feelings associated with her are not those of an ephemeral novelty, but grounded in and on our relative

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positions, and therefore existing at all times and under all circumstances. Still, like the ocean, there are tides in these feelings which ebb and flow, and these are now at the flood. In addition to the national importance of Ireland, there is a present struggle in the mental energies of the land, of which we feel the throbs in our own; and the knowledge that an important epoch has arrived in the destiny of our sister isle, naturally and imperatively awakens a new interest as well as keeps alive the old.

Under the influence of these impressions, Dr. Johnson's work comes most opportunely. What has been said of women might better have been said of books, namely, that most of them "have no character at all." Vacuities and fatuities too often torporize and engross the pages of modern tomes, but they are evils attended at least by one modifying good—they make us more highly estimate and value a little honest energy; and this it is which has at once been the stimulant and is the stamp of Dr. Johnson's amusing as well as instructive volume. We know of no author who more powerfully impresses his own character on his writings than our M.D., and this without egotism, since it is simply relating what he had seen as he has seen it, that is, through the medium of his own perceptive faculties. True it is that an impression, though conveying an exact idea of the form from which it has been indented, presents us rather with the material of the conveying medium, and thus Dr. Johnson's work is in reality himself full of the impressions of what he has seen. Happily for us, this individual companionship is most agreeable. The combination of the somewhat anomalous characters of the sailor and physician grafted on to a stock of sufficient originality, produce a most felicitous admixture. Perhaps of all the different classes the nautical man sees most of the world, the medical man the most of its inhabitants. The one surveys the various nations of the earth, their different climates, customs, habits; the other beholds his fellow-creatures when in the extremity of mortal anguish. Hypocrisy drops her many-folded veil, and the heart, too appalled for further deceit and made conscious of its futileness, shows, as through a transparency, the million meandering fibres of its own depravity. Dr. Johnson unites in himself the leading features of both these characters: blunt, honest, vigorous and energetic, in the first; contemplative, reflective, and inquiring, in his second; and, as a whole, a sterling and amusing public friend,—a title which ought almost exclusively to belong to authors, since while they are everybody's companions they are still known but to the few.

Dr. Johnson's work, whilst it is multifarious in subject, ought not to be called desultory. He has kept his different material as divided in arrangement as those of his old sea medicine-chests, and all as duly labelled. Thus, as he passes on from theme to theme, the several changes of subject are all indicated by title-heads. His ideas are clearly arranged, no slight merit in an author. It would, of course, be impossible for us to follow him in his tour, which appears to have been the relaxation from professional labours during the last autumn. It is sufficently amusing for us to contemplate the M.D. as he describes himself, accoutred in his Mackintosh and fur-cap, elbowing his way up the far-famed hill of Tara, amid, as he computates, some three hundred

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thousand companions, to swell the train of O'Connell on the place so memorably immortalized in verse, the bard himself becoming a sort of partner in the firm of immortality. A few ruins alone speak the spot where

> " The harp that once in Tara's halls
> The soul of music shed,
> Now hanging mute on Tara's walls,
> As if that soul were fled."

But if the echo of harmony has died away, the echo of the Agitator's voice was still to be heard, and we find our author not indeed in search of antiquities, but of modern curiosities, swelling out by his presence the vast train of the monster-meeting. The grave physician of the sailor-king must pardon us the smile that he himself has excited, if at his expense still to our emolument, at beholding him handed over the heads and shoulders of the really kind-hearted children of the Emerald Isle, consigned by one pair of brawny arms to the keeping of another, until finally landed within earshot of that voice which echoes from one extremity of the gem of the ocean to the other; and when, having drank in with thirsty ears the syllabled honey and cayenne of that king of Tara's hill, he was in like manner made consignment of from hand to hand back again over the same sea of heads, until he had regained a friendly soda-water cart, into which having deposited himself, as beforehand bargained for, specified, and contracted, he very comfortably fell asleep upon his laurels at the bottom of that interesting vehicle. As matter of personal adventure all this is really amusing, but it is more than amusing, for while narrating his own progresses with a singular disregard of that self-loving dignity which in ordinary individuals is ever on the alert never to let slip the slightest hint against itself, he supplies us at once with the best description of the great monster meeting which we have met with, and one of the most vigorous passages of his own writing.

In perusing this tour of Dr. Johnson, our critical brains have been very frequently mystified by an expression which we could only puzzle over without in the least degree pretending to understand—" potatoes with the bones in them." What class of the culinary vegetables these belonged to, we could not for our life devise until we came to the solution—namely, the root so much under-boiled as for the centre to retain nearly its original hardness. We advert to this jocularity, which sounds to us not much unlike a national jest on national misery, because two serious and strange conclusions are deducted from it. The one, that which may well send a pang of pity through the heart; the other, one which, in spite of our author's physical and medical knowledge, we are somewhat inclined to dispute. The first of these is the melancholy consideration that potatoes, whilst they form the main and almost the sole diet of the humbler Irish, are yet only to be so scantily obtained that they are eaten half cooked, for the sole purpose of increasing their indigestibility, that the cravings of hunger may for longer season be kept aloof! Unhappy country! where even the necessities of our corporeal existence must thus receive injury for its succour, and unwholesome food be taken in a form still more unwholesome, simply to delay the return of the ravenings of appe-

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tite! This painful fact is just that which ought to stimulate every right feeling and influential Englishman, not to sleep peacefully in his bed, or enjoy the luxuries of his own condition, until the necessities of his fellow-subjects and fellow-men in Ireland are, if not remedied, at least mitigated. But Dr. Johnson's second declaration is sadly injurious to that exquisite creature of smiles and fantasies, "Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er," who

> "Scatters from her pictur'd urn
> Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

He would refer all those graceful, beautiful, and incomparable feigned existences, the exquisite conceptions of what may be called a nation's imagination, a nation's fancy, for such things are national as well as individual, to the gross creation of indigestion! Ireland and Scotland are both famous for their fanciful superstitions. The Irish eat indigestible, half-raw potatoes: the Scotch diet themselves on indigestible, half-boiled oatmeal: hence the nightmare, which with our M.D. is synonymous with the fay and the fairy of Ireland, and the second-sight and wraith-seeing of Scotland. But no, Dr. Johnson, we refuse to recognise the identity of this vile and monstrous incubus with the exquisite existences of ethereal fancy which people the pellucid lakes and the wood-crowned hills of light-spirited Ireland, or the sterner shapes of mystic power which have chosen their home on the lofty mountains and the lonely heaths of deep-hearted Scotland.

We need scarcely say that we have been well pleased with Dr. Johnson and his work, and we make room for his observations on education and absenteeism. And first for his visit to the Presentation Convent.

"Under the guidance of the amiable and accomplished Miss O'Donnell, who took a large share in the education of the girls, I spent several hours in the Convent, chiefly in the school-rooms, and observed attentively the mode of instruction and its results. The young students varied in age, from six to ten years, more or less, and the system of tuition appeared most excellent. I was present at several examinations, and propounded questions to the girls myself—not without astonishment at the proficiency to which they had attained. They had the history of the Bible, together with all the great events of the Jewish and Christian dispensations, at their fingers' ends—and answered correctly all questions on the leading points of Christian faith, doctrines, and morals, with remarkable clearness and intelligence! They were not embarrassed in the slightest degree by various cross-questions put to them by myself and others, proving that they were not crammed for the purpose of display, but well grounded in the subjects of their study. But their knowledge of geography, astronomy, statistics, &c., surprised me most of all. Over a very large chart of Europe, Miss O'Donnell caused some of her pupils, not more than nine or ten years of age, to trace with a wand, the various kingdoms, states, and cities, together with their population, religion, forms of government, &c., which they pointed out with an accuracy that was almost incredible. In reading, they displayed the same proficiency, as to orthography, grammar, &c. &c.

"Now when we consider that this system of national education is pervading every city, town, and village in Ireland—that it penetrates even into the jail and the poor-house, we may form some anticipation of what 'YOUNG IRELAND' may be in the next generation! I have no hesitation

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in averring, that the beggars' brats in the bastilles are now receiving a more efficient and practical education than the children of the highest aristocracy in the three kingdoms! That the fruits of this system will eventuate in a moral—perhaps political revolution, before the end of the present century, I have no doubt. If knowledge be POWER—and if primary education be the essential step to the acquisition of knowledge, then let the upper classes of society look out for squalls! I do not wonder that a large portion of them are already alarmed, and that they are endeavouring indirectly to check the progress of national instruction, by clogging it with a creed which they hope the pupils will not swallow. But this is a vain expectation. The tiger, who has once tasted human blood, will never cease his struggles to get more of the crimson beverage; and so it is with the Irish youth. After tasting the fruit of the tree of knowledge, they will never desist from climbing, till every branch of that tree is robbed of its apples. It is allowed that KNOWLEDGE, like LOVE, is one of the greatest levellers of all distinctions and ranks—and that, like wealth, it begets the desire for more. It is also the great antagonist to error, and the ally, if not the parent of TRUTH. All those, therefore, who are interested in the retention or propagation of error, will naturally oppose themselves to national education, as the avenue to knowledge and truth. This class of opponents includes incalculable myriads, open and masked! —The struggle between knowledge and truth, on one side, and ignorance and error, on the other, will be long, though the final issue can hardly be doubtful.

"It is not a little strange that the priests, in Ireland, are more in favour of national education than the parsons. It would seem that the *latter* are so extremely sensitive to the danger of admitting a particle of Popish creed, that they had rather exclude the light of learning altogether, than have it contaminated by the slightest tinge of theological error. The priests are not quite so nice—and are probably wiser in their generation. I do not suppose that they are a whit more favourable to 'knowledge for the million,' than their Protestant brethren; but they see that it cannot be prevented, and they are also aware that the diffusion of knowledge among the lower orders of Catholic society in Ireland, will be a powerful means of raising them to a *moral* level with the Protestant population, which has hitherto been far better instructed in the rudiments of learning. I say a *moral* level; for the priests are well convinced that they already have an overwhelming *physical* superiority. The Protestants and their clergy know well this state of things, and hence their jealousy of the spread of information among the Popish population. I firmly believe that this is more frequently the *real* cause of opposition to national schools, than the mere terror of, or hatred to Romish rites and theological tenets. If knowledge tends to illumine the darkness, and dispel the superstitions of Popery, the Protestant clergy in Ireland ought to labour, night and day, in its diffusion. On the other hand, the priests ought, for the same reason, to denounce from the altar, every species and grade of learning among the people, as so many plunges into scepticism and infidelity, as far, at least, as their own creed is concerned. Candour compels me to say, that there appears to be more liberality among the Catholics than the Protestants, in respect to liberty of conscience in religious persuasions; and that the *heresies* of the latter are less frequently reviled and ridiculed than the *superstitions* and *idolatry* of the former. When will the spirit of Christian charity and forbearance, among Christians themselves, supersede that rancorous hatred and intolerance which the different sects evince towards each other! Discordance and dissent are daily on the increase!"

"Absenteeism appears to be, in some respects at least, to Ireland what POETRY was to Goldsmith. 'It found him poor, and helped to keep him

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so.' But absenteeism goes farther:—It finds 'Ould Ireland' poor, and *leaves* it poorer! Poetry made some *returns* to the author of the 'Deserted Village,' for his labour. Absenteeism leaves the labour to the peasant, and takes away the return. It even refuses the labour, except at sixpence per day, *without food.*

"The ABSENTEE is like the prodigal son. He gathers up his patrimony, takes it to foreign lands, and wastes it there too often on harlots and hotels.

"The ABSENTEE says to the ox that drags the plough—as well as to the HIND that guides it—

'Sic vos *non vobis*, aratra fertis Boves.'

To the sheep, whose fleece he annually shears and carries away, as well as to the shepherd, he jeeringly remarks—

'Sic vos, *non vobis*, vellera fertis Oves.'

"The philanthropy of the absentee is like that of the philosophic knife-grinder:—it is so universally diffused over the whole human race abroad, that there is nothing left for distribution among his own countrymen at home.

"Absenteeism is like the valve of a pump:—it opens readily when there is anything to be drawn from the well or reservoir; but shuts close when anything is likely to retrograde.

"Absenteeism is exhibited by all nations—by none more conspicuously than by England herself; but, for very obvious reasons, and more especially because Ireland is almost wholly agricultural, the baleful effects of absenteeism are more marked there than in England. In such a country, the absence of the proprietor, and consequently the expenditure of his income in foreign climes, is, as nearly as possible, equivalent to the withholding of manure from the soil. But there are two classes of absentees from all countries, and especially from Ireland—those who migrate to spend—and those who wander abroad to acquire money. Between Ireland and Scotland there is a striking difference in these respects;—the rich absentees from the latter country spend as little as possible of their property beyond the confines of their own land—the Irish are just the reverse. The Scottish wanderer, in search of wealth, always remembers poor 'Auld Scotland,' and, if possible, returns to end his days there, with all the property he may have accumulated abroad. The Irish rarely return to the land of their nativity, but spend what they may have acquired far from the Emerald Isle, of which they talk so much! We must, however, exempt from these the poor Irish labourer, who goes over annually to England or Scotland, for a few weeks, to earn, by hard work, a guinea or two, which he saves for the use of his family on his return to his native place.

"The absentee landlord alleges as the *cause* of his expatriation, the discontent, disaffection, and wretchedness of his tenantry and the country in general. But these melancholy circumstances themselves must be the *effects* of some antecedent cause or causes. And is not the absenteeism one of the chief causes? This link in the chain of causation, the landlord takes care to slur over, and overlays or conceals it by harping on the priesthood, O'Connell, agitation, native indolence, or even some fatal curse hanging over the land from which he derives his income.

"Whether laws can be framed that will, at one and the same time, protect the rights and *enforce* the duties of property, this deponent saith not; but, it requires not the gift of prophesy to foretel that, if these rights be *enforced*, and these duties *neglected*, a time may come when the might of the many will overcome the rights of the few—and then, when too late, the *latter* will find themselves in the wrong! The laws divine have not been able to restrain, or, at all events, to extirpate vice; and so human laws are not likely to effect universal justice. But as it is to the law of

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CRUMENA that we owe most of our grievances, so it is by the same law that many of them are redressed. When an absentee's *purse* is threatened with emptiness, it is then, and then only, that his heart will be likely to overflow with humanity.

"It is not a little remarkable, that such a man as Macculloch could persuade himself, and what is still more strange, persuade a Commons' committee, that the Irish landlord, who draws ten thousand a-year from estates in Ireland, to be spent in France or Italy, does no injury whatever to his native country. Now, if Mr. Macculloch declared that he had gone one fine morning by the mail-train to the moon, and returned in the evening, I would believe his ipse dixit much more readily than his dogma about absenteeism. Mr. Wiggins, after thirty years' experience as a land-agent in Ireland, is of a very different opinion. 'But are we to consider as nothing the difference to the rural population, between a rental of 10,000*l.* a-year being spent on the spot which produces it, and being sent to England or to Italy? Can we shut our eyes to the moral deprivations which society *on that spot* endures by the desertion of its natural patron and protector—or be insensible even to the monetary difference, to that spot, at least, between this 10,000*l.* being sent at once away from it for ever, and its returning to be distributed amongst the miller, the butcher, the clothier, the shoemaker, the shopkeeper, the carpenter, the mason, the smith, the labourer, and others, *each* of these, again, forming a nucleus for its distribution amongst all the rest? so that these 10,000*l.* spent amongst those who raised it, circulates not less than ten times amongst them, each circulation producing some profit, occasioning some industry, and, superior even to charity, is not only twice, but ten times blessed.'

"No one, indeed, could doubt the truth of these observations, except the politico-economical mole, who has dived so deep into his own *occult* science, that all objects are to him of the same size, colour, and consistence!

"There is one, and only one glimmering of sunshine on this sombre prospect, as it at present exists—and that is dim and remote. It is this, that when the present absentee landlords have become pauperized by the division of property, the result of their own extravagance, mortgages, fore-closings, and sale of their lands, to others, &c. &c., the soil may pass into the hands of men more wise, prudent, and patriotic, who may find it their interest to live on their own estates, improve the land, and ameliorate the condition of their tenants. Alas! this prospect is far removed; but it is gradually drawing nearer, should no other mode of relief be applied. It is in these recuperative operations, that we see the wisdom of those laws which the Creator has framed for the government of human affairs. Evils have an invariable tendency, however slow, to correct themselves, by attracting the attention of mankind towards them, when they become prominent—by drawing retributive justice, sooner or later, on the footsteps of crime—and exciting a reaction in all honest minds against 'the whips and scorns of time—the oppressor's wrongs—the proud man's contumely.'"

Companion to the most celebrated Private Galleries of Art in London, containing accurate catalogues, arranged alphabetically for immediate reference, each preceded by an Historical and Critical Introduction, with a prefatory Essay on Art, Artists, Collectors, and Connoisseurs. By MRS. JAMESON.

It has long been at once the complaint and the disgrace of England that the noble Art of Painting has been suffered to languish for want of

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a cherishing and fostering care. In most of the other countries of Europe the governments exercise this paternal nurture : with ourselves, its prosperity has been suffered to depend on fashion, caprice, and individual exertion. It is true, indeed, that the Arts receive their form and mould, their aspect and impression, from the peculiar character of the people among whom they are cultivated ; and thus it is that there is a something distinctive in every school independently of those minor distinctions which particularize the individual masters. The thriving of the Arts must also be considered as indicating the intellectuality and prosperity of the people ; and thus as an indication of the welfare of nations, it is in the highest degree interesting and important to contemplate the tone of energy or depression which their existence manifests.

At the present moment a feeling of pride mingles with the pleasure with which we contemplate the improved condition of the noble Art in England. The energy of commerce, the science of manufactures, and the intense struggle for political aggrandizement and the accumulation of wealth, may for a time have kept the imaginative and creative Art below the position of its natural superiority. Instead, however, of the fierce contention for pre-eminence which has made society resemble a gladiatorial strife, we could almost believe that the various elements of our national greatness, now that they have assumed the dignity of their own maturity, are falling into the harmony of just proportions, and that, instead of any individual one endeavouring to establish its own pre-eminence by subduing another, strength and dignity will be derived from a happy coalition. The most delightful feature in this alliance in the components of our national prosperity is the improving prosperity of painting. No longer confined to exclusive and individual patronage, the whole country appears to be gradually warming with love to the Art. Ignorance of pictures and their painters would now be deemed savouring of the Goth and Vandal ; and even where individuals are not imbued with the love of the beautiful, (the love of painting is nothing else and nothing less) they are, for self-defence of their own taste, obliged, if not to assume the semblance, at least to acquire a knowledge on the subject, to enable them to pass current in general society.

Mrs. Jameson's "Companion to the Private Galleries of Art in London" has led us into these reflections. The book must not be looked upon as a passing pleasure. or a mere useful nomenclature ; on the contrary, it is a rich and valuable view of the art, a refined expositor of its more exquisite peculiarities, a sort of sentence of judgment, from which we desire no appeal, on the merits and demerits of that noble assemblage of Art which the taste and the wealth of our metropolis has accumulated within its boundaries. The work does indeed inspire important considerations. It shows us our pictorial wealth, and it teaches us to estimate it aright. We do not possess a faculty which more requires cultivation and rectification than that of taste. It is impossible that this exquisite attribute of our senses should dominate either in the individual or the nation, whilst that which is gross and mercenary prevails. Hence, not only for the sake of its own value, but as a national indication, we would press, and that most urgently, on its importance. Mrs.

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Jameson's work ought indeed to be our "Companion." We should be wise in making it not only a book of reference, but one of study. Her knowledge of the art and her perception of the beautiful are unrivalled. Her tenderness of feeling and her grace of diction render her the most engaging of "Companions." There is an eastern saying, that we cannot pass through a garden of roses without imbibing something of its fragrance; and sure we are that we cannot peruse Mrs. Jameson's writings without imbibing something of her taste.

Walks about the City and Environs of Jerusalem. By W. H. Bartlett.

If we were to contemplate all the kingdoms of the earth and all the glory of them, recall all their old associations, realize every scene of which they have been the witness, consider them as the great theatres in which the world's history has been enacted, and individualize to our thoughts the men whose renown has given honour to their birthplace, Jerusalem would still retain its own immeasurable pre-eminence of interest, since the footsteps of the Messiah trod its pathways, since his eye rested on the hills around it, since he wandered with his disciples amidst its gardens and its valleys, and, more than all, since in the close vicinity of its boundaries that great sacrifice which eternal mercy offered to eternal justice was consummated on the cross. The believer in Revelation cannot indeed hear the name of the Holy City without its memories rising up around him in rich and reverential association.

With this feeling, a work devoted exclusively to the delineation of Jerusalem could not, if only worthily executed, fail to receive a welcome.

The ideas which accompany our reference to the sacred locality are naturally indistinct, vague, and unsatisfactory: to exchange them for tangible and clear perceptions and realizations, enabling us to embody the scenes where David strung his harp-strings to songs the strains of which echo in unceasing melody of repetition in the daily devotions of Christendom—the scenes where Solomon, the wisest of the wise, after building the magnificent temple, stood at the august ceremony of its consecration with outstretched arms, blessing, with prayers that, while ascending to heaven, proved themselves also first to have descended therefrom, the vast assemblage of the favoured and peculiar people—to raise in the mind, we say, not only the remembrance of these events, but a just idea of the place where they were accomplished, was doing good service to the world, and making literature perform one of its most valuable offices. Mr. Bartlett visited Jerusalem in the autumn of 1842. While in the Holy City, he divided it into portions, which he traversed and investigated, and, retaining this arrangement in his work, he has denominated these excursions "Walks." Previously, however, to these personal visitations, our author has given us a brief summary of the history of ancient Jerusalem, accompanied by a view realizing, as far as possible, the information gathered from every variety of source,

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and preparing the reader for a better and fuller comprehension of his descriptions of the new, which are also accompanied by illustrative views which well embody its modern aspects. The author seems to have approached Jerusalem in that spirit of poetic and pious zeal which, while it seemed a response to the power of the Holy City, and the reflection of its glory upon his own mind, at once fitted him for entering on its description, and proved him to be capable of his elevated task. The glow of enthusiasm reflected on his own imagination has imparted something of its energy to his pen; and the result has been, not a dry catalogue of antiquities, but a heart-warm description of the various spots not only consecrated by the presence of prophets, priests, and kings, but rendered a thousand-fold more holy by the actual presence of the Emmanuel. Doubtless Jerusalem in interest is alone in the world.

As a pleasing variety in our literature, as treating a subject unsurpassed in human interest, as connected with our holiest studies, and as being eminently useful and highly agreeable—on all these accounts we commend this externally tasteful and internally valuable volume to every class of readers, since it belongs not to a partial few, but to the general public.

We give our author's impressions on his approach to and first view of Jerusalem.

"Notwithstanding our fatigue, and the inviting nature of our quarters, we found it impossible to sleep. We were but three hours' distance from Jerusalem. Rising at midnight, we pursued our way by the light of the innumerable stars—glorious in the blue depth of an Asian sky. Not a sound was heard but the tramp of our horses' hoofs upon the rocky pathway. The outlines of the hilly region we were travelling were dim and indistinct; far grander than they would have appeared by the light of day. We came to a tremendous descent, long and slippery, over slabs of rock, and deep gullies worn by the winter rains. With many a slide, and narrow escape from falling headlong, we reached the bottom of the valley in safety, where we found caravans of camels and asses, with their guides asleep by the wayside, waiting for the morning light to enter the city gates. We pursued our way—an hour yet remained—that hour was one of strange and indescribable excitement. I had seen, by moonlight, the time-hallowed glories of the old world, and the wonders of nature in the new;—I had stood alone, at that hour, within the awful circle of the Coliseum;—had watched the lunar rainbow spanning the eternal mists rising from the base of Niagara;—but this night's march across the desolate hills of Judea awoke a more sublime, more thrilling interest. I was approaching the walls of that city (the scene of events which must ever remain the most touching in their influences upon the human heart) which I had long and earnestly hoped to see, and my wish was about to be realized. As the stars began to fade from the heavens, and the dawn to break over the eastern mountains, I sought to pierce the gloom which wrapped the silent region around; but nothing could be distinguished. It was not till the first red glow of morning glanced upon the eastward hill-tops, that I caught sight of the city. But there was nothing grand or striking in the vision—a line of dull walls, a group of massive towers, a few dark olives, rising from a dead and sterile plain; yet, enough that this was Jerusalem—the Holy City: her mournful aspect well suits with the train of recollections she awakens.

"We had to wait some time outside the Jaffa gate before admittance

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could be obtained, and not a sound was heard when we entered the silent streets. Within, the city is as dull as without; ruinous heaps and mean houses meet the eye as we enter. The stern Tower of Hippicus is on our right—a noble wreck of the past; a narrow gloomy street conducted us to the highest part of the city, where we had some difficulty in finding the British Consulate, to which we repaired, in hope of meeting an old school friend, Mr. Johns, who held the appointment in the absence of Mr. Young, and who was the architect of the new church on Mount Zion, connected with the Episcopal mission. We met with a warm and cordial reception, and it was arranged that during the day I should partake of his hospitality, and at night repair to a cell in the Latin convent, with which I had every reason to be satisfied, as, after the late watches in open boats and elsewhere, a clean bed was no small luxury. The Latin convent is, next to the Armenian, the best resting-place in Jerusalem, and, as most travellers remain there, I shall, in my future excursions, always start from its well-known locality.

"After mutual greetings over a good breakfast, we laid down our plan of operations; and Mr. J. was already familiar with every part of the city and its environs, which we repeatedly visited together. The first object was to make the circuit of the walls, and looking out of the casement I perceived that we were close upon them: they exactly resemble the walls of York and other ancient cities in our country, having steps, at intervals, leading up to the battlemented breastwork; these we ascended just at the western extremity of the city, whence the wall gradually descends—Acra, towards Bezetha. The morning was very favourable—gray and cloudy; the light and shade swept fitfully over the city and hills—sad, stony, and sterile, dotted with a few dark olives, bringing out successively into strong relief every point of its remarkable topography. We were looking down upon the high rocky plain, N. W. of the city, where, from the earliest time, so many armies have ranged their standards against her: the Assyrian, Roman, Persian, and the toil-worn Crusaders, with their heroic leader, Godfrey of Bouillon.

"As we reach the N. E. angle of the wall, the view over the interior of the city is very striking. All the localities of scripture come in sight. That platform with the noble mosque once sustained the temple of Solomon; beyond is the proud height of Zion; nearer is Calvary. Deep beneath the whole length of the city-wall, the valley of the Kidron unrolls her memorable scenery, sacred to holier associations than those of warring hosts, animated as they were by lofty enthusiasm. That dark plot of olives in the cleft of the glen is Gethsemane—above rises the Mount of Olives. The eye wanders from point to point, and it is some time before the mind is able to conceive, that in sober certainty the scene of so many wonderful events is spread around—that below are the very paths trodden by Jesus of Nazareth—the very shades to which he retired for communion with God, and whence he was dragged to crucifixion upon the dome-covered mount, which seems as if we can almost touch it.

O'Sullivan, the Bandit Chief. A Legend of Killarney. In Six Cantos. By Viscount MASSERBENE and FERRARD.

The power of versification and command of language evidenced in this poem, make it difficult for us to believe it a first production. Those defects of style usually apparent in first essays, are but little if at all observable. The flow of diction is smooth and equal, never degenerating into the puerile. On the other hand, we think that our

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author has availed himself somewhat too largely of the license which poets seem to consider themselves entitled to, of leading their readers through visions of mist and vapour, in which they can discover nothing tangible: in which the objects are wrapped in obscurity, the path undiscernible, and whither the way may be leading altogether undiscoverable. Still, through these mystic regions glimpses of dimly seen objects arise around, claiming the good offices of the ideal to perfect their shape and colouring. Perhaps a certain degree of mistiness is the allowable concomitant of poesy, because mystery is the provocative of interest and curiosity. The imagination is excited by a thin veil, whilst a thick one, by its obscurity, shuts out those glimpses which are necessary to its awakening. We do not say that our author has thrown too deep a shadow over the action of his poem, though we think that he has reached the brink of danger. A little Byronian sarcastic vivacity ushers in and contrasts well with his Legendary Tale, which reminds us strongly of the captivating metres of Scott. The Viscount Massereene has evidently overcome all the drudgery of versification: his diction is smooth, easy, flowing. Henceforth his wanderings with the Muses will be unshackled, and we doubt not that we shall meet him again harping his agreeable minstrelsies. Meanwhile, we make room for a couple of energetic stanzas, that will at once make our readers acquainted with his style, and waken a few chords of that "Memory" which he apostrophises.

"O Memory! thou of foes the worst—
To mortal mind, of friends the best—
How oft thy potent spell hath burst
With magic force the spirit's rest,
And the fell fiend regret hath nurst
With noxious venom from thy breast.
And if his writhing victim durst
Fly to the future to be blest,
Still will thy phantom, doubly cursed,
His soul of yearned-for joy divest;
Still will it wing o'er scenes when erst
On penitence pain reared her crest,
Till follies past by thee rehearsed
With o'erstrained force, and hellish zest,
May drive the overgoaded soul
Beyond e'en reason's blest controul.

And yet thou art the best of friends,
Dear memory, thou whose piercing ray
Will shoot where darkest grief extends,
Where hope lies prostrate 'neath her sway.
Yes, sorrow for a while will stay
Her blighting hand whilst thou art near,
And joy will beam as sunbeams play
Where snow eternal rules the year.
And memory such dost thou appear
To him who here in vacant gaze
O'erlooks dark heaven's indignant blaze,
And but discerns thy placid star,
Which o'er wide seas of thought from far

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Shoots its all-varying ray, that thought
To scenes his childhood loved is brought—
That thought rolls backward to the time
When cautious law he dared to break
And tempt the dangers of the lake,
When some proud forest chief he'd climb
In wayward sportiveness, and hide
From monkish task with chieftain's pride."

The Wilfulness of Women. By the Authoress of the "History of a Flirt."

Talents are not only variously distributed throughout the world, but their operation is diversified and manifold. In one individual their exercise goes on to their manifest improvement, and what at first might appear as a crude effort, does but lead the way to results of perfected powers and completed execution. In another, probably setting out at first with a like equality of ability, some energetic impulse impels the fullest exercise of the inherent capability. A subject is taken up *con amore*, is treated with all the advantage of concentrated interest and affection, and thus the first work is eminently the best. Second impellents seldom possess the potency of a first spell. To effect even a like operation they must be endowed with stronger power than their predecessor, while naturally and almost invariably they are of tamer and more abated vitality. Then it is, that of these two classes, the first go on progressing towards the fulness of their own powers, the second, reaching at once their zenith, are perforce compelled to decline from their own meridian.

We think that the authoress, whose work is now before us, though endowed with excellent abilities, belongs to this latter class. Her first work remains decidedly the best. The freshness of her feelings and her talents were expended on it, and her subsequent works, though not without many of the rich ears of the harvest, partake also of the nature of the gleaning. And yet there is one grand distinction between works of fiction, the line of demarcation between the idle and the useful, the separation of the empty chaff and the golden grain, which ought never to be overlooked or undervalued. Those who write for the high and worthy purpose of elevating the moral character, and inspiring a love of virtue in those who converse with them in their books, deserve a careful separation from others who write for mere amusement, and never look beyond the beguiling of the passing hour. We need scarcely say that the authoress whose work we are considering belongs most distinctly to the former class. It is a worthy and an honourable distinction. Nevertheless we must be unbiassed and impartial in our criticism. "The Wilfulness of Women" is not a failure, but it is not equal to the standard of talent erected by its own authoress as a measurement of its merits. This her last effort is not equal to her first.

Perhaps the primary reason why our authoress has not here equalled herself we have already intimated. The work has evidently been

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written more as a labour than a pleasure. A constant effort (true, a rightly-intentioned one) is apparent throughout, an effort to instil morality. In the Flirt, the moral was left to be drawn by ourselves, left to be a voluntary deduction, suggested, indeed, but not forced upon us through the medium of a lively and agreeable narrative: in the "Wilfulness of Women," the preaching is not the sum total but the separate items of every page. Not content with a final impression on virtue's side, the whole three volumes are occupied less by a narrative than by what ought to have been its deduction. We confess that we think this somewhat mistaking the end for the means, and, as we fear, somewhat defeating the end by the means. Though we look for and honour the moral lesson, it is requisite that it should be conveyed through the medium of an agreeable fiction. The faults of her narrative are in a great measure consequent upon this jumping at conclusions. Thus at its commencement we are introduced to a lady, eminently pious, with a daughter and niece, whom she has educated in perfect companionship, the one being all docile perfection, the latter all scoffing rebellion. We do not indeed say that education can always touch the heart, but it can always, to a great extent, modify the manners, and Miss Erskine is as flippant as though she had never heard of the sacredness of sacred things. Had she been the nursling of a green-room, she could scarcely have manifested more irreverence of manner. The feeling might not be inconsistent with the strictest training, but its manifestation is certainly wholly out of keeping in the society in which Miss Erskine is placed. So, too, is the permission or toleration of her choice in the matrimonial line. Captain Trelawny could hardly have been suffered in the strict circle in which we find him. Our authoress appears to have become sensible of the incongruity of the aunt, Mrs. Harrington, resting quiescent in her niece forming this engagement, and she has therefore concocted an elopement, but this was an unnecessary measure when the arrangement matrimonial was already permitted, and by no means obviates the objection. Generally speaking, the division of the interest of a narrative between two heroines neutralizes that in both, and though old-fashioned example not unfrequently set up a contrast between the good and the bad, the right and the wrong, yet is very skilful management requisite to create and sustain these opposing interests. The cousins in this tale are the co-partner and yet rival heroines, though as a pattern lady we must needs say that the immaculute Sydney is grievously dissipated and unfeelingly unkind to her paragon husband during their season in town. Another difficulty, and almost an insurmountable one, has our authoress created for herself; she has married her heroines in the early part of their history. Who does not know that love is the great event in a woman's life, the great event in poetry, the great event in fiction? Thus all narratives have their *denouement* either in the church or its grave-yard—living happiness or despairing death have been the consummation of love from time immemorial. When, therefore, the heroines of a tale of fiction arrive at the great event of their life, the winding up of their history, in the early pages of that history, great must be an author's ingenuity in finding an interest strong enough to supersede it. The vapid idlenesses of fashion-

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able life, the details of criminal connexions, with their awful results of woe and death, the tracing out the influence of a low and degrading vice, these are not agreeable substitutes for a narrative that ought to progress in interest to its crowning catastrophe. Love of the good is more effectively inspired and upheld by portraitures of its loveliness, than is hatred of evil by our being familiarised with its coarseness. Purity of sentiment and freshness of feeling attach us more to virtue, by presenting us with new aspects of its loveliness, sweet incitements to its companionship, than do repulsive portraitures of evil deter us from its acquaintance—an acquaintance which in truth they may sometimes be concocting. We will not dwell upon lighter objections, though we may notice *en passant* a want of refinement in the badinage of some of the ladies, and now and then a few "mouth-filling" words from the lips of a gentleman. But, after all, the work has talent and morality, and though not equal to its own author's former work, is yet superior to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the thousand of those of others.

For the honour of English gentlemen, we hope that if Captain Trelawney, in the following extract, is like any one individual in the three kingdoms, and all the colonies, he may at least be like none other. We doubt, however, whether Christendom itself could furnish one such heathen. Be it premised, that as the highest exercise of her powerful prerogative, his ladye love has willed and decreed that he should attend her to church—a place, the interior of which he had never before beheld.

"Captain Trelawney submitted to his fate with all the composure his character enabled him to assume, and he prepared to follow the triumphant Harriet Erskine to church on the sabbath, which was set apart to give testimony of her power over the man who was 'no Methodist, like poor Edward Monteith.' Yet her heart was uneasy, and her manner anxious.

"'Now, dear Trelawney, behave properly, and pray take off your hat when we enter the church. Don't alarm me with any of your tricks, you dear, mad creature; you know how particular my aunt is.'

"'I will put on my travelling-cap, and then I need not unbonnet,' observed Captain Trelawney, with an affected simplicity of tone and manner, which raised a laugh on the part of the thoughtless Harriet.

"'No, no, Trelawney, don't be so mad. Just this once—only this once—accompany me to church steadily, and you shall have *carte blanche* for the remainder of your life. Do not appear indifferent and play mad tricks, for my aunt's eyes and Sydney's attention will be directed towards you. I hear my aunt in the hall.'

"Mrs. Harrington appeared surprised and pleased by the novel arrangement which included Captain Trelawney in her party, but she offered no remark. Her manners became, perhaps unconsciously, more courteous towards him, and she silently accepted his arm in the short walk which led to the parish church.

"Sydney Harrington joined the party as they quitted the hall-door, but her thoughts were too engrossed to remember her cousin's determination, or to observe the triumphant sparkling of her eye. Sydney scarcely remarked that a fourth person composed the group, and that the stranger was Captain Trelawney.

"Miss Erskine became abashed at perceiving her lover's total want of propriety—his absence of even the common forms of decency in the hallowed sanctuary.

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"Captain Trelawney seated himself with perfect nonchalance upon his entrance into the pew, and gazed through his eye-glass at the female faces which surrounded it. Twice he resumed his hat, and twice Miss Erskine removed it in terror.

"Captain Trelawney attempted a low whistle in an accompaniment to the simple strain of village psalmody, which the beseeching eyes of Harriet Erskine deprecated as she glanced alternately from his face to the calmly offended expression of her aunt's countenance.

"Harriet Erskine repented her rash and inefficient triumph already. It was misery to sit watching, and fearing lest her aunt's reluctance in receiving Captain Trelawney as her lover should increase. How could he play off his dear mad pranks before eyes so precise, and minds so well known as 'dreadfully serious?' What would Sydney say, though her attention *was* engrossed in her prayer-book? Some people had a thousand mental eyes, and even *one* was too observant; if that eye was near poor dear Trelawney! He was always considered full of levity, when his spirits were only wild with youth and happiness.

"There was infinite distress in Miss Erskine's mind, as Captain Trelawney proceeded in his 'dear mad pranks.' During the portion of time dedicated to the sermon, he was engaged in sketching a caricature likeness of the rector upon a card; and when the portrait was sufficiently filled up, a deep sleep seized him, which evidenced itself by heavy breathing and sudden starts.

"Captain Trelawney could not have injured himself more effectively in Mrs. Harrington's opinion, or given deeper affliction to the heart which fondly idolized him.

"Yet it was not sorrow for a hardened and impenitent heart which destroyed the quiet of Harriet Erskine. She did not mourn over the total absence of religious feelings in her future husband, or enter into arguments with her own reason, upon the effect such callousness of mind might produce upon her own future peace. But she *did* hope Trelawney would have concealed his indifference from her aunt's penetration. She *did* hope he would have assumed propriety before Sydney for her sake.

"Thank heaven! Trelawney was no Methodist, but he need not have looked like a heathen; and it was provoking beyond endurance to move in that mad way, for if her aunt Harrington's eyes sought another resting-place, her sense of hearing was acute, and it would subject her to a thousand lectures. She would receive endless entreaties to break off her engagement, and that she would never consent to do. Her heart was Trelawney's, and her fortune should be his also, in spite of a thousand aunt Harringtons; but the dear madcap was certainly, to say the least of it, extremely foolish. It proved him so thoughtless, too, about herself; he might be sure her feelings were extremely wounded, only, dear fellow, he had not yet put on his 'considering cap,' but all would right itself in time, where a warm heart was so devoted. There was nothing she could not do with John Trelawney.

"'What a lot of plain girls you have in your parish, my dear Mrs. Harrington,' remarked Captain Trelawney aloud, as the party quitted their pew. 'I never saw such a row of ungenteel noses at a glance before, and the rector's face is a subject for Hogarth.'

"Miss Erskine gave her lover an eye glance, which took some effect, and silenced the young officer till they had traversed the churchyard, which decorated the Studleigh grounds. He then placed the card upon which the likeness was sketched in Miss Erskine's hand.

"'Do you know such a person?' he asked, in his peculiar and somewhat effeminate tones.

"Miss Erskine laughed as she examined the drawing with a pleased expression of admiration and pride, which induced her to exhibit it to her aunt in reckless confidence.

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" ' Did you ever see a more talented creature, Aunt Harrington? Is not the sketch a clever and spirited portrait? Oh, look at the dear doctor's long, sharp nose, I beseech you, and that paragon of a chin. My dear Trelawney, where did you acquire such multifarious talents?'

" ' It is a portrait, Captain Trelawney,' observed Mrs. Harrington, mildly; " but surely, my dear sir, the place and the occasion was most unsuited to the amusement.'

" ' What could I do, my dear Mrs. Harrington?'

" ' You were in the house of prayer, not in your painting-room, Captain Trelawney.'

" ' My dear madam, Harriet insisted upon my attending parade, or I should not have presented myself. I was quite unprepared for such noses as I saw in rows beyond your pew. Winchester is celebrated among us for plain girls, which makes it alarmingly unpleasant quarters; but you boast quite as rueful a turn-out at Studleigh.' "

Palm Leaves. By Richard Monckton Milnes.

So much of the light, the idle, the meretricious, is imposed upon the world in the garb of rhyme and under the name of poetry, that when that which is sterling and intrinsically valuable is really found, the pleasure is in no slight degree enhanced by the surprise. In this little volume of " Palm Leaves" we have found not only genuine poetic feeling, but a highly contemplative strain of mind, and much of a pure and elevated philosophy. Were we disposed to be strictly critical on a work of real merit, we should say that the imaginary conjunction of the Mahommedan and the Christian, which writing in the character of the one and feeling in the character of the other, virtually amounts to, while it may, and doubtless has, elevated the sentiment of the poetry, has yet accomplished that result at some expense of consistency. We believe that annotators frequently invest the views of those they are assuming to explain and illustrate with all the treasures of their own minds, often throwing into sentences which originally had either a different or a lower meaning all the rich expansiveness of their own intellects, all the fruitfulness of their own imaginations. Looking on Mahomet as an uninspired man, whose natural shrewdness enabled him to concoct a creed perfectly well adapted to the natural heart, and not, like revealed religion, requiring the subduing of its passions and the abandonment of its cravings; and holding, as we do, that creeds are not the soulless things to which graceless zealots alone attach importance, we quite believe that the impostor Prophet's teachings have been far over-stepped in their meanings, and over-travelled by the minds of his disciples, in whom honesty of purpose may have often acted as the unconscious rectification of admitted error. Like all great and successful impostures on the world, Mahommedanism is the cunning mingling of truth and falsehood. Truth borrowed from revelation the falsehood, a cunningly devised fable. Successful deception is almost invariably the truth perverted, since the world would not, with all its credulity, receive an entire invention. Confining ourselves simply to our author, we feel that he has not been able to restrain the graces of Christianity from flowing into his poetical Mahommedanism; doubtless these

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'Palm Leaves" are imbued with a loftier spirit and a higher refinement from the impregnation. At the same time we think there is something of a deficiency in the exornations of the imagery, some lack of the peculiarly figurative and highly metaphorical cast of Eastern diction. A chaste simplicity has taken the place of the gorgeous grandiloquence which usually clothes the Moslem phraseology, the prose of which is often poetry. A more copious use of metaphorical illustration, while however it might have been more in keeping with the character of the localities, would only have been an exchange of merits; the present tone of the poetry is as chaste in execution, as most of its subjects are elevated in conception, and the whole volume deserves to be called *Poetry*.

We think that much of beauty, but, as we have intimated, more of Christianity than Mahommedanism will be found in the following.

"THE SAYINGS OF RABIA.

"A pious friend one day of Rabia asked,
How she had learut the truth of Allah wholly?
By what instructions was her memory tasked—
How was her heart estranged from this world's folly?

She answered—'Thou, who knowest God in parts,
Thy spirit's moods and processes can tell;
I only know that in my heart of hearts
I have despised myself and loved Him well.'

Some evil upon Rabia fell,
And one who loved and knew her well
Murmured that God with pain undue
Should strike a child so fond and true:
But she replied—'Believe and trust
That all I suffer is most just;
I had in contemplation striven
To realise the joys of heaven;
I had extended fancy's flights
Through all that region of delights,—
Had counted, till the numbers failed,
The pleasures on the blest entailed,—
Had sounded the ecstatic rest
I should enjoy on Allah's breast;
And for those thoughts I now atone
That were of something of my own,
And were not thoughts of Him alone.'

When Rabia unto Mekkeh came,
She stood awhile apart—alone,
Nor joined the crowd with hearts on flame
Collected round the sacred stone.

She, like the rest, with toil had crossed
The waves of water, rock, and sand,
And now, as one long tempest-tossed,
Beheld the Kaabeh's promised land.

Yet in her eyes no transport glistened;
She seemed with shame and sorrow bowed;
The shouts of prayer she hardly listened,
But beat her heart and cried aloud:—

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'O heart! weak follower of the weak,
That thou should'st traverse land and sea,
In this far place that God to seek
Who long ago had come to thee!'

Round holy Rabia's suffering bed
The wise men gathered, gazing gravely—
'Daughter of God!' the youngest said,
Endure thy Father's chastening bravely;
They who have steeped their souls in prayer
Can every anguish calmly bear.'

She answered not, and turned aside,
Though not reproachfully nor sadly;
'Daughter of God!' the eldest cried,
'Sustain thy Father's chastening gladly,
They who have learnt to pray aright,
From pain's dark well draw up delight.'

Then she spoke out,—'Your words are fair;
But, oh! the truth lies deeper still;
I know not, when absorbed in prayer,
Pleasure or pain, or good or ill;
They who God's face can understand
Feel not the motions of His hand.'"

Perhaps we may be the wiser for culling a few poetical proverbs.

"Be it your unerring rule,
Ne'er to contradict a fool;
For if folly dare but brave you,
All your wisdom cannot save you.

If God no better neighbour were
Than you to me and I to you,
How little credit should we share,
Who now have all and more than due!

For what am I most thankful when at prayer?
That Allah parts our knowledge and our woes;
Would not each patient speedily despair
Knew he his ill as the physician knows?

On the immovable enduring land
The tide of passion vents its rage in vain;
With pearls of poesy it sows the strand,—
And this for life is surely glorious gain.

All who have striven to earn a hero's fame,
Must with delight a hero praise and name;
He who the heats and chills of life has known,
Can feel the worth of man, and he alone.

Writing, rhyming, night and day!
That this displeases me is true:
Who drive the poetry away
From our poor earth? You, poets, you!"

Not our poet however.

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Arthur O'Leary: his Wanderings and Ponderings in Many Lands. Edited by his friend HARRY LORREQUER, and Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANKS.

Mr. Lever is one of the established authors of the day. All that he writes is sure to be read, and read favourably. The world has formed its opinion of his merits, and henceforth he is sure of a good reception. That in thus according to him an honourable reputation no more than fair justice has been done, we have before now borne our testimony, and contributed our suffrages to the general laudations. His talents are of no common order. In his own peculiar walk of literature he stands unrivalled. His humour, his spirit, his fun and frolic, are all essentially his own. They are neither borrowed nor can they be imparted. Hitherto his works have had his own peculiar stamp upon them. Minted in his brain they bore the impress of their authorship. Their spirit was genuine, undiluted, unmixed. But the question now is, whether "Arthur O'Leary" will sustain the rank and style and title of his predecessors?

It is dangerous in the highest degree for a successful author to leave the peculiar road which has conducted him to eminence, lured away by any novelty of attraction. It is a rare thing, so rare as only to be accomplished by one in many thousands, for individuals in any walk of life, to attain great eminence. Having had the good fortune of successful merit, (for there are many with great merit that have not such good fortune,) he is unwise to hazard his popularity by a new adventure, more especially when he remembers that credit is seldom won, almost never, twofold by one and the same individual. "Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Mally," "Tom Burke," were all most happy accomplishments. The world was well pleased with them, and we cannot wholly commend our author for a departure from his own safe and cheerful track.

Arthur O'Leary, then, is in a great measure unlike his predecessors. Less rich in comic power, less full of adventure. Had we not been conversant with Mr. Lever's former works, we should have been well pleased and satisfied with the present one, but being so we are not wholly contented. It seems somewhat unnatural to us that our mirth-moving friend should spend his talents on a hand-book, though that hand-book be better than every other. Not that Harry Lorrequer could ever lay aside his point and pleasantry, his wit and raillery. These certainly enliven and illumine his line of travel, and some of his happiest tales intersperse his volumes. Nevertheless, that continuous train of humorous and yet powerful recital which carries us through his former works is lacking in the present one. Our interest in his hero is deficient and subordinate, and we feel that he is rather the courier to lead us from place to place, than the friend whose society delights and cheers. The absence of personal interest in the chief personage of a fiction is always an irreparable drawback. The most brilliant episodes cannot supply the omission, and thus it is that the society of Arthur O'Leary affords us less pleasure than that of his predecessors.

Still Mr. Lever would find it a difficulty, which we doubt if he could accomplish, to write a work that could not please and amuse. Cer-

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tainly, he has not done so this time; though, measuring it by his own self-furnished standard of merit, we are bound to say that he comes short of the mark. His episodes are as piquant and amusing as ever, and from one of these we select a portion, merely premising that mine host of the inn, at whose table the gallant colonel we are about to introduce was to dine, had provided an entertainment under the anticipation that he was catering sufficient for a whole regiment. The farce of the knavish trickery practised upon the victim is highly curious.

"The hour of dinner arrived at last, and the colonel, punctual to the moment, entered the saloon, which looked out by a window on the Platz—a strange contrast, to be sure, for his eyes; the great sideboard loaded with luscious fare, and covered by an atmosphere of savoury smoke; and the meagre bivouack without, where groups of officers sat, eating their simple rations, and passing their goblets of washy beer from hand to hand.

"Rouchefoucauld says, 'There is always something pleasant in the misfortunes of our best friends;' and as I suppose he knew his countrymen, I conclude that the colonel arranged his napkin on his knee with a high sense of enjoyment for the little panorama which met his eyes on the Platz.

"It must certainly have been a goodly sight, and somewhat of a surprise besides, for an old campaigner to see the table groaning under its display of good things; amid which, like Lombardy poplars in a Flemish landscape, the tall and taper necks of various flasks shot up—some frosted with an icy crest, some cobwebbed with the touch of time.

"Ladling the potage from a great silver tureen of antique mould, the host stood beside the colonel's chair, enjoying—as only a host can enjoy—the mingled delight and admiration of his guest: and now the work began in earnest. What an admirable soup, and what a glass of 'Nieder thaler'—no hock was ever like it; and those patés—they were 'en bechamelle.' 'He was sorry they were not oysters, but the Chablis he could vouch for.' And well he might; such a glass of wine might console the emperor for Leipsic.

"'How do you say the trout was fried, my friend?'

"'In mushroom gravy, dashed with anchovy.'

"'Another slice, if you'll permit me,' pop!

"'That flask has burst its bonds in time: I was wishing to taste your "Œil de Perdrix."

"The outposts were driven in by this time, and the heavy guns of the engagement were brought down; in other words, the braten, a goodly dish of veal, garnished with every incongruity the mind of man could muster, entered; which, while the host carved at the sideboard, the colonel devoured in his imagination, comforting himself the while by a salmi of partridges with truffles.

"Some invaluable condiment had, however, been forgotten with the veal, and the host bustled out of the room in search of it. The door had not well closed, when the colonel dashed out a goblet of champagne, and drank it at a draught; then, springing from the window into the Platz, where already the shadow of evening was falling, was immediately replaced by the major, whose dress and general appearance were sufficiently like his own to deceive any stranger.

"Helping himself without loss of time to the salmi, he ate away, like one whose appetite had suffered a sore trial from suspense.

"The salmi gave place to the veal, and the veal to the baked pike; for so it is, the stomach, in Germany, is a kind of human ark, wherein, though there is little order in the procession, the animals enter whole and entire.

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The host watched his guest's performance, and was in ecstasies. Good things never did meet with more perfect appreciation; and as for the wine, he drank it like a Swabian, whole goblets full at a draught. At length, holding up an empty flask, he cried out, 'Champagne!' and away trotted the fat man to his cellar, rather surprised, it is true, how rapidly three flasks of his 'Ai Mousseux' had disappeared.

"This was now the critical moment, and with a half sigh of regret, the major leaped into the street, and the first captain relieved the guard.

"Poor fellow, he was fearfully hungry, and helped himself to the first dish before him, and drank from the bottle at his side, like one whose stomach had long ceased to be pampered by delicacies.

"'Du Heiliger!' cried the host to himself, as he stood behind the chair, and surveyed the performance—'Du Heiliger! how he does eat; one wouldn't suppose he had been at it these fifty minutes. Art ready for the capon now?' continued he, as he removed the keel and floor-timbers of a saddle of mutton.

"'The capon,' sighed the other; 'yes, the capon, now.' Alas! he knew that delicious dish was reserved for his successor. And so it was; before the host re-entered, the second captain had filled his glass twice, and was anxiously sitting in expectation of the capon.

"Such a bird as it was!—a very sarcophagus of truffles—a mine of delicious dainties of every clime and cuisine!

"'Good—eh?'

"'Delicious!' said the second captain, filling a bumper, and handing it to his host, while he clinked his own against it in friendly guise.

"'A pleasant fellow, truly,' said the host, and a social—but, Lord, how he eats! There go the wings and the back! Himmel und Erde! if he isn't at the pastry now!'

"'Wine!' cried the Frenchman, striking the table with the empty bottle, 'wine!'

"The host crossed himself, and went out in search of more liquor, muttering as he shuffled along, 'What would have become of me, if I hadn't paid the indemnity!'

"The third captain was at his post before the host got back, and whatever the performance of his predecessors, it was nothing to his. The pasty disappeared like magic, the fricandeau seemed to have melted away like snow before the sun; while he drank, indiscriminately, Hock, Hermitage, and Bordeaux, as though he were a camel, victualling himself for a three weeks' tramp in the desert.

"The poor host now walked round the board, and surveyed the 'débris' of the feast with a sad heart. Of all the joints which he hoped to have seen cold on the shelves of his larder, some ruined fragments alone remained. Here was the gable-end of a turkey—there, the side-wall of a sirloin; on one side, the broken roof of a pasty; on the other, the bare joists of a rib of beef. It was the Palmyra of things eatable, and a sad and melancholy sight to gaze on.

"'What comes next, good host?' cried the third captain, as he wiped his lips with his napkin.

"'Next!' cried the host, in horror. 'Hagel und regen! thou canst not eat more, surely!'

"'I don't know that, replied the other; 'the air of these mountains freshens the appetite—I might pick a little of something sweet.'

"With a groan of misery, the poor host placed a plum pie before the all-devouring stranger, and then, as if to see that no legerdemain was practised, stationed himself directly in front, and watched every morsel, as he put it into his mouth. No, the thing was all fair, he ate like any one else, grinding his food and smacking his lips, like an ordinary mortal. The host looked down on the floor, and beneath the cloth of the table—what was that for? Did he suspect the stranger had a tail?

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"'A glass of mulled claret with cloves!' said the Frenchman,' and then you may bring the dessert.'

"'The heavens be praised!' cried the host, as he swept the last fragments of the table into a wide tray, and left the room.

"'Egad! I thought you had forgotten me altogether, captain,' said a stout, fat fellow, as he squeezed himself with difficulty through the window, and took his seat at the table. This was the quarter-master of the regiment, and celebrated for his appetite throughout the whole brigade.

"'Ach Gott! how he is swelled out!' was the first exclamation of the host, as he re-entered the room; 'and no wonder either, when one thinks of what he has eaten.'

"'How now, what's this?' shouted the quarter-master, as he saw the dessert arranging on the table. 'Sacré tonnerre! what's all this?'

"'The dessert—if you can eat it'—said the host, with a deep sigh.

"'Eat it!—no—how the devil should I?'

"'I thought not,' responded the other submissively, 'I thought not—even a shark will get gorged at last.'

"'Eh, what's that you say?' replied the quarter-master, roughly. 'You don't expect a man to dine on figs and walnuts, or dried prunes and olives, do you?'

"'Dine!' shouted the host, 'and have you not dined?'

"'No, mille Combes, that I haven't, as you shall soon see!'

"'Alle Gute Geisten loben den Hernn!' said the host, blessing himself. 'An thou be'st Satanus, I charge thee, keep away!'

"A shout of laughter from without prevented the quarter-master's reply to this exorcism being heard, while the trumpet sounded suddenly for 'boot and saddle.'

"With a bottle of wine stuffed in each pocket, the quarter-master rose from table, and hurried away to join his companions, who had received sudden orders to push forward towards Cassel; and as the bewildered host stood at his window, while the regiment filed past, each officer saluted him politely, as they cried out in turn, 'Adieu, monsieur! my compliments to the braten'—'the turkey was delicious'—'the salmi perfect'—'the capon glorious'—'the venison a chef-d'œuvre!' down to the fat quarter-master, who, as he raised a flask to his lips, and shook his head reproachfully, said, 'Ah! you old screw, nothing better than nuts and raisins to give a hungry man for his dinner!' And so they disappeared from the Platz, leaving mine host in a maze of doubt and bewilderment, which it took many a day and night's meditation to solve to his own conviction."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

So much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby as relates to her Domestic History, and to the eventful period of the Reign of Charles the First. Small 4to. 18*s*.

The Letters of Sir Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 1*l*. 8*s*.

Cabul and the Punjab. By Lieut. Barr. Fcap. 8vo. 12*s*.

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Thornton's Gazetteer of Scinde, Affghanistan, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 5*s*.

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Anecdotes of Actors. By Mrs. Mathews. 1 vol. 8vo. 14*s*.

Constancy and Contrition. A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.

The Governess. Royal 18mo. 4*s*.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts mark an improvement in the aspect of trade. A fair and steady business has been done in Man-

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chester goods. Some speculation has been excited in the flannel market, and it is expected that further advances will take place in wool, in which the prices remain firm. Extensive business has been done in the iron trade, sustained by the flourishing aspect of the railway shares. There has been a fair supply of English wheat, and transactions in the foreign have been limited. In sugar little business has been done, and that at lower rates. In the tea trade the market suffered some depression when it was understood that no alteration in the duty had been made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The demand has been good for the finer sorts of coffee.

MONEY MARKET.—Since the Premier has brought forward his measures for the future regulation of the currency, an increased confidence has been manifested in the securities of the money market. The chancellor broker, and the savings' bank broker, both at the commencement of the month made large purchases. Upon the whole but little speculative spirit has been manifested by the holders.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

On Tuesday, 28th of May.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 199.—Consols for Acct. 95 one-half.—Three per Cents. Consols, Anns. 98 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cents. New, 102 one-half.—Indian Stock, 289.—Exchequer Bills, Small, 1½d. 73s. 71s.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent. 61½.—Spanish Five per Cents. 23 five-eighths.—Spanish Three per Cents. 35.—Belgian Five per Cents. 25 three-eighths.—Dutch Five per Cent. 100 five-eighths.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM APRIL 23 TO MAY 24, 1844, INCLUSIVE.

April 23.—W. Austin, Bell-street, Edgeware-road, builder.—R. Graham, Dover-street, Piccadilly, singing master.—H. Channell, Southampton, coal merchant.—W. Read and E. Page, Ipswich, ship builders.—F. H. Ward, Arbour-terrace, Commercial-road, tallow chandler.—G. Smeeton, Stratford, Essex, horse dealer.—J. B. King, Newgate-street, merchant.—W. Brown, Rickmansworth, auctioneer.—A. Batty, Birkenshaw, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—R. Jackson, Leeds, machine maker.—W. Lloyd, Liverpool, wine merchant.—S. Brothers, Newcastle-under-Lyne, carrier.

April 26.—G. Park, Charles-street, Commercial-road, Stepney, cowkeeper. — S. Bache, Milford Cottages, Commercial-road, Peckham, builder.—B. W. Blake, City-road, merchant.—H. Haigh, Ratcliffe-highway, engineer.—J. W. Robey, Upper John-street, Fitzroy-square, builder.—W. Rogers, Newport, Monmouthshire, draper. — T. Bake, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Manchester, common brewer. — W. Ashwin, Birmingham, steel penmaker.—R. Harris, Liverpool, hotel-keeper.—R. D. Newman, Leeds, cornfactor.—J. Simpson, jun., and W. Toft, Wakefield, Yorkshire, alkali manufacturers.

April 30. — J. Maclean, Somerset-street, Whitechapel, carpenter and builder.—S. Wilcockson, Chesterfield, Derby, linen-draper and mercer. — C. Johnson, Rochdale, Lancaster, lime dealer and inspector of weights and measures.—C. Nichols, Wakefield, York, bookseller and stationer.—G. F. Wright, Ironbridge, Madeley, Salop, innkeeper.—J. Perry, Coventry-road, Birmingham, maister and attorney's writing clerk. — G. E. Phillips, Plymouth, Devon, saddler and harness maker.—J. Pemberton, Knostrop, York, soap boiler.—G. Morrey, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick, publican.—J. Gould, Sheen, Stafford, cheese factor.

May 3.—H. Alden, Queen-street, Oxford, stationer and printer.—J. Gibbins, High-street, Marylebone, carpenter and builder.—R. Barham, Emsworth, Hants, linendraper.—J. Diamond, George-street, Tower-hill, merchant.—J. Grover, Regent-street, Lambeth, stone merchant.—S. Jevons, Lincoln, shoemaker.—A. Sillitoe, Sudbury, Suffolk, innkeeper.

May 7.—E. Holmes, King-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. — H. Simmonds, Southwark, hop factor.—W. H. Nash and W. Gardiner, Exeter, drapers.—T. Cox, Porchester-street, Connaught-square, fruiterer.—C. Williams, Sutton-street, York-road, Lambeth, furrier.—T. W. Baker, Woolwich, builder.—J. Bird, St. John's-square, Clerkenwell, watch manufacturer.—J. Moorhouse, Rotherham, Yorkshire, cattle dealer.—W. F. Nicholson, Halifax, worsted spinner. — H. Peacock, Stockton-upon-Tees, grocer.—S. Meredith, Liverpool, linendraper. — W. Hind, Preston, Lancashire, common brewer.—F. Davis, Tipton and West Bromwich, linendraper.—J. Arnold, Farndon, Chester, and H. Arnold, Derby, cheese factors.

May 10.—M. Brunswick, Lime-street, merchant.—J. Elliott, Caxton, Cambridgeshire, innkeeper.—F. Banner, Upper Thames-street, provision merchant. — J. Clark, Mincing-lane, Fenchurch-street, colonial broker.—S. Saxby, Old Fish-street, City, wine merchant. — C. Styles, Worthing, grocer.—T. Kempster, Blackman-street, Southwark, builder. — S. Woodroffe, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, wine merchant.—G. Parker, Sheffield, spade-manufacturer.—J. Dixon, Sheffield, linendraper.

May 14.—T. C. Lancefield, Augustus-square, Regent's-park, builder.—J. Pledge, Vauxhall-street, Lambeth, bricklayer.—W. Burton, King-street, Soho, upholsterer.—E. Hayward, Castle Hedingham, Essex, innkeeper.—J. M. Polak, Coleman street-buildings, merchant.—J. Baker, Romsey, grocer.—E. Brennand, Highgate, ironmonger.—J. Todd, sen., and J. Todd, Bury street, Bloomsbury, ironmongers.—R. Foster, Dover, tailor.—J. S. Austin, Bedford, surveyor.—R. Reeve, Liverpool, fruiterer.—J. Howden,

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Wakefield, ironfounder.—R. Richardson, Manchester, gambroon manufacturer.—H. Drake, Barnstaple, attorney-at-law.—T. H. Wetmore, Worcester, tea-dealer.—E. Brown, Birmingham, merchant.—J. W. Harris, Wolverhampton, wine merchant.

May 17.—E. B. Lamb, Burton-crescent, builder.—S. Banks, Ipswich, victualler.—R. Masterman, Trinity-street, Southwark, surgeon.—P. Cataneo and I. Cataneo, Reigate, Surrey, jewellers.—T. W. Younghusband, Upper Belgrave-place, bitumen manufacturer.—C. Newton and C. Worssam, Kingsland-basin, Kingsland-road, engineers.—R. Marks, Union-street, Borough, victualler.

May 21.—J. Cooper, Stoney-lane, Southwark, wheelwright.—W. Lickfold, Merrow, Surrey, licensed victualler.—W. C. Buttress, Sewardstone, Essex, silk throwster.—J. Snelling, Blackman-street, Southwark, eating-house keeper.—I. Alden, Oxford, butcher.—P. R. Morrison, Liverpool, merchant.—T. Carline, Shrewsbury, builder.—D. Parker, Salford, Lancashire, hop merchant—W. Gray, Sheffield, wine and spirit merchant.—L. L. Halls, Taunton, tea dealer.—J. Ward, West Bromwich, coachmaker.—W. Fletcher, Cinderhill, Staffordshire, maltster.—E. Riley, Stratford-upon-Avon, grocer.—M. Lewis, Derby, straw bonnet manufacturer.

May 24.—B. Webb, High-street, Southwark, cheesemonger.—J. W. Martin, Newmarket, chemist.—J. M. Pike, Great Bath-street, Coldbath-square, licensed victualler.—W. Parrot, Southampton, grocer.—T. Davison, Stockton-upon-Tees, grocer.—J. Smith, Manchester, calico-printer.—J. C. Johnson and W. Chapman, Manchester, manufacturing chemists.—J. Pitt, Longdon, Worcestershire, innkeeper.

NEW PATENTS.

W. Pollard, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of ammonia and its compounds. March 28th, 6 months.

J. Hardy, of Birmingham, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the process of welding tubes, pipes, or hollow rods of malleable iron by machinery. March 28th, 6 months.

A. R. Johnson, of Regent-street, Hatter, for certain improvements in hats. March 28th, 6 months.

J. Maudslay, of Lambeth, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines. March 28th, 6 months.

J. Cooper, of Hoxton, in the County of Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the purification and clarification of sugar, which improvements are also applicable to the purifying and clarifying of other articles of commerce. March 28th.

R. Davison, of Brick Lane, Civil Engineer, and W. Symington, of East Smithfield, Civil Engineer, for a method or methods of drying, seasoning, and hardening wood and other articles, part of which are applicable to the desiccation of vegetable substances generally. March 28th, 6 months.

R. Mollett, of Shacklewell, Gentleman, and Jesse Bridgman, of Hackney, Gentleman, for certain improvements in separating the fatty and oily from the membraneous portions of animal and vegetable substances. March 28th, 6 months.

C. W. Spicer, of Portman Square, Esq., for an invention called the nautilus, or portable life preserver and swimming belt. March 28th, 6 months. Communication.

C. H. F. Dumontier, of Rouen, France, Engineer, for improvements in the construction of lithographic and autographic presses. March 28th, 6 months. Communication.

J. R. Dicksee, of Old Compton Street, Soho Square, Artist, for improvements in the manufacture of mosaics. March 30th, 6 months.

W. Crosskill, of the Iron Works, Beverley, for improvements in machinery for making wheels for carriages. March 30th, 6 months.

H. Clayton, of Upper Park Place, Dorset Square, Regent's Park, Plumber and Machinist, for improvements in the manufacture of tiles, drain pipes or tubes, and bricks. March 30th, 6 months.

J. Biggs, of the Borough of Leicester, Manufacturer, and R. Harris, the younger, of Leicester, aforesaid, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of looped, woven, and elastic fabrics. March 30th, 6 months.

L. Bostwick, of Fen-court, Fenchurch Street, London, Merchant, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for sewing all kinds of cloth or other materials. April 2nd, 6 months.

W. Stace, of Berwick, Sussex, Farmer, and P. Vallance, of the same place, Farmer, for improvements in applying power for drawing or working ploughs and other implements, and carriages used for agricultural purposes. April 2nd, 6 months.

J. Parsons, of Selwood Terrace, Brompton, Gentleman, for certain improvements

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in machinery or apparatus for cleansing or sweeping chimneys and flues. April 2nd, 6 months.

J. Murdoch, of Staple's Inn, Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improved apparatus and processes for preparing the phormium tenax, or New Zealand flax, so as to render it applicable to various useful purposes. April 2nd, 6 months. Communication.

F. Brown, of Luton, in the county of Bedford, Ironmonger, for improvements in stoves. April 10th, 6 months.

J. Murray, of Garnkirk Coal Company, Scotland, for a new method of using and applying artificial gas, made from coal, oil, or other substances, for lighting and ventilating caverns, pits, or mines, or other pits where minerals or metals are worked or extracted. April 10th, 4 months.

R. Barber, of Hotel Street, Leicester, Confectioner, for improvements in apparatus for giving quick rotatory motion to mops and such-like instruments. April 10th, 6 months.

J. Aitken, of Surrey Square, for improvements in water machines or engines, and steam-engines, and the mode of traction on or in canals or other waters or ways. April 10th, 6 months.

G. W. Lenox and J. Jones, of Billeter Square, London, Merchants, for improvements in the manufacture of sheaves and shells for blocks, and of bolt rings or washers for the purposes of shipwrights and engineers. April 10th, 6 months.

J. Kennedy, (of the firm of Bury, Curtis, and Kennedy,) of Liverpool, Engineer, and T. Vernon, of the same place, Iron-ship Builder, for certain improvements in the building or construction of iron and other vessels for navigation on water. April 15th, 6 months.

J. Lawson, of Leeds, Engineer, and T. Robinson, of the same place, Flax Dresser, for certain improvements in machinery for heckling, dressing, combing, and cleaning flax, wool, silk, and other fibrous substances. April 16th, 6 months.

E. Heale, of Brixton, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction of carriages for the conveyance of passengers on roads and railways. April 18th, 6 months.

D. Grant, of Greenwich, Esquire, for improvements applicable to the ventilation of apartments, in which gas and other incombustible matters are consumed by ignition. April 18th, 6 months.

J. B. Denton, of Gray's Inn Square, Land Agent, for improvements in machinery for moulding or shaping clay, and other plastic substances for draining and other purposes. April 18th, 6 months.

J. Murdoch, of Staples Inn, Mechanical Draughtsman and Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of vessels for holding aërated liquids, and in the means for introducing such liquids into the said vessels, and retaining them therein. April 18th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Smith, of Bradford, in the County of York, Worsted Spinner, for improvements in machinery for tentering and stretching cloths or fabrics. April 18th, 6 months.

R. Roberts, of the Globe Works, Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for the preparation of cotton and wool, and also for spinning and doubling cotton, silk, wool, and other fibrous substances. April 18th, 6 months.

J. Woods, of Barge Yard Chambers, Bucklersbury, Gentleman, for improvements in regulating the power and velocity of machines for communicating power. April 18th, 6 months. Communication.

W. Hodson, of New King Street, Kingston-upon-Hull, Estate Agent, for a machine for making and compressing bricks, tiles, square pavers, and ornamental bricks. April 18th, 6 months.

H. Frearson, of Arno Vale, Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of warp fabrics. April 23rd, 6 months.

P. Lear, of Boston, Suffolk, of the State of Massachusetts, America, Gentleman, for certain new and useful improvements in machinery for propelling vessels through the water. April 23rd, 6 months.

W. Taylor, of Birmingham, Door Spring Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of axle pulleys, and in pegs or pins for hanging hats or other garments thereon. April 24th, 6 months.

R. Allaire, of Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, Dyer and Cleaner, for improvements for cleansing gentlemen's garments. April 24th, 6 months.

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April 24.—No House.

April 25.—No House.

April 26.—Some conversation arose respecting the recall of Lord Ellenborough, and the Marquess of Normanby inquired if it were true that the Court of Directors of the East India Company had recalled Lord Ellenborough from the government of India.—The Earl of Ripon replied that they had exercised their power to recall at their will and pleasure the Governor-general of India.

April 27.—No House.

April 29.—Lord Beaumont laid on the table a bill, the object of which was to place charitable bequests made to Roman Catholics on the same footing as charitable bequests made to Protestant Dissenters. The bill was then read a first time.—The Bail in Error Bill was read a second time.—The Court of Common Pleas Law Process Bill was also read a second time.—A long conversation arose on the recall of Lord Ellenborough from the Governor-generalship of India by the Directors of the East India Company.

April 30.—Lord Cottenham moved the second reading of his bill for amending the relations of creditors and debtors. The bill was read a second time.

May 1.—No House.

May 2.—Lord Campbell moved the committal of the Bail in Error Bill. It was proposed, as an amendment, that the bill be committed that day six months, which was agreed to without a division.

May 3.—The Lord Chancellor moved that the Dissenters' Chapel Bill be committed; the Bishop of London moved, as an amendment, that the bill be committed that day six months: the amendment was negatived without a division, and the bill passed through committee.—The Eastern Counties Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.

May 4.—No House.

May 5.—The Marquess of Clanricarde brought forward his motion respecting the appointment of Mr. O'Brien to the office of a stipendiary magistrate in Ireland. The noble marquess moved a resolution—"That to appoint as a stipendiary magistrate in Ireland a person who had published intemperate and violent expressions, and extreme opinions on those public questions which agitated the minds of the country was calculated to disturb all confidence in that steady and efficient administration of justice which it should be the object of such appointments to insure." After some conversation, Lord Clanricarde's resolution was negatived without a division.—The Courts of Common Law (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.

May 7.—A long discussion arose on the subject of Lord Ellenborough's recall from India, after which Lord Brougham's Bill for facilitating arrangements between Debtor and Creditor was read a second time.

May 8.—No House.

May 9.—The Lord Chancellor moved the third reading of the Dissenters' Chapels Bill. The House divided, and the bill was read a third time and passed.—The Night Poaching Prevention Bill was read a third time and passed.

May 10.—The Duke of Richmond moved for a return of the quantity of foreign wool imported since 1814, specifying the quantity brought from our colonies. Ordered.

May 11.—No House.

May 13.—Lord Brougham moved the second reading of his Bill for the Consolidation of the Criminal Law. The bill was read a second time.

May 14.—On the motion of Lord Wharncliffe, the Factories' Bill was read a first time.—On the motion of the Earl Fitzwilliam, it was agreed "that a message be sent to the other House of Parliament, requesting a copy of the reports that had been made to the House by the committees appointed on railways."

May 15.—No House.

May 16.—No House.

May 17.—Lord Monteagle moved for a copy of the memorial addressed to the Treasury respecting the execution of the railroad between Dublin and Cashel.—The Duke of Wellington said that it was the wish of her majesty's government to give every facility to the public in this undertaking. Ordered.—The Bishop of Exeter laid on the table a Bill for the more effectual suppression of brothels, and trading in seduction and prostitution. The bill was read a first time.

May 18.—No House.

May 20.—The Factories Bill was read a second time.

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May 21.—Lord Beaumont moved for an address to her majesty for extracts of the correspondence between the Foreign Office and Sir Thomas Reade, the consul at Tunis, respecting the trial of the Maltese Xuebab, and the interference of the French Consul-General on that occasion. The motion was agreed to.—Lord Brougham laid on the table a Bill to amend the Act for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt. Read a first time, and ordered to be printed.

May 22.—No House.

May 23.—A long discussion took place respecting a clause which had been added to the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway Bill, but to which the House of Commons had refused to agree, because it was in violation of their standing orders. This clause, which gave a power to the railway company to erect gates upon the queen's high road, three quarters of a mile distant from the railway, for the purpose of complying with a stipulation entered into between them and Lord Brougham, had been introduced by Lord Brougham on bringing up the report of the bill, and had been objected to by the House of Commons, upon a conference, as being irrelevant to the bill, and fit only to be dealt with as part of a turnpike act.—On the motion of Lord Brougham, the Criminal Law Amendment Bill went through committe *pro forma*, and was reported.—The Customs' Duties Bill was brought up from the Commons, and was read a first time; to be read a second time on Thursday next.—The Turnpike Roads (Ireland) Bill was also brought up.—On the motion of Lord Cottenham, the House went into committee *pro forma* on the Debtors and Creditors Bill, and the noble and learned lord proposed several amendments.—The Lord Chancellor said he had also to propose several amendments, but they were framed upon the bill as it originally stood. It would, therefore, be advisable that they should be printed. The bill then went through committee.

Adjourned to the 30th inst.

House of Commons.—April 24.—The Marquess of Blandford took the oaths and his seat for Woodstock. The House was occupied exclusively with the dispute between Mr. Ferrand and Sir J. Graham.

April 25.—No House.

April 26.—Mr. T. Duncombe moved that the Factories' Bill should be referred to a Select Committee; on which motion the House divided, the numbers were, for the Select Committee, 42, against it, 145. The bill then went into the Committee of the whole House, and the clauses up to 21 were agreed to.

April 27.—No House.

April 29.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of Ways and Means. The Chancellor of the Exchequer laid before the House his annual statement of the actual receipts and disbursements of the past, and the anticipated revenue and expenditure of the current years.

April 30.—Mr. Fox Maule moved for leave to bring in a bill for regulating the oaths to be taken in the Universities of Scotland, by persons bearing offices there. After some discussion, the House divided on the motion, when the numbers were, for it, 101, against it, 128.

May 1.—On the order of the day being read for the House resolving itself into Committee on the Masters' and Servants' Bill, numerous petitions were presented against it. Mr. Duncombe moved that the House should go into committee on the bill that day six months. The House divided, when there appeared for Mr. Duncomb's motion, 97, against it, 44.

May 2.—Mr. Hurst took the oaths and his seat for Horsham.—The Newbury and Basingstoke Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Lords amendments to the Norwich and Brandon Railway Bill were agreed to.—The Lords amendments to the Great Western Railway were read and agreed to.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the laws relating to Savings' Banks, and to the purchase of Government Annuities through the medium of Savings' Banks.

May 3.—On the motion that the order of the day for the House resolving itself into Committee on the Factories' Bill, Mr. Roebuck moved, "That it is the opinion of this House that no interference with the power of adult labourers in factories, to make contracts respecting the hours for which they shall be employed, be sanctioned by this House." After much conversation, the House divided on the amendment, when the numbers for it were, 76, against it, 282.—The Pontop and South Shields Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Newcastle and Darlington Junction Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Lords' amendments

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to the Guildford Junction Railway Bill were read and agreed to.—The Leeds and Selby Railway Purchase (No. 2) Bill was read a third time and passed.

May 4.—No House.

May 6.—The House went into Committee on the Bank of England Charter Act.—The House also went into Committee on the Factories' Bill, when all the clauses were agreed to.

May 7.—Mr. Hume moved for the production of the correspondence between the Directors of the East India Company and the Government. After a long discussion, the House divided on the motion, when the numbers were, against it, 197, for it, 21.

May 8.—No House.

May 9.—Mr. Hume moved for an address to the Crown to abolish the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. After some discussion, the motion was withdrawn.

May 10.—Mr. Thesiger (the Solicitor-General) took his seat for Abingdon.—A long debate arose on the third reading of the Factories' Bill, which was adjourned.

May 11.—No House.

May 13.—The adjourned debate on the third reading of the Factories' Bill was resumed; and after considerable discussion the House divided, when the numbers were, for the motion, 136, against it, 7. The bill was then passed.

May 14.—Mr. S. Crawford moved for leave to bring in a bill to extend Parliamentary Suffrage, and secure a full and free representation of the people. Dr. Bowring seconded the motion. No further observations were made, and the House divided; for the motion, 31, against it, 97.—Sir D. Norreys moved the appointment of a Select Committee on the Irish Poor Law. Sir James Graham opposed the motion, on the ground that such inquiry was deprecated by the principal Irish members, and could answer no good purpose. On a division, the motion was negatived by 42 to 10.

May 15 —No House.

May 16.—Lord Sandon moved for returns of extracts of despatches from the Governor-General of India, on the subject of the emigration of Hill Coolies. Agreed to.—Mr. Gladstone moved a new schedule of duties, preparatory to introducing a bill for regulating the Customs in the Isle of Man, which was agreed to.—The West India Relief Bill was read a second time.—Sir Charles Napier brought before the House the state of the Navy List, with a view, principally, to the establishment of a retired list for officers above sixty years of age. The House divided, against the motion 71, for it, 28.

May 17.—The House went into Committee on the Customs' Duties Bill.—The House then resumed.—The House then went into Committee on the Stamp Duties' Bill. The clauses were agreed to, and also the schedule of duties; a motion by Mr. Foster, for a diminution of the duty on marine insurances having been negatived on a division by 69 to 22.

May 18.—No House.

May 20.—The House went into Committee on the Bank of England Charter Acts, when the resolutions were agreed to.—On the motion of Mr. Gladstone, a proposition to reduce the deposit on railway speculations from ten to five per cent. was, after some discussion, agreed to.

May 21.—Nothing of importance.

May 22.—Sir G. Clerk moved for leave to bring in a bill to enable her Majesty to carry into effect by orders in council any treaties for the suppression of the slave trade.—On the motion of M. Labouchere, the Forestalling Bill was read a second time.—Mr. Greene brought up the report of the Committee of the whole House on the Bank resolutions, which were agreed to, and a bill ordered to be brought in by Sir R. Peel and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—The Smoke Prohibition Bill was read a second time on the motion of Mr. Mackinnon, and ordered to be committed on the 5th of June.

May 23.—The Customs' Duties Bill was read a third time, and passed.—Mr. W. O. Stanley moved for a Select Committee to inquire into certain allegations contained in a petition which prayed for inquiry into the management of the endowed schools in the diocese of Bangor and St. Asaph; and entered into a long statement as to their alleged mismanagement. Sir James Graham said, that government had in contemplation a measure for providing a summary and judicial remedy in every case of abuse, so as to enforce the proper application of the funds. The motion accordingly was withdrawn.

May 24.—The House went into a Committee of Supply.—The Bank Charter Bill was read a first time, and ordered to be printed.—The House adjourned to Thursday, the 30th inst.

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THE

METROPOLITAN.

JULY, 1844.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Coningsby; or the New Generation. By B. Disraeli, Esq., M.P. author of "Contarini Fleming."

Perhaps a work of more opposite ingredients, the result of the most opposite talents in the person of its author, never appeared before the world. Fearlessness of spirit, and a reckless defiance of all consequences, break upon us at the outset, and have acted as an energy and impulse throughout, giving wide breathing room and free play to all the diversified talents of which Mr. Disraeli is the undoubted possessor. We had heretofore believed that men living in the world must necessarily be shackled by those bonds of society which at the same time hold it together, but our author, like Samson, though for a while he might rest in the lap of this Delilah, has proved that he could readily burst the green withs of his nominal captivity. The work is undoubtedly severe, and we are not severe in saying so, inasmuch as its author meant that it should be so. We have ever been the first to enter our protest against the personalities of private life. Our sense of justice here impels us to mark the difference. It is public men that our author has brought before us, and public men are public property. And these too as the representatives of public measures. As for the application of likenesses between some of his fault-spotted characters and living individuals, be it remembered that no man ever had or can have a monopoly for any particular sin, and that no portraiture can possibly be drawn which must not inevitably have a thousand counterparts. How idle then to trace resemblances! And these observations ought the more to be kept in view, because Mr. Disraeli has not

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lauded one party with the highest praise, and loaded another with the deepest obloquy. So far from doing this, he has dealt out the measure of his severity with an even-handed justice, condemning one side quite as fairly as another.

The work has undoubtedly a strong political tendency. The observing politician stands on his eminence throughout. He would mark the Spirit of Young England bursting the shackles of its long minority, and assuming its independence. It seems to us as if he would fain oeverleap the times when parties hold theiralternate dominancy, to days when all may be acting for, and influenced by, the public good; when petty private interests shall be merged in an enlarged patriotism. There is a high-minded rectitude of philanthropy in his reference to the interests of our poorer classes: in his recognition of their unalienable rights. True patriotism no more than true philanthropy, can neither over nor undervalue the peasant because he is a peasant, or the peer because he is a peer. It is as man alone that man ought to be estimated, without reference to his condition.

Another leading feature of the work is, a just assertion of Jewish influence. No man with his Bible in his hand would wish to undervalue the peculiar People. If he honour ancient lineage, theirs is the most honourable. The Old Testament contains the histories of their Warriors, Prophets, Priests, and Kings, and how penned? even by the authorship of inspiration. But as a Christian, he must accord a still higher reverence to the lineage of David, since from that line came the Messiah. Imagination as well as reality must needs be mocked and foiled at the vain thought of seeking loftier descent; and though as a people the Jews are suffering degradation, yet as a future restoration to glory and might and honour and power await them, so are the elements of greatness not only unextinguished but energetic within them. Power is but the assertion of strength; and our author justly notes, that no great national action, no important political movement, can or does take place without a concurrence of the Jewish influence. In this work we might almost say that Mr. Disraeli has presented a type of the Hebrew nation in one character—that of Sidonia, a man whose gifted mind, whose enlarged capacity, whose extensive education, whose vast resources, whose intellect, wealth, and position, well befit him for the representation of his People.

"Coningsby," however, has many aspects. We change our position, and find numerous fresh views worthy of the highest admiration. Two of these diametrically opposite balance each other in excellence and spirit. Many, most, of the scenes, are cast amid the higher classes of life, and Mr. Disraeli is almost alone in their portraiture. This merit is, indeed, linked with another, the fine, the powerful, the talented impersonation of character; and it is in a large measure that just expression of the taste, the feelings, and the habits of the individuals which in their combination raise around us the very reality of the higher orbits of society. It is the highest refinement which consists in the most nameless things. If it were capable of expression, more tangible, more matter of disquisition, it would in the same proportion be less exquisite, of a less subile essence. Pervading all things, it is yet all touch evading. No wonder that every day deli-

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neations of high-life are so much more like low-life, where their actuating spirit is one felt but by few, fewer still being capable of its expression. Mr. Disraeli's scenes cast among the aristocracy are of the highest polish, without the slightest deterioration of the lines of character. And yet is his opposite talent quite as strongly marked. Perhaps we are wrong in calling that a talent which is more truly a feeling. We speak of the refreshing energy which he displays when he passes into scenes where nature reigns. Then it is that the unbent mind luxuriates, the heart expands into universal benevolence, the spirits rejoice and gladden, and we who read seem to behold a spirit liberated for a while from all the chains of mortal perplexities, released from the weight of human anxieties, and disporting for a while in that glowing sunshine which gilds all things with its own gladdening joy.

It is time, however, that we close our notice, though we do it with regret, so many aspects of admiration crowding still upon us: these our readers must contemplate for themselves. Whether the work be looked upon as a political effort, or as an enchanting novel, full of vigour and interest, and crowded with finely-formed characters, with great interest of plot, and rich in true sentiment and real feeling, matters but little. From its authorship, its scope, and its tendency, it must command universal attention. It will have numerous enemies, but many more friends. Mr. Disraeli already enjoys a high literary reputation, which will be still more enhanced and advanced by "Coningsby."

We have selected an extract, not from the fashionable, the playful, or the tender, but from the political.

"'Now tell me, Coningsby, exactly what you conceive to be the state of parties in this country; for it seems to me that if we penetrate the surface, the classification must be more simple than their many names would intimate.'

"'The principle of the Exclusive Constitution of England having been conceded by the acts of 1827—8—32,' said Coningsby, 'a party has arisen in the State, who demand that the principle of political liberalism shall consequently be carried to its extent; which it appears to them is impossible without getting rid of the fragments of the old Constitution that remain. This is the Destructive party; a party with distinct and intelligible principles. They seek a specific for the evils of our social system in the general suffrage of the population.

"'They are resisted by another party, who having given up Exclusion, would only embrace as much Liberalism as is necessary for the moment; who, without any embarrassing promulgation of principles, wish to keep things as they find them as long as they can; and then will manage them as they find them as well as they can; but as a party must have the semblance of principles, they take the names of the things they have destroyed. Thus, they are devoted to the prerogatives of the Crown, although in truth the Crown has been stripped of every one of its prerogatives; they affect great veneration for the Constitution in Church and State, though every one knows that the Constitution in Church and State no longer exists; they are ready to stand or fall with the "independence of the Upper House of Parliament," though, in practice, they are perfectly aware that, with their sanction, the "Upper House" has abdicated its initiatory functions, and now serves only as a Court of Review of the legislation of the House of Commons. Whenever public opinion, which this party never

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attempts to form, to educate, or to lead, falls into some violent perplexity, passion, or caprice, this party yields without a struggle to the impulse, and, when the storm has past, attempts to obstruct and obviate the logical, and ultimately the inevitable, results of the very measures they have themselves originated, or to which they have consented. This is the Conservative Party.

"'I care not whether men are called Whigs or Tories, Radicals or Chartists, or by what nickname a bustling and thoughtless race may designate themselves; but these two divisions comprehend at present the English nation.

"'With regard to the first school, I for one have no faith in the remedial qualities of a government carried on by a neglected Democracy, who, for three centuries, have received no education. What prospect does it offer us of those high principles of conduct with which we have fed our imagination, and strengthened our will? I perceive none of the elements of government that should secure the happiness of a people and the greatness of a realm.

"'But, in my opinion, if Democracy be combated only by Conservatism, Democracy must triumph, and at no distant date. This, then, is our position. The man who enters public life at this epoch has to choose between Political Infidelity and a Destructive Creed!'

"'This, then,' said Millbank, 'is the dilemma to which we are brought by nearly two centuries of Parliamentary Monarchy and Parliamentary Church?'

"''Tis true,' said Coningsby. 'We cannot conceal it from ourselves, that the first has made Government detested, and the second, Religion disbelieved.'

"'Many men in this country,' said Millbank, 'and especially in the class to which I belong, are reconciled to the contemplation of Democracy, because they have accustomed themselves to believe that it is the only power by which we can sweep away those sectional privileges and interests that impede the intelligence and industry of the community.'

"'And yet,' said Coningsby, 'the only way to terminate what in the language of the present day is called Class Legislation is not to intrust power to classes. You would find a locofoco majority as much addicted to Class Legislation as a factitious aristocracy. The only power that has no class sympathy is the Sovereign.'

"'But suppose the case of an arbitrary Sovereign: what would be your check against him?'

"'The same as against an arbitrary Parliament.'

"'But Parliament is responsible.'

"'To whom?'

"'To their constituent body.'

"'Suppose it was to vote itself perpetual?'

"'But public opinion would prevent that.'

"'And is public opinion of less consequence on an individual than on a body?'

"'But public opinion may be indifferent: a nation may be misled, may be corrupt.'

"'If the nation that elects the Parliament be corrupt, the elected body will resemble it. The nation that is corrupt, deserves to fall. But this shows that there is something to be considered beyond forms of government—national character. And herein mainly should we repose our hopes. If a nation be led to aim at the good and the great, depend upon it, whatever be its form, the government will respond to its convictions and its sentiments.'

"'Do you, then, declare against Parliamentary Government?'

"'Far from it: I look upon political change as the greatest of evils, for it comprehends all. But if we have no faith in the permanence of the

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existing settlement, if the very individuals who established it year after year are proposing their modifications or their reconstructions, so also, while we uphold what exists, ought we to prepare ourselves for the change we deem impending.

"'Now I would not that either ourselves or our fellow-citizens should be taken unawares, as in 1832, when the very men who opposed the Reform Bill offered contrary objections to it which destroyed each other, so ignorant were they of its real character, its historical causes, its political consequences. We should now so act, that when the occasion arrives, we should clearly comprehend what we want, and have formed an opinion as to the best means by which that want can be supplied.

"'For this purpose, I would accustom the public mind to the contemplation of an existing though torpid power in the constitution, capable of removing our social grievances were we to transfer to it those prerogatives which the Parliament has gradually usurped, and used in a manner which has produced the present material and moral disorganization. The House of Commons is the house of a few; the Sovereign is the sovereign of all. The proper leader of the people is the individual who sits upon the throne.'

"'Then you abjure the Representative principle?'

"'Why so? Representation is not necessary, or even, in a principal sense, parliamentary. Parliament is not sitting at this moment, and yet the nation is represented in its highest as well as its most minute interests. Not a grievance escapes notice and redress. I see in the newspapers this morning that a pedagogue has brutally chastised his pupil. It is a fact known over all England. We must not forget that a principle of government is reserved for our days that we shall not find in our Aristotles, or even in the forests of Tacitus, nor in our Saxon Wittenagemotes, nor in our Plantagenet Parliaments. Opinion now is supreme, and opinion speaks in print. The representation of the Press is far more complete than the representation of Parliament. Parliamentary representation was the happy device of a ruder age, to which it was admirably adapted; an age of semi-civilization, when there was a leading class in the community; but it exhibits many symptoms of desuetude. It is controlled by a system of representation more vigorous and comprehensive, which absorbs its duties and fulfils them more efficiently; and in which discussion is pursued on fairer terms, and often with more depth and information.'

"'And to what power would you intrust the function of taxation?'

"'To some power that would employ it more discreetly than in creating our present amount of debt, and in establishing our present system of imposts.

"'In a word, true wisdom lies in the policy that would effect its ends by the influence of opinion, and yet by the means of existing forms. Nevertheless, if we are forced to revolutions, let us propose to our consideration the idea of a free monarchy, established on fundamental laws, itself the apex of a vast pile of municipal and local government, ruling an educated people, represented by a free and intellectual press. Before such a royal authority, supported by such a national opinion, the sectional anomalies of our country would disappear. Under such a system, where qualification would not be parliamentary but personal, even statesmen would be educated; we should have no more diplomatists who could not speak French; no more bishops ignorant of theology; no more generals-in-chief who never saw a field.

"'Now there is a polity adapted to our laws, our institutions, our feelings, our manners, our traditions; a polity capable of great ends, and appealing to high sentiments; a polity which, in my opinion, would render government an object of national affection; which would terminate sectional anomalies, assuage religious heats, and extinguish Chartism.'"

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Our Actresses; or Glances at Stage Favourites, Past and Present. By Mrs. C. Baron Wilson, Author of "Memoirs of M. G. Lewis," and the "Life of the Duchess of St. Albans."

The difficulties attending a work of this nature are neither trivial nor few. On the one hand, stands the danger of offending public delicacy by a recital of discreditable truths; on the other, the fear of ministering to its worst appetites by their narration. On these accounts the task was infinitely best left to a woman's pen. Her feminine feeling might suppress what was most offensive; her mercy palliate what was doubtful; so that there should be nothing chronicled but that which "modesty without a blush might hear," but which the lovers of scandal might receive without rejoicing and zest.

Still this exemption from offensive matter could only be purchased at the price of some completeness of the biographies themselves. Doubtless in this respect the loss is a gain. Stage stars are best gazed at from a distance. Some high and honourable exceptions have redeemed the profession from the charges too often and too justly brought against it, but enough of evil remains to make it needful that in a work intended for the general public, a public we are proud to say that will not be brought to tolerate either coarseness or immorality, much should be suppressed. Mrs. C. B. Wilson has performed her task with a tact which leaves nothing for objection. It is natural that those whose names are continually before our eyes, and who are personally identified with the finest impersonations of genius, should excite a feeling of curiosity respecting their own histories and privacies. The most extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune have attended the lot of some of these theatrical heroines. From the stage to the peerage, from the cottage to the coronet, has been no very rare transition. Those who found themselves at the outset of life in the humblest of its positions, have at its close left it at its most elevated. Stranger than truth have been many of the incidents of their lot. Wilder than invention the changes of their state. That powerful feeling which has in our own as well as other countries operated against the higher, the more refined, and the more educated classes, presenting themselves upon the public stage, which has prevailed to their exclusion in no slight degree, though not without a few exceptions, has had a marked influence on the lot of those enrolled in the dramatic corps. It has preserved that line of separation which else would have been broken down and trampled upon. Generally speaking, Our Actresses are either the descendants of a theatrical parentage, or born of the humbler classes. In some a passion for admiration, in others a passion for the stage, has been the impelling motive. True it is that in some few native genius has asserted itself, and proved the right of the aspirant to her position; but in the multitude the inferior class of impulses have been made manifest by their remaining in the unimproving ranks of mediocrity. We know not that it is to be desired for the good of society, but it certainly would have been highly advantageous to the interests of the drama, if the educated and refined were permitted to tread the boards, not as a rarity but by the permission of custom, for then surely we might look for a finer perception and a higher appreciation of those exquisite conceptions of character, the portraitures of

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which have immortalized some of our dramatic authors. Another of the beneficial influences of such an order of things would be the purification of the morals of the stage, which have long furnished matter of sorrowful regret even to the extent of alarming some of the most conscientious from the enjoyment of its fascinations. Undoubtedly the stage is capable of being made a high school of morals, and a not unworthy adjunct of the pulpit. Heartily should we rejoice at such a regeneration, and that its lessons should be conveyed by worthy functionaries. We would fain see those who adorn its representations by the purity of their private life, not the peculiar and high exceptions, but the one general and universal rule.

Returning, however, to Mrs. C. B. Wilson's work, we have a pleasure in saying that it is generally lively and interesting, and never scandalous. That with but few exceptions she has proved herself a kind biographer, and in those few a merciful one. Her memoirs are well seasoned with theatrical anecdote, and we can perceive that she has taken every pains to gather faithful information. The numerous portraits which enrich the volumes, whilst they give us the most perfect idea of the fair originals, tempt us also into offering our countrywomen a compliment on the improved style of their apparel. Fashion and good taste seem to us at the present time to be very good friends—when most of these portraits were taken they must have been sadly at variance. As a whole, the work will furnish a very agreeable variety to the literature of the day.

Our readers will be amused by the following theatrical anecdotes.

"Nearly a century after this period, David Garrick purchased a share of the property. He discovered that the company required considerable recruiting in the very lowest rank of actors; and in the choice of these he employed a whimsical fellow about the theatre—his name was Stone. He was a sort of theatrical crimp; he had much humour, but never could be prevailed upon to open his mouth on the stage.

"Whenever this caterer brought a person who was permitted to make an essay, whether successful or not, he had a certain sum given him for his trouble, and, for three or four years, this man (who had acquired the name of Garrick's Crimp Serjeant) made in this kind of service a tolerable subsistence.

"A variety of letters passed between Garrick and Stone during the course of their professional negociations; some of which letters are extant and in the hands of the curious collectors of such literature. Amongst them are the following, which we have seen, written in 1748.

"*Thursday Noon.*

"Sir,—Mr. Lacy turned me out of the lobby, and behaved very ill to me. I only axed for my two guineas for the last Bishop, and he swore I shouldn't have a farthing. I can't live upon air. I have a few cupids you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoemaker, who I drink with now and then.

"I am, your humble servant,

"W. Stone.

"The following is the answer in Garrick's well-known hand.

"*Friday Noon.*

"Stone,—You are the best fellow in the world. Bring the cupids to the theatre to-morrow. If they are under six and not bandy-legged, you shall have a guinea a piece for them.

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"Mr. Lacy will pay you himself for the bishop. He is very penitent for what he has done. If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple-stall on Tower-hill; the cut across his face is quite the thing we want.

"Pick me up an alderman or two for Richard the Third if you can; and I have no objection to treat with you about a Lord Mayor in case Dunstall should be absent without leave. The barber will not do for the dumb Brutus, although I shall make use of him as crook-finger'd Jack.

"DAVID GARRICK.

"There is another of Mr. Crimp-Serjeant's Stone's letters to the following effect.

"SIR,—The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear, and swears he'll not disgrace his family by going on the stage with you to-night.

"I'm yours,

"W. STONE.

To which Garrick sent the following very laconic reply.

"STONE,—The bishop may go to the devil: I don't know a greater rascal—except yourself.

"D. GARRICK.

"The person alluded to as the bishop, was procured by Stone, and had rehearsed the part of the Bishop of Winchester, in the play of Henry the Eighth, to the satisfaction of the fastidious Mr. Garrick:—the fellow, however, never played the part,—for the reason assigned in the laconic epistles.

"While on the subject of stage bishops, we may as well remark that so recently as 1821, poor old Drury was not only honoured with a drunken bishop, but a drunken king.

"During the pageant at that theatre in honour of the coronation of George IV., and which had an uninterrupted run of one hundred nights, Mr. Elliston the lessee, personated the portly English monarch, and on those evenings on which he had not to perform in the previous comedy, he invariably indulged in his destructive propensity for the bottle, and was generally *Bacchi plenus*, when his dresser with difficulty, encased him in the royal robes for his nightly strut across a platform thrown over the pit.

"But the lessee had method in his drink, he threw himself under the protection of mother church; or, in other words, he relied upon the gentleman (Mr. Foote) who personated His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and had, as in duty bound, to walk by the side of his sovereign; in a word, he relied upon the archbishop being sober, although the monarch might be legless drunk! But, alas!—Mr. Archbishop Foote had been reared in the same Anti-Matthewite school as his manager, and one fatal night, church and state were both in a condition not to support each other,—but to require support from the people,—which support was very good-humouredly afforded them, for when they attempted to cross the platform as usual, the bishop being as drunk as the king, instead of a stay, he proved a stumbling-block, and it was with some difficulty, but with much good-natured laughter at the pair, that they were safely handed to the stage, where they took advantage of various shoulders in attendance, and reached the coronation chair without a tumble. The acting-manager determined on mulcting the staggering archbishop of part of his salary, but for the honour of the church, the injured dignitary put in the following demurrer—'that legally—a bishop has as much right to be drunk as a king; and that the royal Elliston, even by his Judge Jeffries (Winston) could not conscientiously fine Archbishop Foote, for doing once, that

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which his majesty was nightly doing.' The archbishop escaped with merely a reprimand from Judge Jeffries.

"Mr. Cooper (the now stage-manager at Drury Lane) had to personate Prince Leopold in the procession; but knowing the lessee's infirmity, it was arranged that 'Sober John,' as Mr. Cooper is justly denominated, should at a minute's notice assume the royal robes if necessary;—and 'Sober John's' nightly question to his dresser was—'Well—how is it? is the king sober enough to walk—or must I strut for him?'

"There is a moral to this true told tale. 'Sober John' is living in health and wealth—King Elliston became bankrupt in fortune, debilitated in constitution, and is now mouldering in the grave-yard south of Waterloo Bridge!"

Memoirs of a Babylonian Princess (Maria Theresa Asmar,) daughter of the Abdallah Asmar, written by herself, and translated into English.

This work has been ushered before the world in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. The public have actually been taken by storm. A Babylonian Princess, a Ninevite, born on the site of that ancient city to which Jonah was sent to proclaim overwhelming retribution —of a line and lineage that may put to shame our Herald's College—a Chaldaic Christian, cradled in the Holy Land, who has with her own hands swept the dust from the Holy Sepulchre—herself to write a book! We had thought that the craving appetite for something new could scarcely have been gratified, but here is a novelty first-rate, and of the finest water. We could almost have been unbeliever enough to question, but we open the first volume, and there looks out upon us from the Frontispiece a portrait of the fair reality herself to decide our doubts. True, such things have been as for artists to draw imaginative portraits; but then we turn to a second page, and find a dedication to the Queen Dowager. We can suppose no trifling with a name so illustrious and benign, and, rather than conceive it possible, we are willing to abjure any little tendency to heresy we might have been capable of entertaining. Possibly the Babylonian Princess Maria Theresa Asmar, in her European sojournings, may have lost something of the peculiar traits of clime and country, and have contracted, in exchange, while dwelling with ourselves, a little of our nationality. Or it may be that her translator, in his habit of English compilation, has suffered her Eastern diction and its metaphorical grandiloquence to escape his rendering. Certain it is that the style is more English than Eastern, more masculine than feminine. The supposition did indeed glance across our mind whether this Babylonian Princess might not, in the first instance, have had recourse to the service of a secretary; but the title-page again contradicts us—"written by herself," and of course subsequently "translated into English." After we had perused her volumes, we returned to our Frontispiece again, to con the features, mould, and form of this heroine lady, and, looking on the soft and fragile presence, we asked ourselves, How could this delicate creature, with her apparent unsubstantialness of person, perform so many Herculean exploits? How was it possible, on those slender shoulders, to

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carry her own mother in a two hours' flight? How swim across wide rivers? How seize a wild wawüa, and, grasping his throat in those delicate fingers, brain him against a stone wall with repeated blows, he struggling and writhing the while? These and such like questions we put to ourselves, and could only make reply, that strength of mind is often a capable as well as noble substitute for strength of body.

Passing over the adventitious, and turning to the inherent interest of the work, we at once with pleasure confess, that a narrative more replete with valuable information respecting the localities of which it treats could scarcely be imagined. We must be pardoned if we confess that it is in the able delineation of customs and manners, more than in the personal adventures of the narrator, that we have found the value of the work. Constantly pausing in a life of extreme calamity, when natural sorrow was weighing down the heart, to describe some custom that must have been an every-day habit, some object that must have been an every-day sight, has occasionally the air of being curiously parenthetical. It marks a reference to her readers, rather than a remembrance of herself. There is also a remarkable exemption from everything which might be construed into the sentiment of love, accounted for, it may be, by the constantly-avowed enthusiasm of piety. The feelings of the Princess, turned in her very childhood into a religious channel, made her dedicate herself to a life of holiness, purity, and devotion. To be a preacher of Christianity, a founder of religious houses, has been this lady's great desire. For this she rejected the husband of her father's selection, and used her powers of persuasion to induce him to exchange herself as a wife for the cell of an anchorite, wherein, peradventure, he may now be watching the moments of his life as they ebb away. Her own vocation was the convent, and yet, after years of persevering intention, we find her suddenly surrendering the fixed purpose of her heart, on a slight solicitation to become some thing of a maid of honour in the establishment of the Prince of the Lebanon. Change, however, being the condition of our existence, we speak not of it as impugning our Babylonian Princess.

Abounding in information, as rich in observations of country as though travel had been undertaken for its express purpose, replete with novel interest, full of familiar knowledge of religions, laws, and people, varied in scene, belonging to a land which claims our never-to-be-alienated feelings, the Babylonian Princess deserves public attention and public approbation. From among the mass of vivid descriptions, we select a lady's official occupation of a post of preferment, in which the holder had well be a heroine, since the hazard appears to us quite on a par with the honour.

"I have said that the parties to whose espousals we were invited were persons of distinction. The lady had but a little while before received the distinguished honour of being appointed hafta of her tribe, in a war in which they had been engaged with a neighbouring horde. When a tribe is about to engage in war with another, they seek out the most beautiful virgin they can find amongst their people, or amongst friendly tribes, to be their hafta. She must excel all others in courage and eloquence, for

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her post is in the front rank, and her duty is to excite her followers, by her glowing appeals, to feats of valour.

"The hafta is regarded by her surrounding warriors with a sort of religious reverence, as holding, in a manner, the issues of fate in her hand; and goes forth to battle seated on the largest and most beautifully white female camel that can be found. Her 'maharah' is covered with scarlet cloth, and decorated with all sorts of ornamental devices, with a deep fringe of gold. She is always seen in the thickest of the fight, and surrounded by the most renowned warriors of her tribe, whom she animates and encourages by her voice and gestures; calling on the old and tried ones to remember their former glorious deeds, and stimulating the young to prodigies of valour, by promising her hand to the fortunate youth who shall bring the head of the enemy's general.

"Half the force is set apart for the protection of the hafta, and all the ambitious spirits of the tribe are found at her side, for despair seizes the warriors, and the battle is inevitably lost, should she fall into the hands of the enemy. Before the conflict commences, each warrior presents himself in turn to the hafta, and asks her to inspire him with courage and enthusiasm, saying, 'O most beautiful among the beautiful! for thee I go to battle; my life is thine; let me behold the brightness of thy face, that the heart of thy slave may be filled with courage, so that his voice may be as the lions roar in the ears of the enemy, and his lance as the destroying angel.' To which the hafta replies, 'Go, brave youth! be thy heart as that of the lion, and thy lance as the wide-spread pestilence. I am the hafta, the reward of the bravest of the brave; and my price is the head of the enemy's chief.'"

Here we give a graphic description of one of the scourges of the desert, met with by the princess in her eventful travels:

"On the third day after our departure from Hid, as we were going, as usual, listlessly on, I saw upon a sudden a great commotion towards the front of our cavalcade. I was, of course, anxious to ascertain the reason of so unusual an occurrence, and inquired of a man, whom I saw hurrying past me, with alarm on his countenance, what had happened. 'The samiri! the samiri!' he cried, 'is approaching!' 'The samiri!' I said to myself, 'how can that be? Not a cloud is to be seen; the sky is clear and bright; not a breath of air is stirring. How can this be? by what means have they come at the knowledge that this scourge of the desert is about to pour its fury on our heads?'

"I was not suffered to remain long in doubt. The camels in the front rank had, I was told, refused to proceed, which was an infallible sign that the dreaded wind was not far off. Two hours before its approach they seem to scent its coming; for nothing can induce them to continue their onward course. Though upon all occasions they are the most docile and obedient of living creatures, they become, under these circumstances, more perverse and obstinate than the ass or the mule. They bury their heads in the sand, and remain crouched down, until the scourge has passed over them. This wonderful instinct bestowed on them by the great Creator of all things for their preservation, is also instrumental in saving the lives of innumerable travellers, who, ignorant of the approach of the wind, would be overwhelmed and suffocated by it, before they could make any efforts for their own preservation.

"No sooner was it known that the samiri was near at hand, than a halt was immediately called, and all became bustle and confusion. The tent-camels were quickly unloaded, and the tents pitched, with a rapidity increased by fear and dread. The horses were secured, their heads covered, and their ears filled with cotton. As for the camels, the faithful harbingers of danger, they were left to their own sagacity.

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"The travellers had now betaken themselves to their tents, where they cast themselves on the ground, and covered their heads with the 'mashallah.' A profound stillness reigned throughout the vast multitude, as if every one expected to escape the fury of the blast, by keeping his very existence a secret."

"Casting my eyes to windward, I beheld a vast column, which seemed to reach from earth to heaven, gradually approaching our encampment. Round and round the huge lurid mass whirled, it slowly but steadily kept its onward progress, casting a deep shadow across the naked desert. Above my head all was serenity and peace; but as the column approached, the gusts which had just now produced the slight rustling in the curtains of the Mahomedan lady's tent, became more sudden and violent; now chilling the blood, and now scorching, like the blast of a furnace.

"I felt a sensation of terror creeping over me; my strength seemed to have abandoned my limbs; I felt as though I was suffocated, and gasped for breath. All hopes of gaining my own tent were vain, for the samiri was now at hand. I closed the curtains in haste, and, stretching myself on the ground, covered my head and face with my 'mashallah.' My companion did the same, and we awaited the passage of the scourge in silent dread.

"The sides of our tent were now shaken with fearful violence. I expected every moment to see it lifted high in the air, and ourselves exposed to the destructive fury of the blast; which makes a speedy tomb for all who oppose its onward progress. The tent was become like a hot bath, and we breathed with the greatest difficulty. I remember well the horror with which, in that moment of terror, I contemplated the idea of dying in the company of an unbeliever. I have lived to entertain more charitable sentiments.

"The storm lasted seven or eight hours, at the end of which we rose from the ground, and, after returning thanks to Almighty God for our preservation, each after her own fashion, I went forth from the tent to see what had been the fate of my own friends. As I passed along the encampment I met crowds, looking like men arisen from the dead, issuing from their tents, and exchanging congratulations upon their recent escape; and turning leeward I beheld the deadly dreaded column holding on its desolating course towards the horizon.

"The tents being now struck, and the camels loaded, we proceeded on our way. In our progress we beheld, with horror, the dead bodies of several Arabs, who had been overtaken by the samiri, scorched to a cinder on the dreary waste."

We cannot close our notice of this work, which is exciting so much sensation in the reading world, without expressing our sympathy with the personal sorrow impressed upon its final pages: as far as that is remedial we trust that the literary effort of this lady may be efficacious towards its removal. There is something convincing in suffering which is itself quite out of the pale of criticism, and we can only express our hope that as the morning and meridian of her life have been so darkly clouded, a brighter sunset may be in store for this Babylonian Princess in our own England.

Modern Painters; their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters. By a Graduate of Oxford. Second Edition.

Our readers will remember that we noticed the first edition of this work in terms of high praise, and we are gratified to find our opinion

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of its merits borne out by the fact of its reaching a second edition; a result the more surprising as it is honourable, and must be gratifying to the author, inasmuch as he took the field single-handed, to combat deeply-rooted prejudices, and opinions upon which time had almost set the seal of truth. Indeed the author himself does not appear to have anticipated for his volume the success it has achieved; for he says in his preface, "the work has been received as only in sanguine moments I had ventured to hope." He adds, in the same paragraph, "I have had the pleasure of knowing that in many instances its principles have carried with them a strength of conviction amounting to a demonstration of their truth; and that even where it has had no other influence, it has excited interest, suggested inquiry, and prompted to a just and frank comparison of Art with Nature." Much, if not all of this, we have reason to know has been accomplished.

There is little, if any, new matter in the present edition, excepting a preface of upwards of fifty pages, full of power, eloquence, and poetic feeling; in which the Author takes a few of his critics to task, and shows up the qualifications of some of them in a vein of satire as amusing as it is just. Our Graduate promises us another volume, for which we shall look with the most agreeable anticipation.

Journal of a March from Delhi to Peshâwur, and from thence to Cabul, with the Mission of Lieut.-Colonel Sir C. M. Wade, Knight, C. B. Including Travels in the Punjab, a Visit to the City of Lahore, and a Narrative of Operations in the Khyber Pass, undertaken in 1839. By Lieut. William Barr, Bengal Horse Artillery.

We have here a right soldierly narrative of some of the passages of service in a soldier's life. Our eastern warfare, exciting so largely a general and almost universal interest, has done more, in the provision for its gratification, in familiarising us with lands so remote, yet in which we have so intimate an association, than could have been the case under any other train of circumstances. Literature in its universal spread pervading every class of society, and widely supplanting coarser relaxations, has induced many of the same hands which handle the sword to wield also the pen. One of the great advantages resulting from such a measure is, that we derive our information from the most authentic sources. How much more accurately can those narrate actions which have been their own, or which they have witnessed, than can be expected from those who derive their knowledge from an interrupted, not to say a corrupted, source? As historical evidence they bear witness of the facts which they have beheld, and which on their testimony become incorporated in our national records. Again, in the narratives of those who relate what they have seen rather than what they have heard, how many incidental and auxiliary facts are brought to light, how much that familiarizes us with manners and customs, and consequently how much additional value should be attached to such productions!

On all these accounts the work before us is entitled to our com-

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mendation: but it is amusing also from giving us an animated view of camp-life. Undoubtedly our relations with the Punjab render every species of general information respecting that country of importance, yet as far as relates to the military events, the interest would have been greater at an earlier date. Happily the work has other claims upon public favour. The diary is a good form for conveying the incidents of a military progress. It imparts the impression of a present interest. Its familiarity suits well with the succession of circumstances, sometimes trivial though characteristic, sometimes important. Thus throughout this journal the reader may not only identify the events, but seem to accompany the camp-progress. We gather details of native character; we find good descriptive views of country; we have a clever picture of Lahore; and details of the well-known Khyber Pass, and of domestic life in Cabul; all of them amplifying and filling in the outlines of our own previous knowledge. The illustrations are pleasing and picturesque, and the volume is well deserving of public favour.

We cull a few incidents of travel illustrative of native customs.

"Soon after he had gone, a procession of a very different nature occupied the scene—being a funeral train bearing the corpse of a young woman to the banks of the river, where it was to be burned. The body, wrapped in an orange-coloured piece of cloth, was placed on a 'charpaee,'* carried by men—and a few, also, of the male sex occupied the station of our chief mourners, behind whom the women dressed in white, but not of the purest colour, ranged two by two, and followed chanting a dirge. For the completion of the ceremonies they chose a spot not far from our camp; where, having heaped some logs one upon another, the body was placed on them, and then more wood piled on it. The pyre was soon after set fire to; on which the mourners commenced to screech and beat one another at a measured time; this ceasing, and continuing at intervals, until the corpse was entirely consumed."

Here military complaisance seems to have prevailed:

"As this was the principal day of the Hoolie festival, the Hindoos in the detachment, and those in the companies were, as is their custom, flinging a red powder upon every one they met, and nothing would satisfy the native officers until they had bestowed on us a sprinkling, which, however, we insisted should be very slight. My own men, I thought, acted in a more refined manner, as they each brought a rupee or two on a clean napkin, which they presented as a nuzzur, and with the compliment of which we were contented; though I could not help fancying some of the money did double and even treble duty."

And here a touch of fanaticism:

"About noon, a sudden disturbance arose in the camp, and, on running out of my tent to ascertain its cause, I perceived Rattray in the midst of the Maharajah's soldiers, endeavouring to allay the tumult occasioned by one of Colonel Wade's Chupars, a Mussulman, having grossly abused the founder of the Sikh sect, Baba Nanick. The holy man's followers resented this indignity so warmly, that they were nigh to slaying his defamer on the spot, axes and hatchets being raised to murder him; and had not R. at once rushed to his rescue, the Chupar's life would have paid for the temerity of his tongue. The Soobedar of the company was immediately sent for, and directed to punish the men concerned in the affray, but in the evening the almost victimized individual presented himself, and sued

* A sort of light bedstead.

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for their forgiveness—a request he was no doubt led to make after the reception of a douceur to hush up the matter."

We introduce the Shah-zada and his retinue:

"I was anxious to see the Shah-zada, for whose, and his father's benefit, the British are involving themselves in an expensive war; and I had my wish gratified this evening, when he quitted his tent to enjoy the freshness of a declining summer's day, though to him impregnated with a quantity of dust, kicked up by the numerous natives who formed his escort. To overawe the weak minds of the rabble population of Peshawur, as well as to protect him from the evil machinations of any disaffected tribes, the prince, whenever he moves beyond the precincts of the camp, is invariably accompanied by the whole of his personal guards, and a large retinue of irregular cavalry. In the present instance a motley crew of Douranees, who had joined him since his arrival in the valley, led the way, and though wild and picturesque in appearance, there is a scampish look about them, that tells they would be active enough in a scene of plunder, if any such should chance to fall in their way. Their dress is multifarious, each seemingly pleasing himself as to his costume; but those most to be admired wear a flexible mail shirt, gauntlets, and casque of steel, or a Kuzzilbash cap, formed out of the glossy skin of a jet black lamb, and tapering off towards the top, on which a small red tuft is visible. The Chupkun, or long Mussulman robe, is very generally used; but its colours vary with the fancy of the wearer, and the turban, consisting as it does of innumerable folds of cloth, is heaped on the head in the most irregular manner, and only kept in unison by the cummurbund being wrapped round the body in as equally slovenly a way. Many wear high boots of rough untanned leather, or sandals laced with thongs; and not a few had on shoes with large hob-nails in the soles. Their complexions, too, differ as much as their dress, some being as fair as Europeans, whilst others are as swarthy as Negroes. A great number dye their beards red, which seems to be a favourite colour, as it is not unusual for them to stain their horses' legs and tails of the same hue; and the latter appendage is very often tied up in a knot They were all mounted upon a good and hardy description of pony, and generally armed with a light jhezail, or rifle, and a sword and shield; but a few, in addition to their own weapons, carried a long spear. Discipline is unknown in their ranks; and even the necessity of, in some measure, keeping together as a body apparently is irksome to them. Every one strives to be in front; and now and then an individual would suddenly dart from the midst of the party, and scampering off at full gallop, would fire off his matchlock, and then return to his comrades, at the same rapid pace. I was much interested in their appearance and proceedings, as they formed a fair sample of the much-vaunted Affghan cavalry; and although, no doubt, excellent in their own country, and in contests with the hordes they have hitherto encountered, a charge, on fair ground, from one regiment of European dragoons, would either annihilate them, or literally bear them off the field.

"Next to the Douranees was a company of Rohillas, who dress in long blue chupkuns, green turbans and cummurbunds, and buff trousers. They are armed with matchlocks, and have attained to a slight degree of discipline; and although there was a good deal of confusion in their ranks, they looked quite steady in comparison with the irregulars who had preceded them. Immediately following was the prince, in person, mounted on a stately elephant, and seated on a howdah, highly decorated with silver-gilt ornaments. He was simply attired in a robe of dark blue, with a pure white and very neatly-constructed turban, and being a fine-looking man, about thirty-two years of age, appeared to advantage in a plain costume; but a closer inspection showed that the lineaments of his counte-

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nance are stamped with a listless indifference to his situation, and an unyielding apathy to everything around him. Behind him sat his wuzeer, an old man with silver hair, and formerly Shah Shoojah's preceptor. His name is Moolla Shukore. A smaller elephant, with two of the Shahzada's attendants, followed; then another company of Rohillas, and close to them the Risallah, a very well-dressed troop, the men wearing a red 'chupkun' over a green under-coat, and turbans and cummurbunds of the same colour as the latter garment. They are armed with a sword and shield, and a light spear, to which a small pennant is attached. Their saddle-cloths are chequered with red and green, but their horses are inferior to what they should be. Taking them, however, altogether, they form a very smart escort, and do Maule, who has had the trouble of disciplining them, very much credit. Another detachment of Douranee cavalry completed the guard.

We have already said that the work deserves a good reception: our extracts will confirm our report.

Sydney Morcom.

The brief though sensibly written preface which ushers in this tale predisposed us to find something more sterling than the average ingredients of love and fashion; nor were we disappointed. There is a masculine vigour in the author's mind, and a power of arranging consecutive events, amply sufficient to separate him from the class of every-day novelists. Love is merely an incidental auxiliary, and there is little or nothing of fashion. The history of Sydney Morcom is composed of sterner stuff.

Notwithstanding its merit, the work carries the signs of being a first attempt. Although approbation greatly preponderates, yet are there some specks of faults. The opening is faulty. The son of a rich and noble house, though at variance with its head, was still not in a condition to need the charitable counsel of the poor woman in whose cottage he was accidentally lodged, nor his daughter to be in any degree cast upon her bounty. Sydney Morcom had still a wealthy friend in his own mother, and his child influential relations in those of hers. The circumstances did not warrant the recital of their history to an inferior and a stranger. Again, in a work so decidedly moral, Sydney Morcom's disobedience to his parent is passed over without its just reprehension. A cool, determined, long-premeditated, open defiance of just authority, is infinitely worse than an impulse of the passions and a clandestine indulgence of self-will. Yet our author does not appear to have perceived the turpitude of his acknowledged hero's conduct, making the meek wife take the side of the disobedient, and publicly sanction the act by her approving presence.

But we turn to the more agreeable task of noticing the merits of the work, and these are of no trifling order. Sydney Morcom is not the real hero, but his brother Andrew. Happily for the world, such characters are seldom seen, and yet they are seen just often enough to enable us to say that they are true to nature. That is, true to a nature which, in spite of the acknowledged depravity of the world, is but rarely found in our humanity—a sort of phœnix of depravity. The character is indeed a study; intricate, subtle, abundant in re-

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sources, ready to take instant advantage of the slightest perceptible pregnable point, with the readiest self-command, and the firmest reliance on self-capability. Neither are these resources of the intellect resorted to for the purpose of covering the consequences of the passions. The mind of Andrew Morcom seems to have experienced a positive pleasure in the exercise of its faculties. Their ready use appears more the assertion of power—and the possession of power is always a satisfaction—than a resource which is the result of necessity. And herein appears to us the marked difference between the intellectual and the moral villain. It may be objected to the probability of this character that he is old in guile while he is young in years, but experience tells us that such men as these are never young. Their character is not the result of education—not even an education tending to perfect them in craft and guile—but inherent, and often most powerful in youth. Possibly, as life advances, and time softens the force of motives, there may be a something approaching to a yielding of the heart; but undoubtedly there are a few solitary individuals, met with so rarely as for them ever to remain a marvel and a wonder, in whom dissimulation is at its prime in their early days; and inasmuch as mind is always estimated and valued, perhaps at a price higher than its worth, it is difficult to despise that which has a mastering influence. The author of this work has displayed extraordinary powers in tracing out the various labyrinths of his hero's spirit. He has almost expended himself upon this one portraiture. The dominancy of power attends him throughout his course. Never wholly baffled, still master through every adverse circumstance, it is only by *time* and *suffering* that Andrew Morcom is at last overtaken.

We do not enter into any analysis of the plot of this work, because it is one which deserves perusal. A living and animated interest pervades Sydney Morcom. The personages have a reality, and it has the great merit of improving to the end: its morality is unexceptionable, and its religion pure.

We give a few glimpses of the character of Andrew Morcom.

Here is the man, with his one affection, watching over his dying boy.

"'My lot,' he said, as he pursued his way, 'is far from a happy one; and yet how could it be otherwise? I have not desired or sought happiness, as others have done. My ambition has been of that order which cannot co-exist with tranquillity. I have dared, schemed, temporized, and have hitherto been successful. As long as I had only to contend with obstacles which roused my passions and taxed my ingenuity, I triumphed; but never suspected that I was amenable to the feelings which now unnerve and oppress me. I had resolved, in my plan of action, to reject all the seducing tendernesses which wind about the heart; to have, in my dealings with humanity, no 'pitying ruth;' to act upon the affections of others, but to have none of my own. But here I am the powerless devotee of one idol of feeling. I am a widower—that bereavement I endured calmly: I am now a father—and soon to be childless. For what have I toiled, risked, dissimulated, sinned? If I at last, as the fruit of my policy, possess all I have aimed at—my possession will be desolate and solitary. My child gone—(here a violent convulsion shook his frame)—I live alone: and when I die——truly I have laboured in vain.'"

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And here he has received letters which threaten to unveil him.

"During the reading of these letters, a stranger could have seen no change in Andrew Morcom's manner. He was the very image of dark and intense concentration. Nothing escaped him; and when he had finished, every character was burned in upon his brain. After a long pause, he said, 'Other proofs! what can this mean? No written communications have passed that I can remember—perhaps a vague scrap or so, which I think I could deal with, or explain away. But what is to be done? Sir Reginald I have managed before, and may again. My meek and soulless brother is not *very* formidable; Brampton and Halesworthy I have already damaged—and as to this well-meaning Quaker (with a sneer), I have merely to tell him to mind his own business.

"'No, gentlemen,' he said, dashing down the letters which he had previously gathered up; 'no—I am not in the toils yet; or, if I am, I will rend them. So, my very aristocratic father, you merely Andrew Morcom me, and write as to a guilty outcast—ha! ha! you have your favourite again, (here he looked black as night,) and it is easy to throw off the *second* son, and persuade yourself you are acting most righteously; but do not imagine that the cup, which you think your future portion, will be sweet. I will yet dash it with the gall of my own wrongs, or with the henbane of my still more poisoned spirit—ha! What! Sydney is to be the high-minded, generous, all-forgiving brother, and I the creeping, penitent, sinning one, suing for pardon, which is given as a pitying dole, and then I am to be pensioned on his bounty. The Quaker, too, tells me I am to submit. Submit! poor old man of sober drab and plain speech, you little know how that word sounds in *my* vocabulary. Language has not one so hateful to my ears. To whom should I submit, while I have the power to rule or to resist? Submit!—had I lived in the times of those monster emperors whose arena I saw a few days since, and which, centuries ago, was stained with the blood of men and beasts, I would have fought all the tigers in the imperial menagerie before I would have crouched in submission at the imperial footstool. And must I submit to be rebuked like a rebellious schoolboy—to yield my stern and energetic spirit to the commonplace softness of Sydney's temper—to be chidden by a narrow sectarian—to have the finger of scorn pointed at me as the villain brother; the foil, to set off the virtues of the good one? Little do they know me who propose such humiliation. No; I will back, and that instantly. I will meet, confront, and defy them all. I will still be the persecuted and the injured, and will master them, or brave ruin. It is but a fiction, but it is a magnificent one, and enough to immortalize Milton had he done no more—Moloch urging the fiends to war against Omnipotence. I can fancy I see the splendid, though ruined spirit, rising with the port of a hero, and the majesty of a God. It was a hopeless struggle, but how boldly he urged to it, and how grand is his attitude, as he stands confronting the artillery of the Eternal. A chafed, but stern and unflinching spirit, single-handed against a host, is the noblest sight in the world—if he triumph he is a victor, and if he fall, he is a hero still!

"'Grasper—humph! so he has robbed me to the amount of three thousand pounds; he has also betrayed me—sneaking villain! He will be hanged, of course; and surely such a miscreant won't be believed. Robinson I never had any personal communication with; I wonder how he has escaped so long—he has been a desperate wretch.

"'But now for action. I must be vigilant, cool, and, above all, self-possessed. I must take leave of Crosby, and depart at once. Crosby would be of no use to me if he went, because he would not take ten minutes' trouble to save me, or any one, from perdition. Still he suits me; we are both men-haters, and our hatred differs only in form. I will go to him; I don't think,' he said, looking in the glass, 'that he will see any traces of disturbance.'"

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"'They all breathe the same spirit, and give the same hints,' said Andrew Morcom, as he finished reading the letters; 'they advise me to avoid the inquiry, and to repent and be reconciled. Do they not see that this giving up all—all that I have struggled, waited, hoped, and sinned for? No! if I am beaten it shall be after a hard fight, and even then there shall be no surrender. My father dotes, and yields in all such cases to the last and nearest influence. The best turn for me now would be his sudden removal, before he has time to alter his will, which the sense of justice he talks so much about, will hardly have allowed him to do yet, while I am demanding inquiry. If I can keep him from that, my main point is gained. So I have roused the amiable Sydney at last—the christian, all-forgiving Sydney, who so meekly turns his face to the smiter. What, the hot blood of the Morcom is in him—not quite all sanctified yet—eh? Ha! ha! ha! what hypocrites we all are! In some it takes one form, and in others a different one—I am the bitter, and he the saintly counterfeit. His acting has paid him but indifferently hitherto, but perhaps quite as well as it deserved. Mine, although I have had a dark cast of characters, has been more profitable. Honest Iago has been a match for the unsuspecting Othello; but the Moor is getting fiery at the *denouement;* we shall soon be in the last scene—and then for the issue. I wish that Quaker would mind his meetings, and cellar visitings, and let affairs like ours, so far above his rank and habits, alone. These quiet and imperturbable fellows are often very unmanageable. You cannot get them up and throw them off their guard, and when they once fasten on a notion, they will stick to it without flinching. They have neither souls nor ears for all one's rhetoric. But I am in, and must fight myself out. I will meet them at all events, and trust to the chapter of accidents.'"

And here when disappointed of his expected inheritance.

"When the lawyer had ceased reading, Andrew Morcom's countenance was absolutely terrible. His control was gone. The practised actor of so many years could sustain his part no longer.

"Sir Sydney Morcom saw, and was shocked and alarmed by his brother's look and manner. 'Dear Andrew,' he said, rising, 'it need not be thus; willingly, joyfully, will I share——'

"'But it *is* thus!' thundered Andrew Morcom, with a voice that startled every one, and sounded in its piercing power like the ringing of a gong, 'it *is* thus, and it *shall* be thus. Think you that I will receive as a dole anything from *you*? I would rather cast myself unclothed on the wildest mountains, in the bitterest night that ever froze to ice the current of the blood, than owe anything to *you*. Take your ill-gotten gains, the fruits of years of unnatural conspiracy, and wrung at last from the quenched mind of a dying paralytic. Look at that signature! Think you that the will which directed that could have been under the influence of a sound judgment? Truly, you have gained a noble triumph! When defeated—when your plans were detected and exposed—when the tide of calumny which came rushing on me was rolled back upon yourselves—when the hand of Heaven fell on our father, and I was mourning in my chamber as became a sorrowing son—you and your confederates were practising on his feebleness, who, years before, and in the full possession of his faculties, had ordered and settled his affairs. Was it for this that you sat so meekly by the bed-side, obtruding your officiousness, and superseding the offices of menials—and that this sober hypocrite, this meddling sectarian, was so much closeted with my dying parent? I leave you never to see you more; but, from this, let all take warning who they admit to the death-beds of their friends, and let them especially beware of itinerant philanthropists—those who, in the garb of modesty and piety, are full of pride, selfishness, and malignity, and who, with the condemnation of vain-glory

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on the lip, are more than rivals of those ancient hypocrites, who made 'broad their phylacteries.'"

And here after a little reflection.

"When Andrew Morcom had read the letter of his father, he said,—'Written by the Quaker, I see; but it matters not. Now they think they have conquered me—but no! I am not conquered yet! In the solitude of my own spirit, I am prouder than ever. They'll banish me—but I was before them there—like Diogenes, if they banish me from Sinope, I will banish them *to* it. They little know the resources of a spirit like mine, freer, more elastic, more self-possessed and energetic, alone, than in a world of hollow conventionalisms, and maudlin sympathies. These miserable dependents on customs and habits, on visitings and revisitings, dream not of the conscious power of the mind's own concentration in itself, a concentration so intensely simplified, brought to such a oneness and unity, that its very solitude is its sphere and its elysium, as if a man with the stern soul of uneffeminated manhood within him, could not vegetate on the indigenous productions of his own mind, without being dependent on the supplies of meaner souls. 'But man is a social creature, he cannot exist without society and without sympathy,' so they say; well, if it be so, Crosby's theory is the best. Keep your purse full, and mine is full enough after all, and friends will come in troops, and when you have endured their inanity, and perhaps visited yours on them, you can retire into the fortress of your own armed spirit. I may not have done with them yet. I will await the chapter of accidents. I may pounce upon my prey when they think my beak, my talons, broken. I have a long memory—and they may find I have a long arm. In the mean time I am for Italy and Vincent Crosby.'"

And finally.

"'Why,' said Andrew Morcom, when left alone, 'do they harass me thus? Why not let us remain as we are? There can never be another conflict between us. I have done with ambition, for I have nearly done with life. If a crown were now before me, what would it avail me to seize it with dying hands, and place it on brows already wet with the dews of death? May I not confess to myself, what shall never be confessed to mortal ears, that my policy has been false, and my life wasted? I have had talents, energy, opportunities—subservient, unscrupulous, and despite failure, able agents. I have had both subtlety and boldness. I have been a match, in the sharpest conflicts of the wits, for all who have assailed me. For fifteen years I succeeded, when untoward circumstances occurring in my absence, I had the struggle to renew. I contended hardly, but I could produce no conviction. I lost all I had schemed and sinned for—my father's preference and the inheritance. I had nothing left but my own pride, and within that, as my stronghold, I retired. But I miscalculated my strength and security. In a moment disease rendered me helpless, and now I am approached in a way which threatens to subdue me at last. I am undermined by the only agent that could have done it—my *one* affection. Must I capitulate, or hold out still? No—no—I cannot, will not meet him. They know not how hard it is for a soul like mine to yield. But am I fighting against a power that cannot be resisted? Is there a will that shapes our ends and controls our destiny? Has an all-seeing eye been on me, and has an arm I saw not, been permitting or checking, trying or frustrating, and at length is it overwhelming me? I trusted to my own resources, and thought myself, or acted as if I thought myself, independent. And was I but an endured and controlled instrument, to be laid aside and broken, when my ministry was accomplished? This is the doctrine of many. I cannot comprehend it; I am bewildered, lost in mystery, and can only wait the issue.'"

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The United States of America; their History from the Earliest Period; their Industry, Commerce, Banking Transactions, and Natural Works; their Institutions and Character, Political, Social, and Literary; with a Survey of the Territory, and Remarks on the Prospects and Plans of Emigrants. By HUGH MURRAY, F.R.S.E., with Illustrations of the Natural History, by James Nicol. Portraits and other Engravings by Jackson.

The series of valuable publications issued by the proprietors of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, present us with none more worthy of notice and estimation than the one just completed, "The United States of America." It is undoubtedly true that no portion of the globe possesses higher claims of interest on our home country than these transatlantic settlements, bearing as they do the relationship of children, speaking our own language, and deriving their national existence from us. As a spectacle of public interest, also, it is almost without counterpart. The history of America presents us with a view of a mere handful of men dropped in an all but illimitable wilderness, dilating with unparalleled rapidity into a gigantic community. Not advancing to civilization and refinement by slow developements, but carrying with them to their new locations all the processes of commercial industry. And thus the embryo elements expanding at once into a great nation, for great they undoubtedly are in many and important respects. The simple fact that with the spirit they had also the power of asserting and establishing their own independence, is sufficient to establish and stamp that truth upon us.

The thirst for gold, prevalent as it is and has ever been, raged with marked fury in the fifteenth century. The discoveries of Columbus, investing the Spanish monarchy with so vast a redundancy of wealth, inspired hopes and emulation, if not envy, and led neighbouring nations to aspire to similar conquests and possessions. Other sections of the vast continent of America offered like golden hopes, and Virginia became the land of promise. Its lustrous globules and yellow shining metal induced the belief that pearls and gold abounded as richly as in Mexico; but the gems and the ore both being found spurious, disappointment followed on the track of hope. And yet gold was assuredly produced from the land, but it was the gold of commerce. A despised weed that overspread the country became transmuted into the precious metal, and Tobacco was the recompense of those who thought to find wealth in the sands of every rolling river.

Thus provided with at least one stable article of commerce, the settlement of Virginia, though often interrupted, and generally languishing, yet gradually took root, and became the foundation of a parent state. In the vast districts of the surrounding country, bands of men, either impelled by poverty, or forced by religious persecutions, settled down in different localities; and the seed thus scattered germinated with surprising rapidity, until the States, subsequently united, grew into strength and power.

Much has been written in the two countries respecting America, and though the amount of information thus made available is extensive, yet in the first place being scattered, and in the second most generally, and at the same time most naturally, being tinged with the

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prejudices of opposing interests, such a work as the present one was highly desirable. We consider both the selection of the subject, and its execution, as a most judicious portion of the series which the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library" has laid before the public. Mr. Murray has executed his task in a manner as creditable to himself as it will be valuable to the world. That rare feature, impartiality, he has studiously preserved throughout, and this is the more to be commended, since we have scarcely yet reached a date that might clear us from political prejudices or party feelings.

A strong love of religious liberty breathes through all his narrative, but this is a principle that we must honour. His researches have been laborious, his labour unsparing, and the result accordingly. Commencing with Virginia, and then passing to the other States, he has given us an ample, impartial, and interesting history of all up to the time of the declaration of Independence, in his first volume. The second embraces the history of the war which so fiercely contested that declaration; the political constitution of the country, its agriculture, manufactures, domestic commerce, public works, banking institutions, and foreign commerce. The third describes to us the tone of manners and the habits of social life in America, treats of slaves and slavery, religion, literature, geology, botany, topography, and emigration, concluding with an historical sketch, bringing down the history to a very recent period.

The work is naturally more complete than any other work which we possess on the same subject, inasmuch as it comprises the leading information to be gathered from all. It is at once valuable in plan and execution, useful as a work of reference, and agreeable as one of mere perusal. We give a chapter on domestic manners.

"Foreigners complain also of rude provision for the conveniences and comforts of life, and the neglect of little niceties and delicacies, which are felt as necessary by those accustomed to a more refined circle. These deficiencies almost irresistibly arise from the train of colonial life. The new settler has indeed the means of plenty before him; but to make them available, he must engage in a rough struggle with nature, to which his time and powers are scarcely adequate; while help cannot be obtained without great difficulty and expense. He must content himself, therefore, with hastily getting through the most essential processes, omitting matters of ornament and indulgence. Becoming accustomed to live without these, he ceases to feel them needful to his comfort, and even when he reaches abundance or wealth, cares not to take the additional trouble of procuring them. In the maritime cities, indeed, which constantly communicate with Europe, this obvious imperfection has been greatly removed; but in the interior, and still more in the west, it is still noticed. As a specimen, Mr. Stuart mentions, that beyond Albany bells were not used, while the place of egg-cups was inconveniently supplied by glasses. Washington describes a ball at Alexandria, where the tables were covered with pocket-handkerchiefs instead of cloths; but this, we presume, would not now occur. The steam-vessels are fitted up with studied splendour and every conveniency; but in the canal-boats the old system still flourishes. Mr. Stevenson mentions, that the captain of one in which he sailed assumed the entire command over the passengers, and did not exercise it with much civility. The cabin was completely filled with hammocks, arranged in three tiers, the heaviest persons being made to occupy the lowest, with the view of ballasting the vessel. At five in the

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morning, they were all summoned to come on deck, till the sleeping apparatus could be removed, and the apartment prepared for breakfast; and at nine in the evening, all were again called up till the beds could be replaced, which they were then obliged to occupy. One towel, brush, and comb, were hung at the cabin-door, for the general use of the party; and for their common ablutions, a gigantic tin vessel, filled with water, was fastened to the stern. Mr. Combe further relates, that the beds, on being taken down, were piled together in a heap, and when replaced, no attention was paid that each should receive his own; a good fortune for which, from the great number, no one could reasonably hope. The doors and windows of the apartment, forty-two feet long, in which thirty-five men were sleeping, being kept fast closed, the air became infected, and a painful sense of suffocation ensued; while on the couches being removed, horrid effluvia were exhaled. The ladies cabin, though only twelve feet, contained nineteen, and ten children. These circumstances severely affected the health of a number of the passengers, though they appeared insensible of the cause.

"The inns and hotels, of course, occupy much of the attention of foreigners; and indeed the constant movement for political, commercial, and emigrant purposes, requires them to be more numerous, and on a greater scale than in any other country. Astor House, in New York, makes up 500 beds. The imperfection of those in the west will be presently noticed; but in the old states they are provided with every European accommodation. Some of the arrangements are, however, peculiar. Every meal is taken by the whole company in public, at a common table; and it is very difficult to procure refreshments at any intermediate period. There is no drinking after dinner, the company beginning even to break up before the meal is concluded; but liquors can always be had at the bar, around which a social circle is sometimes formed. Complaints are made by some of want of civility in the attendants. It is admitted that there is an absence of that obsequious courtesy which is shown in this country to persons of high rank; and that this, when claimed with airs of superiority, will be decidedly repelled. A stranger, however, who conforms to the ideas of the country, and deals with the servant as man with man, will be coldly, perhaps, but satisfactorily attended to. The females who, in every rank, are accustomed to particular respect, discharge the duties of waiting with especial coolness, and hesitate not to sit down in the apartment when unemployed. The business of hotels is considerably extended by the custom of many individuals boarding in them, which by single men is considered both convenient and economical. It is not unfrequent even with married people for some years, till their family increases; a practice very foreign to British ideas, and of which many doubt the expediency. Mr. Hamilton complains of the intricacy of the passages in those great hotels, rendering the discovery of a particular apartment a matter of speculation, and requiring a search like that of Parry for the north-west passage; but we cannot say, that in large English inns the internal arrangement in this respect are so superior as to afford much room for triumph. It may be urged, perhaps, in excuse for both, that such houses are usually formed by successive additions, which are not easily made to harmonize with each other.

"From this subject the transition is natural to the food served up at public and private tables. This is allowed to be abundant, and of good quality. Such is particularly the case as to poultry and game, which are indeed often combined, since the turkey, the duck, and other domestic species are found here wild, and of excellent flavour. English palates, however, are not perfectly satisfied with the mode in which it is cooked and served up. The sauces are said to be unskilfully concocted, too rich and greasy. Mrs. Trollope remarks on some singular combinations; as eggs and oysters; ham with apple sauce; steaks stewed with peaches;

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yet it might perhaps be difficult to decide on what principle some of our own conjunctions take place. Pies, puddings, and sweetmeats are favourite dishes, and, with meat, are presented at breakfast and in the evening, as well as at dinner. The favourite wines are madeira and claret, port being seldom used.

"Some particulars specially relating to the labouring class may conclude this notice. Their means of physical well-being are, as already observed, decidedly superior to those in Britain, or any country of Europe. A great proportion possess property in land, while those who work for wages obtain a much higher remuneration. Yet Mrs. Trollope maintains that their condition is not really superior; which she imputes to their expenditure on victuals, including animal food three times a day, to the quantity of liquor consumed, and their more frequent intervals of ill health. Yet the larger amount of income seems in itself an undoubted advantage, however they may fail in turning it to the best account. Dr. Channing indeed also regrets this superfluity in diet, as injurious to health, and diverting their money from better purposes. The practice of boarding among the single and newly married is still more general than among the higher classes. Their residence, however, is not in hotels, but in houses kept for the express purpose, where they are supplied with three meals a-day, each including fish, meat, pastry, and fruit. Their lodging space, however, is very confined, each sleeping apartment containing almost always several beds, with two persons in each. As it is not expected that the boarder shall spend much time in the public room, unless at meals, he has little means of employing his leisure at home. This too naturally induces the habit of attending places of public amusement or drinking houses; in which last, the entertainment as usual is not social, nor leading to turbulent intoxication. When the visitor enters he finds a long bar with a great variety of liquors, and a glass being handed to him, he fills it out of the one which he prefers. An ample supply of newspapers is prepared for his perusal; but games of different kinds are much played and often at high stakes. We may thus see, in regard to America, the insufficiency of mere moderation, and the importance of entirely discountenancing attendance at these haunts. Yet a certain amount of time and money is bestowed on intellectual improvement, which, though not very large, exceeds considerably that contributed by any similar population in the old world. Dress is another article on which the workman spends more than the same class elsewhere. This taste may be considered so far laudable, though often carried, it is said, to a foolish excess. Hence, however, the people on the whole make a remarkably respectable appearance, and no symptom of absolute poverty is exhibited; yet close observers assure us, that the great cities present not a few examples of extreme wretchedness, chiefly occasioned, however, by intemperance or other misconduct."

A Gazetteer of the Countries adjacent to India on the North-west; including Scinde, Affghanistan, Beloochistan, the Punjaub, and the Neighbouring States. Compiled by the authority of the Hon. Court of Directors of the East India Company; and chiefly from Documents in their possession. By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq., Author of the "History of the British Empire in India."

The value of this work is at once apparent, and coming from so high a source, and the result of the labours of a gentleman so highly qualified, the worthiness of its execution is at once established. Recent events have undoubtedly excited a public interest in the countries to which it

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relates, and it is equally true that no ordinary gazetteer can meet the requirements of the present day. We cannot read an official report of the state of our relations in the East, we cannot enter into the course of our military movements, we cannot take up a familiar newspaper nor open out those books of travel which our struggles in India has made to abound, without feeling the necessity of a work of authority to which we may refer, and on which we may depend. Mr. Thornton, whose work entitled "The History of the British Empire in India," so full of deep research and patient investigation, and which now deservedly ranks as a standard work, was exactly the gentleman best fitted by his previous labours to produce the present one. Compiled by the authority of the East India Company, in a great measure from documents in their possession, Mr. Thornton has spared no exertions to complete his information from every available source: with this purpose he has not only explored English but continental literature; and still further, and for the sake of identification and completeness of information, he has also collected all that could be found having a reference to these countries in the authors of Greece and Rome.

But to use Mr. Thornton's own words—

"The Gazetteer is thus an epitome of all that has yet been written and published respecting the countries adjacent to, and westward of, the Indus. On this ground alone it might support a claim to the character of a convenient and useful compilation, presenting to the reader within a brief compass, a mass of information which could not otherwise be obtained, except from a multiplicity of volumes in many languages, some of them of high price, and others not easily procurable. But this is not its only, nor even its principal, claim. The stores of information derived from books are, indeed, considerable, but they yield in value as well as in extent, to the amount of matter hitherto unpublished and even unexplored, excepting by those whose official duties have led them to the pursuit. Under the authority of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, the treasures of their vast collections have been opened for the purposes of the present work; and from the researches thus sanctioned, its chief value is derived."

Recent events have made this work almost a requisition in literature. Its sources are of the highest authority. The ability and industry brought to its execution unimpeachable.

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt.

Tragedies, to which are added a few Sonnets and Verses. By T. N. Talfourd.

Philip Van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance. By Henry Taylor.

English Songs and other Small Poems. By Barry Cornwall.

All these are new, neat, and cheap editions of these respective works. It is now too late in the day to criticise the several merits of these authors; each enjoys his own reputation. It is always with pleasure that we note the publication of the works of well-known authors in a shape which makes them available to a wide public range.

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These editions are exactly on such a plan, and leave nothing to desire. They are all peculiarly well got up.

The Friend of Youth; or, a Series of Papers addressed to the Young on the Duties of Life. By WILLIAM MACKENZIE.

A modest and unpretending little volume, written for the moral instruction of youth. The subjects take in an extensive range of the virtues and the vices; with others having reference to literature. The intention and execution are both of a class to merit approbation.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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Mrs. Abell's Recollections of Napoleon at St. Helena. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

UPON the whole, the aspects of our commercial interests, and the state of the produce markets, remains the same since our last report. Dealers appear disinclined to purchase at existing rates, whilst holders retain their firmness. Still a tolerable business has been transacted. The supplies of wheat have been sufficiently large from the home countries, in addition to ample deliveries from abroad. In Tea there has been a slight fall of price, only moderate purchases have been made, though a large quantity remains on hand. The Coffee market, though well supplied, has also somewhat declined in prices. In Cotton the business has been dull, attended with a lowering of rates.

MONEY MARKET.—No appearance of improvement in the value of money has been manifested during the month. Brokers have found some difficulty in employing the deposits of their customers on anything like favourable terms. Some doubt was manifested in the City, during the uncertainty as to the Sugar Duties' Bill, as to the probable continuance of the ministry, which had a tendency to depress quotations. Our securities also suffered some slight deterioration on the arrival of the news from America of some indications of warfare between that country and Mexico. The only transaction of any moment in the money market has been the purchase by the Chancery broker of 100,000*l.*, which gave something like tone to its transactions. We ought also to notice, that the London bankers have addressed a sort of expostulatory letter to Sir Robert Peel, on the inconvenient effects which they considered must attend the

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limiting the issues of the Bank of England to 14,000,000*l.* in seasons of commercial pressure, and expressing a desire that a reserve should be held at the discretion of the Crown. The Premier having, however, declined again to entertain the subject, it appears for the present dropped.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 26th of June.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Three per Cent. Consols for Acct. 99 three-eighths. — Three per Cents. Consols, Anns. 98 one-half.—Three and a Half per Cents. Anns. 102 five-eighths. — Indian Stock, Acct. 264.—Exchequer Bills, Small, 1½*d.* 72*s.* 74*s.* pm.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent. 62½.—Spanish Five per Cents. Acct. 23 five-eighths.—Spanish Three per Cents. 35 three-fourths—Mexican Five per Cents. 35 one-fourth.—Dutch Five per Cent. 100 three-fourths.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MAY 28 TO JUNE 21, 1844, INCLUSIVE.

May 28.—E. G. Flight, Adam-street, Adelphi, publisher. — E. Louis, Gerard-street, Soho, wholesale perfumer.—E. Oxley, jun., King's Lynn, Norfolk, hatter.—T. Brand, Stamford-street, Blackfriars, livery-stablekeeper. — J. Sison, Brighton, dealer in toys.—J. Berwick, Windhill, Yorkshire, worsted stuff manufacturer —T. Kearsley and T. Watt, Runcorn, Cheshire, bone merchants.—W. Monk, jun, Nottingham, carrier. — J. Barnard, Cheltenham, clothes dealer.

May 31.—B. Land, St. Albans, victualler.—W. Dethick, Temple-street, Whitefriars, lime merchant.—R. H. Harraden, Cambridge, printseller.—Q. B. V. J. Anichini, Benet's place, Gracechurch-street, merchant. — J. Mardall, New Shoreham, insurance broker.—E. Tyndale, Ross, Herefordshire, wine merchant.—J. Mitchell, Nottingham, fellmonger.—T. Newton, Holbeach, cattle dealer.—R. Baxter, Sheffield, merchant.—F. L. Homer, Manchester, merchant.—T. Beech, Newcastle-under-Lyme, grocer. — W. Lynn, Liverpool, hotel keeper.—J. and S. Owen, Sheffield, merchants.

June 4.—T. Stephens, Newgate-street, umbrella manufacturer.—J. Clark, Abington, Cambridgeshire, draper. — R. Coleman and E. R. Hall, Colchester, ironfounders.—C. Alderton, Brighton, tailor.—W. Line, Ramsgate, builder. —E. Sedgwick, Hythe, Kent, scrivener.—W. H. Bates, Birmingham, factor.—J. Smith, Warwick, wine merchant.—B. Norman, and E. Buckman, Cheltenham, ironmongers. — L. Jones, Barmouth, Merionethshire, corn and flour seller.

June 7.—J. Batten, Tilehurst, Berks, cattle-dealer.—J. Levet, Soham, Cambridgeshire, carpenter.—J. Young, Aldermanbury, laceman.—W. Barnes, Ludgate-hill, bonnet-maker.—G. Fielding, Thame, Oxfordshire, ironmonger.—J. B. W. Knight, St. James's-walk, Clerkenwell, printer.—W. Turner, Manchester, cabinet-maker.—J. L. Smith, Leicester, cabinet-maker. —G. Jenkinson, Wolverhampton, butcher.—J. Parker, Kingston-upon-Hull, corn-miller.—S. H. Spence, Leeds, maltster.

June 11.—J. Heward, Hendon, Middlesex, hay salesman.—D. Ross, Little Love-lane, City, warehouseman.—F. Rogers, Cooknoe, Northamptonshire, miller. — J. Dealtry, Bursiem, Staffordshire, grocer.—G. Grove, Wick and Abson, Gloucestershire, miller.—H. Lake, Cheltenham, printer.

June 14.—D. Macfarlane, Berners-street, Oxford-street, wine-merchant. — A. Thompson, Southampton, grocer.—H. Wood, Basinghall-street, City, woollen-factor.—R. Musgrove, Birmingham, woollen-draper.—T. Johnson, sen., W. Johnson, and C. Mann, Romford, Essex, bankers. — J. Taylor, Liverpool, commission merchant.

June 18.—J. Holland, Baxted, Sussex, draper. —T. Leaver, Great Coxwell, Berkshire, baker. —W. E. Dray, Heathfield, Sussex, grocer.—H. Peacock and J. Peacock, Stockton-upon-Tees, Durham, grocers.

June 21.—G. Stent, Pleasant-place, Camberwell, builder.—J. Smith, Southampton, corn-merchant. — W. Mowbray, Wheathampstead, Hertfordshire, butcher.—M. Sweetland, John-street, Fitzroy-square, baker.—J. Tucker, Sutton-street, Commercial-road East, shipowner.—G. Craven, Wakefield, maltster.—G. Harwood, Chester, draper.—E. Heron, Hartlepool, Durham, butcher.

NEW PATENTS.

P. A. Le Comte de Fontainemoreau, of Skinners's Place, Size Lane, Merchant, for a new mode of constructing barometers and other pneumatic instruments. April 27th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Dixon, of Wolverhampton, Iron Master, for improvements in heating air for blast furnaces, and for other uses. April 27th, 6 months.

A. Wall, of Bisterne Place, Poplar, Surgeon, for certain improvements in the manufacture of steel, copper, and other metals. April 27th, 6 months.

J. Clarke and S. Fletcher, of Hulme, Lancaster, Machine Makers, for certain improvements in wheels to be used in slubbing or bobbin frames, and in roving or jack frames, and for other purposes, and also in the engine by which such wheels are or may be cut. April 27th, 6 months.

I. Davies, of Birmingham, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines, part of which improvements are applicable to impelling wheel-carriages. April 27th, 6 months.

E. Cobbold, of Melford, M.A., Clerk, for improvements in the preparation of

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peat, rendering it applicable to several useful purposes, particularly for fuel. April 27th, 6 months.

W. Clarke, of Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery for manufacturing ornamented bobbin-net or twist lace. April 30th, 6 months.

W. Jeffries, of Little Sussex Place, Hyde Park Gardens, for improvements in sweeping chimneys, and an apparatus to prevent chimneys from smoking. April 30th, 6 months

R. Gordon, of Heaton Foundry, Stockport, Millwright and engineer, for improvements in grinding wheat and other grain, and in dressing flour or meal, which improvements in grinding are also applicable to grinding cements and other substances. April 30th, 6 months.

W. Fairbairn and J. Hetherington, both of Manchester, Engineers, for certain improvements in stationary steam-boilers, and in the furnaces and flues connected therewith. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Samuda, of the Southwark Iron Works, Engineer, and J. D. Samuda, of the same place, Engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture and arrangement of parts and apparatus for the construction and working of atmospheric railways. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Melville, of Upper Harley Street, Middlesex, Esquire, for improvements in the construction and modes of working railroads. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Hayman, of Mount Street, Lambeth, Corn Dealer, for an improved construction and arrangement of certain parts of omnibuses and other vehicles. April 30th, 6 months.

R. Corden, of Nottingham, Tobacco Manufacturer, and S. Smith, of the same place, Engineer, for improved economical apparatus for making gas for illuminations. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Constable, of Lime Street, London, Merchant, for certain improvements in the manufacture of sugar. April 30th, 6 months. Communication.

W. C. Cambridge, of Market Lavington, Wilts, Agricultural Machine Maker, for certain improvements: firstly, in machinery for rolling or crushing ground; secondly, for cutting and thrashing agricultural products; and, thirdly, an improved adaptation of horse-power to thrashing machinery, which may also be applied to other uses. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Wright, of Gough Street, Gray's-inn-lane, Coach Builder, for certain improvements in railway and other carriages. May 7th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Grant, of Vine Street, Westminster, Gas Fitter, for improvements in the means of ventilating buildings and other places where a change of air is required. May 7th, 6 months.

W. V. Pickett, of Tottenham, Esq., for certain methods of preparing in metals or other substances, the parts and features of architectural construction and decoration, and for applying the same in the construction and arrangement of houses and other buildings. May 7th, 6 months.

J. Loach, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for a certain improvement in corkscrews, which improvement is also applicable to cocks or taps and valves. May 7th, 6 months.

A. Toy and E. Hanson, both of Castle Street, Holborn, Lamp Manufacturers, for improvements in consuming tallow and other fatty matters in lamps. May 7th, 6 months.

C Watterson, of Manchester, Soap Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of soap. May 8th, 6 months.

T. Grimsley, of Oxford, Sculptor, for a new method of constructing a self-supporting fire-proof roof and other parts of buildings, with bricks and tiles formed from an improved machine. May 14th, 2 months.

J. Browne, of New Bond Street, Esq., for improvements in apparatus for protecting the human face, or part of the human face, from the inclemency of the weather, part of which improvements is applicable to protect birds in cages. May 14th, 6 months.

E. Hill, of Hart's Hill, Dudley, Worcester, Iron Master, for improvements in the manufacture of railway and other axles, shafts, and bars. May 14th, 6 months.

W. Walker, jun., of Brown Street, Manchester, Hydraulic Engineer, for improvements in warming and ventilating apartments and buildings. May 15th, 6 months.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of wicks for candles and for lamps, and in the manufacture of candles May 15th, 6 months.

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C. Hancock, of Grosvenor Place, for certain improvements in cork and other stoppers, and a new composition or substance, which may be used as a substitute for and in preference to cork, and a method or methods of manufacturing the said new composition or substance into bungs, stoppers, and other useful articles. May 15th, 6 months.

H. Hughes, of Chiswell Street, Gentleman, for an improved machine for crimping, fluting, and quilling muslin and other fabrics. May 15th, 6 months.

P. A. Le Comte de Fontainemoreau, of Skinner's Place, Size Lane, for a new and improved mode or method of paving and covering roads and other ways or surfaces. May 15th, 6 months. Communication.

H. Holmes, of Derby, Cutler, for improvements in the manufacture of bricks, tiles, and other plastic substances. May 15th, 6 months.

J. M'Intosh, of Glasgow, Scotland, Gentleman, for certain improvements in revolving engines, and an improved method of producing motive power, and of propelling vessels. May 17th, 6 months.

J. Pilbrow, of Tottenham, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the machinery for, or a new method of propelling carriages on railways and common roads, and vessels on rivers and canals. May 17th, 6 months.

G. Gwynne, of Princes Street, Cavendish Square, and G. F. Wilson, of Belmont, Vauxhall, Gentleman, for improvements in treating certain fatty or oily matters, and in the manufacture of candles and soap. May 20th, 6 months.

T. Martin, of Withybush, Pembroke, for certain improvements in the construction of slated roofs, flats or floors, tanks or cisterns, or reservoirs for water, and in pipes, tubes, or channels, of the same materials, for the conveyance of water. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. Petrie, of Rochdale, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. P. Chatten, of St. Martin's Court, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of dead eyes, for the purpose of setting up the rigging of ships and other sailing vessels. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. Bremner, residing at Pulteney Town, Caithness, Civil Engineer, for certain arrangements for constructing harbours, piers, and buildings in water, for cleansing harbours, and for raising sunken vessels. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. Meeus, of Ludgate Hill, for certain improvements in weaving and in weaving machines. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. H. Moor, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction of carriages generally. May 23d, 6 months.

W. Johnson, of Bury, Lancaster, Agent, for improvements in machinery, or apparatus for preparing cotton, wool, flax, and other fibrous substances. May 23rd, 6 months.

J. Wilkie, of Glasgow, Mechanic, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for working wood into the various forms required for making doors, window shutters, window sashes, mouldings, flooring, and other purposes. May 23rd, 6 months.

R. Wilson, of Newcastle, Builder, for improvements in the manufacture of tiles. May 23rd, 6 months.

J. Taylor, of Duke Street, Adelphi, Gentleman, for certain new mechanical combinations, by means of which economy of power and of fuel are obtained in the use of the steam-engine. May 23rd, 6 months.

W. A. Cooper, of New Mills, Derby, Gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning cotton, wool, and other fibrous substances. May 23rd, 6 months.

W. A. Guy, of Bloomsbury Square, B.M., for certain improvements in ventilation. May 25th, 6 months.

C. Low, of Robinson's Row, Kingsland, for certain improvements in the making or manufacturing of iron and steel. May 25th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—May 30.—The Customs Bill was read a second time.—On the motion of Lord Wharncliffe, the Education of the Poor, &c., Bill was read a second time.

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May 31.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of the whole House on the Factories Bill. The clauses of the bill were agreed to, and the House resumed.—The Night Poaching Prevention Bill was read a third time.—The Customs Bill, the West India Relief Bill, and the Edinburgh Agreement Bill, passed through Committee.

June 1.—No House.

June 3.—The Courts Martial (East India) Bill was read a second time.—On the motion of Lord Wharncliffe, the Factories Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Customs Amendment Bill was read a third time and passed.—The West India Relief Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Edinburgh Agreement Bill was also read a third time and passed.

June 4.—The Stamp Duties Bill, the Courts Martial (East India) Bill, the York and Scarborough Railway Bill, were each read a third time and passed.

June 5.—No House.

June 6.—The Royal Assent was given, by commission, to the Customs Duties Bill, the Courts Martial, (East India) Bill, the Stamp Duties Bill, the Edinburgh Agreement Bill, the West Indies Relief Bill, the Factories Bill, the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway Bill, the North Union Railway Bill, the Carlisle and Maryport Railway Bill, the Eastern Counties Railway Bill, the Salford Improvement Bill, and the Leeds Gas Company Bill.

June 7th.—The Education of the Poor, &c., Bill passed through Committee.—The Assaults (Ireland) Bill and the Gold and Silver Wares Bill were each read a third time and passed.

June 8.—No House.

June 10.—The Night Poaching Prevention Bill was read a third time. The Law of Libel Act Amendment Bill was committed *pro formâ*.

June 11.—Lord Powis moved the second reading of the St. Asaph and Bangor Dioceses Bill; on which a long discussion took place, ending in a division, when the numbers appeared—content 49, not content 37.—The Vinegar and Glass Duties Bill was read a second time.

June 12.—No House.

June 13.—Lord Monteagle moved for a select committee to enquire into the Import Duties; when after a long debate the House divided, when there appeared a majority of 109 against the motion.

June 14.—On the motion of the Bishop of Exeter, the Bill for the Suppression of Brothels was read a second time and ordered to be committed.

June 15.—No House.

June 17.—The Earl of Radnor moved "For a return of the number of warrants which had been issued by the present Secretaries of State for the detention and opening of letters by the General Post Office; specifying the dates and names of the parties, and giving the forms of warrants." After some discussion the motion was negatived without a division.—The Debtors and Creditors Bill passed through committee on the motion of Lord Cottenham; and Lord Brougham's Insolvency Bill was read a second time.

June 18.—The Slave Trade Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Insolvent Debtors Amendment Bill passed through Committee.—Lord Wharncliffe laid on the table, a Bill "To authorise the division of the parish and vicarage of Leeds into several parishes and vicarages; stating that the measure had been introduced at the instance of Dr. Hook, the vicar of Leeds, who was anxious to provide for the spiritual destitution of a very extensive and populous district.

June 19.—No House.

June 20.—Nothing of importance.

June 21.—Lord Brougham called the attention of their Lordships to the Report on his Bill for the Amendment of the Insolvent Debtors Act, which he contrasted very favourably with that lately introduced by Lord Cottenham on the same subject. Lord Cottenham ably defended his Bill, and recalled to the recollection of the House the almost unanimous applause with which it had been read a second time on the 30th May last; and trusted that their Lordships would not now, in imitation of another assembly, be prepared to support a measure based on antagonistic principles. Lord Ashburton defended the principle of imprisonment for debt, which both Bills agreed in assailing; and the Lord Chancellor, inculcating caution in dealing with so important a subject, recommended, as the only wise, proper, and sober course, that the whole subject should be referred to a Select Committee. To this Lord Brougham assented, so far as his own Bill was concerned, and in spite of stout opposition from

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Lords Campbell and Cottenham, the reference was carried without a division.—Lord Cottenham then moved the third reading of his Debtors and Creditors Bill: and the Earl of Shaftesbury moved, as an amendment, that it should be recommitted. The House divided on this amendment, which was carried by 28 to 4.

June 22.—No House.

House of Commons.—May 30.—The Salisbury Branch Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Stamp Duties Bill, and the Assaults (Ireland) Bill, were each read a third time and passed.—The Slave Trade Treaties Bill went through Committee.—The New South Wales, &c. Government Bill was read a second time.—The Customs Duties (Isle of Man) Bill was also read a second time.

May 31.—Mr. Bouverie took the oaths and his seat for Kilmarnock.—The Court Martials (East Indies) Bill was read a third time.—The Limitation of Actions (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.—A loud debate arose on the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, when, after several divisions, the chairman reported progress, and the other orders of the day were disposed of.

June 1.—No House.

June 3.—Mr. Entwisle took the oaths and his seat for South Lancashire.—The Slamannan Junction Railway Bill, the Stratford (Eastern Counties and Thames Junction) Railway Bill, and the Liverpool Dock Bill, were each read a third time and passed.—The House went into a Committee of Ways and Means; a very long debate took place on the Sugar Duties; Lord John Russell proposed an amendment, which was to subject to the now proposed duty of 34*s.* the sugar of all foreign countries, whether grown by free or by slave labour; adding a further duty on any particular kind of foreign sugar imported in a refined or highly manufactured state: the Committee divided, when the number were, for the resolutions of government, 197; for Lord J. Russell's amendment, 128.

June 4.—A long debate arose on the motion of Lord H. Vane for a Committee of the whole House to consider the expediency of repealing the export duty on coal; the House divided—against the motion of repeal, 110; for it, 74.

June 5.—The House went into Committee on the Court of Chancery (County Palatine of Lancaster) Bill, when the several clauses were agreed to, and the House resumed.—Lord Worsley moved the order of the day for the House going into Committee on the Commons Inclosure Bill; the Bill was committed *pro formâ*.—The County Coroners Bill then went through Committee.

June 6.—The Croydon and Epsom Railway Bill, the Taaf-Vale Railway Bill, and the Preston and Wyre Dock Bill, were each read a third time and passed.—The Attorney-General moved the second reading of the Dissenters Chapels Bill, which gave rise to a very long debate, ending in a division of the House, when the numbers were—for the second reading, 307; against it, 117.—The Sugar Duties Bill was read a second time.

June 7.—The House resolved into Committee on the Parishes (Scotland) Bill, which has for its object the facilitating the division and creation of parishes in Scotland.—The Salmon Fisheries (Scotland) Bill was read a second time.—The Report on the Vinegar and Glass Duties Bill was brought up.

June 8.—No House.

June 10.—The Eastern Union Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Vinegar and Glass Bill was also read a third time and passed.—The House resolved into Committee on the Sugar Duties Bill, on which a very long discussion took place; after which the chairman reported progress, and the House again resolved itself into Committee on the Vestries Bill.

June 11.—The New Fisheries Bill was read a third time and passed.—Mr. Borthwick moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the operation of the Anatomy Act; the House divided, when the numbers were—for the motion, 10; against it, 19.—A debate arose on the Irish Church Temporalities Bill, which was adjourned.—The County Rates, &c. Bill passed through Committee.

June 12.—The Delabole and Rock Railway Bill, and the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Bill, were each read a third time and passed.—The Aliens Bill was read a second time.—The adjourned debate on the Irish Church resumed, which occasioned a very long debate; on a division the numbers were—for the motion, 179; against it, 274.

June 13.—The Manchester Bonding Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Garnkirk, Glasgow, and Coatbridge Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—The order of the day having been read for the second reading of the Bank Charter

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Bill, Mr. Hawes proposed a resolution, "That no sufficient evidence had been laid before the House to justify the interference of the legislature with the circulation of the banks of issue." The House divided on Mr. Hawes' amendment, and the numbers were—against it, 185; for it, 30; the Bill was then read a second time.

June 14.—A conversation arose on the detention of letters at the general post office, after which the House resolved itself into a Committee on the Sugar Duties Bill. Mr. P. Miles brought forward his amendment, which was, "That from and after the 10th of November, 1844, the duty upon sugar, the produce of British possessions, be reduced to 20*s.* the cwt; and that the duties on sugar certified to be the growth of China, Java, or Manilla, or of any foreign country, the sugar of which her Majesty in Council shall have declared to be admissible, as not being the produce of slave-labour, shall be as follows:—Brown muscovado, or clayed, 30*s.* the cwt.; white clayed, or sugar otherwise prepared, and equivalent to white clayed sugar, 34*s.* the cwt., with 5 per cent. thereon." A long debate took place; after which the Committee divided—for the government proposition, 221; against it, 241.

June 15.—No House.

June 17.—The House went into Committee on the Sugar Duties Bill. On the question that the duty on sugar the growth of any British possession in America, and imported thence, should be 20*s.* the cwt., being put, Sir R. Peel proposed, by way of amendment, that the duty should be 24*s.* Some discussion took place as to the form of proceeding; and Mr. Greene (the Chairman of the Committee) decided that the 24*s.* duty could be moved as an amendment, but admitted that the question he had first to put was, that the duty of 20*s.* stand part of the clause. Sir R. Peel said, that in case the House affirmed his amendment for a duty of 24*s.* on colonial sugar, he should propose, by way of amendment, that the duty on foreign free labour sugar should be the same as he originally proposed. The Committee divided, when the numbers were—for the motion, 233; for the amendment, 255; majority in favour of the Government, 22. Mr. Miles said, that as the opinion of the Committee was against his amendment, he should not persist any further.

June 18.—Nothing of importance.

June 19.—The House went into Committee on the Vestries' Bill; the debate was adjourned.—The Mayor of Dublin appeared in his robes of office at the bar of the House, and presented a petition, signed by himself, and the aldermen and burgesses of the city of Dublin, complaining of the sentence which had been passed upon Daniel O'Connell and others. Mr. T. Duncombe, on the petition being brought in, moved that it be read at the table, which was done accordingly.

June 20.—The Scotch Parishes Bill was read a third time.—In reply to a question from Mr. R Yorke, Sir R. Peel said he had not postponed the Ecclesiastical Courts' Bill because it was opposed, but because there were other more important bills,—the Bank Charter Bill and the Sugar Bill, for instance—pressing on the attention of government. Due notice should be given of the time when it would be brought on.—The Night Poaching Prevention was read a third time.—The Solicitor-general obtained leave to bring in a bill for the disfranchisement of the borough of Sudbury.—The House went into Committee on the Sugar Duties' Bill. On the third clause, which gives "power to her majesty by order in council, to declare the sugars of other countries to be admissible as not being the produce of slave labour," some discussion took place. The clause was agreed to. The fourth clause, requiring "certificates of origin," also gave rise to a discussion.—Lord Palmerston repeated, at great length, the objections to the expediency of employing British consuls in giving certificates of origin; and said he would take the sense of the committee on the clause. There was a division accordingly: for the clause, 114; against it, 60; majority, 54. After some further conversation, the bill proceeded to its end without any further discussion. The preamble was then agreed to, and the chairman reported progress.

June 21.—On Friday, the report of the committee being brought up, Mr. Ewart, in the absence of Mr. Hume, brought forward his motion, that sugar, the produce of free and slave labour, should be admitted into this country on payment of equal duties. After a few words from Mr. James and Mr. Barclay, the House divided—against Mr. Ewart's amendment, 183; for it, 65; majority against it, 118 The report was then read, and the bill was ordered to be printed.—The County Coroners' Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Dissenters' Chapel Bill went through committee, and was ordered to be reported.

June 22.—No House.

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THE

METROPOLITAN.

AUGUST, 1844.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Narrative of a Visit to the Courts of Vienna, Constantinople, Athens, Naples, &c. By the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

THE pleasures of one portion of the world are entirely selfish; those of another portion entirely unselfish; and this division more entirely applies to the two classes into whichtravellers are divided than to any other distinct order of the community. Some wander from country to country for the mere objects of amusement and to beguile the time, which, being occupied by no worthy pursuit of usefulness, would else be found irksome to its possessor, who forgets, while thus making time commit suicide upon itself, that he is murdering the only means of acting usefully to his fellow-men, of accomplishing either the great or the good, of earning honourable fame, or of achieving any worthy object. The other class of travellers to whom we have adverted are indeed wise in their generation. They are recipients of a like pleasure, but that pleasure is impressed with the seal of usefulness. They contemplate men and things, but, instead of making this their boundary-line, they make it but the starting-point, from which they proceed to instruct and enlighten their less favoured compatriots. The one class receives everything for self, the other only that they may diffuse what they gain. In short, the first may be likened to those who look upon the world as a picture painted for themselves, the second for those who paint them for others.

Lady Londonderry takes a conspicuous place among this latter class. Her work is like a gallery of artistic efforts. Scene upon scene of social life, and landscape upon landscape of natural creations, succeed each other. Clear unaffected, calm, rational, neverled away by en-

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thusiasm, never investing her subjects with false or fictitious interest, never exaggerating descriptions, feminine in her tastes and sentiments, but masculine in her clear judgment and undazzled vision, Lady Londonderry appears to us to stand on high ground as a descriptive traveller. Her rank commanded opportunities of observation, yet the respect which it received has not blinded her in the least degree to the true aspect of what was thus presented to her cognizance. Her ladyship has not dazzled our eyes with the splendour of Eastern magnificence; she has not given us another version of the Arabian Nights; she has not painted harems of houris; she has not made The City of the Sultan a celestial city;—in short, she has not written a romance. Instead of seeking to dazzle the imagination, she has built up the actual on the firm foundation of truth. There is something seductive to an author in adorning and embellishing, since these species of decorations render a work attractive, but as they only raise up false edifices to our inspection, they serve but to abuse our confidence, even while they amuse our fancy. To pin our faith upon such statements is to confederate with an author to deceive ourselves. Lady Londonderry's great merit is her faithfulness. She has not painted hovels as all gilt over with sunshine; she has not paved the streets of her cities with gold; she has not made slavery elysium; she has not represented the Mussulman Turk as the most sublime and unruffled of philosophers, shaming the turbulent world by the contrast of his own divine repose whilst floating down the stream of fatalism. For our own part, we honour Lady Londonderry for not yielding to the tendency of exaggerated and romantic interest with which society at home is apt to turn its gaze towards the pictorial expectants of Mahomet's paradise. To rectify popular error is to confer a public benefit.

Our observations have chiefly had reference to Lady Londonderry's visit to Constantinople, yet they equally apply to her other destinations. The later portion of her work, although out of chronological order is not in the least degree behind in interest. The only error is, that she has not dwelt with sufficient amplitude on her short sojourn with the Moors. In our critical character, we are often compelled to reprehend the diluting of the spirit of a subject with a too great prolixity; it is a rare fault when we find a too great condensation. Lady Londonderry's second tour—second, we mean, in the arrangement of her publication—amply merited another volume. Its interest makes us object to its brevity—for be it remembered, that brevity is not good when it leaves anything worthy of being told untold. Howbeit, the work, as a whole, will long remain a monument of Lady Londonderry's industry, energy, and talent, exciting the hope that other climes, and lands, and skies, may win her ladyship as a visitor, that, as a result, we who remain at home may be favoured with more of such instructive, enlightening, and entertaining volumes.

Lady Londonderry's audience of the Sultan is marked with the expression of an unwonted occurrence.

"After three days' firing and rejoicing, at length the Bairam ceased, and the confusion subsided; and on Monday morning, November 30th, I was desired to proceed to the Tscheragan Palace, for my audience of

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the Sultan. Some difficulty occurred as to whom I should select to accompany me. Madame Franchini was objected to by some, as too great a proof of the court arrangements being under Russian influence. Reschid Pacha undertook to interpret, and it was suggested I might go alone. This, however, seemed inconvenient. I therefore asked Mrs. Walker, wife of Captain Walker, of the British navy, but who had recently been made a Turkish admiral, to go with me, and she gladly acceded. Accordingly, at eleven o'clock, on a cold, snowy morning, we packed ourselves into a small close carriage, (the first covered one I had seen in Turkey, and kindly sent us by Reschid Pacha,) and we set out, preceded as usual by guards and keerasses. The road, like all others in this country, was dreadful, and we were shaken to pieces, until after a long descent down a steep declivity, we found ourselves at a palace presenting a long façade to the sea, on the Pera, or European side. There we were shown through an open court, the guard being turned out to receive us. In Turkey, the outward slippers are always left at the door, the floors being covered with the finest mats, the rooms carpeted, and not a speck or particle of dust to be seen. We entered a small waiting-room, where we found some Austrian officers, who were also awaiting their audience. They informed me of what I had not discovered, that the place appointed had been changed, and that I was not, as I imagined, in the Tscheragan palace, but in the Beshiktasch; that they had already gone to the former, and found no one; and that there appeared to be singular confusion in all the arrangements. Coffee was handed to us in tiny cups, not containing above a thimbleful, but placed in the most exquisite little jewelled stands, or egg-cups of pink enamel and diamonds. A large brass brasier stood in the middle of the apartment, and a low embroidered divan ran round it.

"At length the maréchal du palais came in, and some attendants; coffee was again handed round, and soon after Reschid Pacha appeared. We waited some time, during which coffee was once more brought, and there was much whispering, and evident difficulty, confusion, and embarrassment. At length they all went away, leaving Mrs. Walker and me with the Austrian strangers, who were much amused at the sensation produced by the appearance of a Frank woman within these walls; it being, I believe, the first instance of a formal audience being granted to a lady. The Turks occasionally lifted up the curtain over the entrance into the room, and peeped in to gaze at me. I was in full court dress; and this toilet, so unusual, especially to Turks, unaccustomed as they are to see any ladies in public, added to their astonishment. Mrs. W., the only lady who had ever been received, had been attired in a hat, and without jewels, having unfortunately left hers at Odessa. Her audience, however, had been less punctilious as to form than mine, and, having occurred in the garden, had more the character of an accidental meeting than a formal and state appointment, which mine was. A great step has been made in the approach to civilization, and probably this will continue; and perhaps, in a few years, ladies will be received at the Ottoman court in the same manner as at any other.

"At length, Reschid Pacha, the maréchal du palais, and other attendants, returned, having put on their diamond decorations; and after waiting again for some time, (for nothing in Turkey is ever done in a hurry,) I was requested to follow them. I expected to enter some adjoining room, where the Sultan would receive me, but, to my surprise, I was desired to put on my furs, my clogs, and my cloak, and I followed them down stairs, crossed an open court, and arrived at a long terrace or garden, at the end of which stood the palace. Luckily, it had ceased snowing, but the cold was intense. I was then informed that the great officers of state had received orders to show us the apartments; and we were first conducted into a kiosk, or pleasure-house, of great beauty. The courts we traversed were paved with marble flags, and I was much struck

with the grandeur of a room one hundred and fifty feet long, having a large bow in the centre. It was covered with the finest matting, and being fitted up in the oriental taste, with a long line of open lattices to the water, it must be a delicious resting-place during the summer heats.

"While I was shivering with cold, and gazing on the Asiatic shore, and the extensive view, (which even in the bleak and dreary month of November is lovely,) a large square trap-door in the floor was raised, and I heard a voice say, 'Voilà la mer, madame!' Hardly believing my senses, I advanced, and, truly, the deep green sea flowed under the splendid eastern gallery. A shudder came over me, as I thought how readily that trap-door might close over its victims, and my blood ran cold while my imagination made the mute inquiry, who can tell on whom that barrier has closed? I recalled the lines,

> 'When wearied of these fleeting charms and me,
> Here yawns the sack, and yonder rolls the sea;'

and I turned away, and gladly obeyed the summons to proceed.

"Following the officers, we crossed another marble court, and ascended a flight of steps to the palace. The hall and stairs were matted, and were lined with attendants, all in fez and caften. We were then ushered through long suites of apartments, expecting every moment to find ourselves in the presence of the Sultan. At length, on arriving at a small side ante-room, when I was the least prepared for the meeting, Abdul Mehjid walked in quickly, and suddenly stood before us. The usual fez was on his head, a full military cloak hung round him, clasped at the throat with an *agrafe* of enormous diamonds. A large *solitaire* ring was on his little finger. He is tall, pale, sallow, and slight, only eighteen years of age, with fine eyes, a sweet smile, and amiable expression of countenance. It is said he is learning French, and is much more informed as to all that is passing in the world than is generally supposed. The Prince de Joinville, when here, saw and conversed much with him; and, lately, a good deal has transpired as to his manners and ideas, from a Russian painter, who has just finished his picture, and with whom he had much intercourse during his several sittings. He did not bow to me, but immediately began talking to Reschid Pacha, who, having paid his homage, which is done by appearing gracefully to pick up the dust from the feet, according to the expression, *je baise la poussière*, interpreted to me the Sultan's pleasure and satisfaction at seeing me, and his hope that I had recovered the fatigue of my journey. To this I replied. He then inquired if I had been at all rewarded for what I had suffered, and for the deprivation of the comforts and luxuries of England. I requested Reschid to express my admiration of Constantinople, my gratification at my visit and reception, and my thanks for having been allowed to see everything that was curious and interesting. The Sultan inquired if I had visited the Tscheragan Palace, and, on my answering in the negative, he desired orders to be given that it might be shown to me. He then asked who was the lady that accompanied me, and being told her name, he desired Reschid Pacha to express the pleasure he felt at having an opportunity of telling her how highly he valued her husband's services. After a happily worded reply from her, that she had equal delight in being able to assure his majesty that he had not a more faithful servant than Admiral Walker, the Sultan expressed his regret at my intention of leaving Constantinople so soon, and then vanished as suddenly as he had appeared."

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The Gospel before the Age, or Christ with Nicodemus; being an Exposition for the Times. By the Rev. Robert Montgomery, M. A., Oxon, Minister of Percy Chapel, London; author of "Luther, or the Spirit of the Reformation;" "The Messiah," &c.

It cannot be doubted that the prevailing spirit of the present day is an intellectual one. Ages have each their characteristics resulting from the vast tide of men's opinions, as the great ocean of society swells onward. In the nineteenth century *mind* has established its supremacy. Not one of the varied appliances which minister to our daily comfort, that does not present itself to our hands, as a specimen of the inventive faculty in man. The triumphs of commerce, the wonders of mechanism, and the wide spread of literature, all bear their overwhelming evidence that our day is one of most extraordinary and unparalleled development of mind.

And yet, with this impress of intellect upon the age, it is not a thing to be doubted and feared, but it amounts to a self-evident and moral certainty, that the spirit of the times is not a religious spirit. It is an age of independence, not of dependence: of independence in man, not of dependence on God. We say it, though the steeples of new churches rise round us on every hand, though the foundations of innumerable schools are laid and roofs outspread, and we hear from within the ceaseless hum of the poor scholars conning their daily task; though hospitals are reared around us, from which the mingled sounds of groans and blessings rise; and though societies and charities of every denomination abound; — yet, notwithstanding all this, religion is not that alone thing needful, that object of paramount importance which might make our age deserving the happy and the high appellation of a Christian age. Intellect is supreme; religion subordinate. And if we required proof of this, we should at once turn to our literature, for that either grows out of the existing feeling of society, impressed with its image, marked with its lineaments, and is, in fact, its counterpart resemblance; or taking a higher and a loftier standing, it sways and directs the public mind with its master influence. Either of these views confirm our belief. Literature and religion seem to have broken their once holy alliance. Though aspirants crowd into every other class in the great mart of books, men of accredited powers and high capacity, the field of theology is left well nigh barren. Though it is that which might bring forth the hundredfold of produce, yet is the vineyard seldom trodden by those, who, having received the five talents of great faculties, might so use and exert them, as to throw the lustre of human learning, and the graces of genius and imagination, around the earthly courts of the Divinity, so rendering them, as far as the devotion and influence of human power may go, graceful, persuasive, and attractive to their fellow-men.

With this feeling of real regret, that high powers should so seldom be devoted to their highest end, to that holy and legitimate use for which they were designed, for happy would it be if that spirit which must perforce return to its Maker in death, should willingly and joyously ascend to him in life,—with this feeling, we say strong upon us,

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we cannot but express our pleasure at the high exception which we find in Mr. Montgomery. Such works as these are not mere literary efforts; they are the ladders which, like Jacob's, are upraised to facilitate our communications with another world. As free from enthusiasm as from formality, Mr. Montgomery never suffers the poetry of his imagination to lead him out of the narrow path. It is true that there is a redundance, but it is not a redundance of fancy but of thought. His mind once set in motion, finds no boundary to its excursiveness. At every step thought crowds upon thought; new vistas open; new prospects outspread themselves. Some minds fasten themselves on one solitary, and it may be important position with the consequence of which they are fully impressed, and spend themselves upon its elucidation. Mr. Montgomery takes the staff and leads us through scenes of perpetual change, to the very margin of the promised land. Passages of singular beauty, blent with a high and holy spirit, charm us in the perusal of this work, and the beautiful, the intellectual, and the good, all combine and assimilate.

In a work of such deep-searching and expansive thought, in which the plenitude of the author's mind has imparted so much of its own expansiveness, it would be injurious, as well as idle, to attempt analysis. We have contented ourselves with speaking of characteristics, and by them only can it be in any degree expressed. Perhaps we might convey something of its scope, by saying that the work embraces these two statements, immeasurable indeed in their own full magnitude, but still powerfully and cogently embraced and expressed, "THE GREATNESS OF OUR FALL, AND THE GREATNESS OF OUR REDEMPTION." In his endeavour to establish the first, Mr. Montgomery has taken in a large survey of the great human family, has searched into the metaphysical, and acutely observed the actual. His observations on the state of society, in the present day, are replete with interest and vigour. They manifest the perspicuous vision of a keen-eyed observer of the world, with an intellect cleared and not clouded, by looking through a religious medium. And here we have approached an ably supported position of his own, namely, that religion is the great restorer of the human understanding.

But Mr. Montgomery shall give his own opinions.

"And first, what is the prominent fact which must arrest the thoughtful gaze of any contemplatist, who is able to study the complex movements and broad significances of the times? After allowing for diversities of individual judgment, and the specific bias of the mental taste, we imagine most will concur in this,—that a restless appetite for some vague and vast amelioration, is that which is now stirring and heaving the great heart of society to its depths. And if we proceed to analyze this perturbed and feverish desire after some undefined state of satisfying good,—we shall detect that a *confidence in man's own powers*, principles and energies to produce and promote it, lies at the root of all its actions. To an immense extent, as to all active operation on the conscience and the will of the admirers of this world,—the radical corruption and entire apostacy of our race from all spiritual goodness and truth, is either denied, diluted, or forgotten. Still, though the doctrinal fact of the fall may be unremembered, the moral consequences of that fall is not unfelt: and at this moment we perceive one of its malign influences to be bodied

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forth in a restless yearning for an imagined Millennium, where the loftiest dreams of ages and the benignest aspirations of the human spirit will at length be realized. Thus we have restlessness in the POLITICAL WORLD—producing theories and plans and systems; restlessness in the INTELLECTUAL WORLD—unfolding itself in works of sentiment and science, philosophy, art and romance; restlessness in the SOCIAL WORLD—interpreting itself by false notions, forced effects, mistaken views of life, and educational novelties, &c.; and *above all*, a restlessness in THE CHURCH—which seeks to relieve itself in every mode of deliverance which controversy can supply, and under every extreme of improvement which ecclesiastical suggestion can discover, or sectarian arrogance contrive.

"Let us then see how completely the words of Christ to Nicodemus afford us the means of rightly viewing this ominous state of things; and perhaps we shall find, that under the simple but sublime theology of the words, 'EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN,' &c.—there is at once the wisdom that can alone interpret the REAL WANT of the age; and at the same time suggest the ONLY MANNER in which that want can be adequately supplied. We are lamentably mistaken, if all this perturbation and fever and fretfulness of the public mind and national heart, be nothing less than the blind seekings of our proudly unsatisfied nature after an EARTHLY CHRIST;—that 'Christ' being the visionary counterpart of its brilliant hopes and baseless dreams.

"Looking then to what, as distinct from the moral and spiritual, we popularly term the political world,—it may be affirmed that the electric shock of kingdoms which the European continent received from the explosion of the French revolution, is yet perceptible in our own favoured island. And with this malign effect are also blent the vile influences, contaminating doctrines and disorganizing theories, which the Encyclopedists began, and the Jacobites, the Journalists, and other admirers of the movement party in France fostered, and advanced. But if we confine our view of the political unrest which now fevers the mind of the lower classes, to domestic causes alone—we shall perceive a mournful adequacy of means and modes whereby this unhealthy system has been excited. Among them, we may confidently include the following. The mad spirit of commercial speculation, which has called into action an enormous supply of human labour and corresponding population; and then, when sudden paralysis in trade, or overstocked markets were felt,—threw out of employ the congregated thousands of living beings whom the monopolizing avarice of capitalists had assembled. And what else could be expected of these starving paupers and idle operatives, but that they would come into festering contact with each other, unite their discontents, mingle their murmurs, act and counteract by fellowship of misery and want on each other: and thus be ready to catch the contagion of every social vice, and adopt the demoralizing views which any leading anarch or presiding democrat among them may be able craftily to invent, and plausibly to propound. And who that has studied the law of moral influences, can doubt the huge capacity for political mischief which a dense mass of mind undisciplined, and heart unregulated, wields,—when allowed to ferment and leaven the teeming populace of the poor and depraved in our manufacturing cities! Alas, we fear it may be proved, that notwithstanding our godless boast as the commercial Queen of nations, our manufactories and mills will operate like ulcers in the side of our national welfare and public morals. But in the next place, in addition to causes which associate themselves with the over-reaching spirit of commerce, we must recollect such a state of things as the following description includes. The utter incompetency of church accommodation and pastoral superintendence in overtaking the population of our country, which increases at the awful ratio of 1,000 per day! The consequent ignorance, sensuality, and irreligion of the suffering destitute; the currency of a cheap and satanic kind of literature,

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alternating between low ribaldry, reckless atheism, and every possible style of lawless sensuality and treasonable discontent; the punctilious and unnatural separation between the higher and lower classes of the community, tending to engender heartless pride in the one, and scowling dissatisfaction in the other:—all this, together with the loathsome and licentious doctrines which an infidel Sunday press is diffusing over 'the masses,' from one end of the kingdom to the other,—will to a large extent account for that fierce and fiery unrest which now rages and burns, like a political typhus, in the heart of the humbler ranks.

"But let the origin be presumed as it may, it cannot be denied that our own age is remarkable as being one in which the madness of political theory is working its way into the sympathies of the populace, to a most disastrous and demoralizing extent. And one can hardly refrain from asking whether or no in all this, the sowers of 'wind' in secular education and scientific culture APART FROM RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE,—are not now the reapers of a 'whirlwind' of rebellion and revolution in these direful results? How must those honorary members of 'all religions,' who some twenty years since presumed to think that morality might exist without a revealed God, and Christianity be respected without a defined creed; and that to educate the MIND of the people was the great panacea for polluted HEARTS and vitiated PASSIONS—how must these self-inspired prophets NOW feel, when instead of 'grapes,' behold their science hath brought forth 'wild grapes?' At all events we perceive 'Chartism,' with its assumed omnipotence of numbers; 'Socialism,' with its brute atheism, swinish lust, and kindred manifestations of political debauchery,—all variously festering into bitterness, and fermenting into rebellion the habits and dispositions of the lower classes. But while this must be admitted, and the hideous features of the case stand forth with fearful prominence to the intelligence of any man who can embrace a single idea,—let Truth have fair play: and when she lifts her unabashed eyes towards those seats of comparative security, where 'noble lords' and 'honourable members' legislate and argue,—is there not a MORAL HERESY at work identical in principle though more delicate in form, with that which cankers the soul of the vulgar Chartist or the vicious Socialist? Is there not among the high-born and courtly oracles of the state and nation frequently a desertion of GOD'S TRUTHS TOUCHING MAN'S REAL WANTS, quite as decided though not so disgusting, as that which a sensual haranguer of the people, or lecturing Socialist in 'Halls of Science,' exhibits? In truth, we shall fearlessly affirm that what Christ saith unto Nicodemus is practically denied and experimentally forgot by every politician, except the man *who takes his politics from the same source from which he procures his religion,—the simple Word of God.*"

In conclusion, we can only say that we congratulate both the world and the author on the appearance of this work.

Rose d'Albret, or Troublous Times; a Romance. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., author of "Darnley," "De L'Orme," "The False Heir," "Arabella Stuart," &c.

When we meet with announcements of a new work by Mr. James, we always feel as if these were the notifications of a fresh visit from an old friend. After all, there is something that interests the feelings far more strongly in an established favourite than in a freshly presented novelty. The mind at once assimilates itself with old recollections, and a something akin to tenderness, springs up at the re-

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membrance of emotions that were wont to be responsive. The echo of the old feelings awakens within us; and the sensations of the heart, like the stirring of the healing waters, seem already rippled by the breath of expectation. Novelty may indeed be delightful, but a confirmed preference is assuredly better.

Of all the authors of the present day, Mr. James has certainly best earned this distinction, best earned it, we mean, by the unceasing industry and unblemished morals of his pen. A healthy tone of cheerfulness and high principle pervades his writings; we rise from the perusal of his works exactly with that feeling of renovated hope and rectitude of trust in the result of right-doing, that ought ever to follow, like a refreshing and invigorating influence, the recreations of our leisure. These ought never to enervate or vitiate. It is their office to prepare us for new exertions. And this is exactly that honourable tendency which distinguishes the writings of our popular novelist.

"Rose D'Albret" possesses all the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. James's former works. Animated, pictorial, replete with the love of natural beauty, strongly inculcative of moral worth. it conducts us through a succession of busy scenes, through a whole host of difficulties and dangers, to a felicitous and triumphant end. One of Mr. James's solid merits is, that he is intimately conversant with the tone of manners, and the customs of our forefathers. His pictures of baronial halls, of priests and barons, of knights and ladies, of squires, soldiery, and peasantry, are faithful transcripts of the classes which he describes, of their own date. Rose D'Albret, whom he has left a true woman, though he has made her a real heroine, stands before us as one of those orphan wards, left at the mercy of the lordly will of some baronial guardian. A weak, rather than a vicious man, for weakness, after all, rather leaves the heart open to crime than is itself criminal, holds her destiny in his hands, and being worked upon by others, rather than impelled by innate impulses of evil, he decrees her hand and estates to one, who caring little for the one, cares much for the other. The work is a picture of the times—a faithful transcript of life in the days of Henri Quatre. It is also the most dramatic of all the works of its author. The action is animated, and a succession of events follow on the heels of each other with rapid energy. We wish we could object to the faithfulness of such a character as the Lady of Chasuel; but, unhappily, we are compelled to allow that a few such are permitted to blacken and darken this world of ours—we trust but seldom. Blanchette is done to the life, and admirable as a waiting-maid. Father Walter also is marked out with the stern lines of thought and care, and is natural, inasmuch as we behold in him the just assertion of the feelings of the heart, heard loud and above the restraint of monastic vows. The priest's affection for his niece is the triumph of nature over unnatural restrictions. But we find our favourite in the manly, the courageous, the intrepid, fearless, hopeful, humane Chasseron, respecting whom there hangs a tale, which, however, we will not tell, but only give his introduction to our readers.

"However, as he himself, whatever his private opinions might be, bore no distinctive signs of either faction about him, the traveller hoped

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that he might be suffered to pass unmolested, especially as his dress and appearance offered no great show of wealth; and therefore, without displaying the slightest concern or apprehension, he suffered his horse to conclude his draught, and then was preparing to resume his journey, when, after a brief consultation, one of the soldiers advanced at a quick pace on foot, and planted himself on the opposite side of the bridge, while another ran higher up the hill, and the rest rose slowly from the ground, and began to untie their horses.

"All these movements were remarked by the traveller; but still he maintained his air of easy carelessness, till the soldier who had placed himself opposite advanced a step or two towards him, exclaiming, in an impatient tone, as if irritated by his apathy, '*Qui vive?*'

"The farmer was not without his reply, however, though, to say 'Long live the king,' which he might be inclined to do, would have been a dangerous experiment, and he therefore replied, without the least hesitation, '*Vive la France!*'

"'Come, come, master peasant, that will not do,' said the other, advancing upon him, pistol in hand; 'thou art some accursed *Politic!* Are you for the Holy Union or Henry of Bourbon?'

"'Nay, good sir, do not be angry,' replied the farmer: 'I am a poor man of no party. I have nothing to do with these matters at present, and mind only my own concerns.'

"'If thou art of no party,' said the soldier, 'thou art an enemy to both. So, get off thy horse; I have a fancy for him.'

"'Nay, I pray you,' cried the other, 'do not take my beast. How am I to carry my corn?'

"'We will save you that trouble,' rejoined the soldier, with the courtesy usual on such occasions; 'and if you have any weight of gold upon you, we will deliver you of that also. So, get off at once, Master What's-your name, or I will send you off with a pistol-shot.'

"'My name is Chasseron,' answered the peasant, 'and a name well known for wronging no man; and if I must get off and part with my poor beast, I pray you help me down with the corn, for I cannot dismount till it is away. But if you will leave me the nag,' he added, 'I will pay you his full value, if you will come to my place. He and I have been old friends, and I would fain not part with him.'

"'Get down! get down!' cried the soldier impatiently. 'Clumsy boor, can't you dismount with a sack behind you?' and at the same moment he came nearer and laid his hand upon the load. The instant he did so, the farmer thrust his strong hand between his cuirass and his neck, half strangling him with his large knuckles; and with his right drawing a pistol from his saddle-bow, he brought the muzzle close to his ear, exclaiming,

"'Now, master, I see you have some command, by your scarf. So, if the way be not cleared very speedily, you shall go up or down as the case may be, without any brains in your skull. I've got one life under my fist, and they can but take one in return, so now we shall see how they love you. Don't struggle, or you shall soon struggle no more; but turn round, tell them to get out of the way, and then march on with me to the top of the hill,'

"'I can't turn,' said the soldier, in a rueful tone.

"'Oh, then, I'll turn you,' answered Chasseron with a laugh; and without quitting his hold, he whirled his adversary round with prodigious strength, lifting him nearly off the ground as he did so. 'Now drop your pistol!' he continued. 'Drop it this instant!'

"The man did so; and, touching his horse gently with his heel, the stout farmer put him into a slow walk, while several of the marauders ran forward to see what was going on.

"'Bid them back!' cried Chasseron, jogging his companion's head with

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the muzzle of his weapon. 'Bid them back, or you are a dead man, without shrift.'

"'Keep off, keep off, Beauvois,' cried his adversary. 'Keep off, La Motte, or by the holy virgin he will kill me!'

"'That I will,' muttered Chasseron heartily; and the soldiers halted for an instant as if to consult. But your good companion of those days was not very careful of a comrade's life; and it seemed to be soon agreed that the insolence of the farmer was not to be tolerated out of any consideration for the gentleman in his hands. There was, therefore, some cocking of pistols and looking at pans, with various other indications of coming strife.

"Chasseron, however, continued to advance, dragging his captive along, and keeping a watchful eye upon all the proceedings of the enemy, while the poor fellow in his hands shouted again and again to the hard ears of his companions to hold back for God's sake. They, on their part, paid little attention to his petitions; and in a moment or two, several of the soldiers began to creep closer, in order to get within pistol-shot, while the rest mounted their horses as if to make an attack on the rear of the enemy. No sooner had the foremost of those on foot reached a fitting distance, than he began to take deliberate aim at the horseman; but the latter, muttering to himself, 'This is unpleasant, pardie!' turned suddenly towards him, withdrew the pistol from the ear of the fellow whom he held, levelled it at the other, and fired. The man went down in a moment, his weapon discharging itself in the air as he fell."

Richard III. as Duke of Gloucester and King of England. By CAROLINE A. HALSTED, Author of "The Life of Margaret Beaufort," and "Obligations of Literature to the Mothers of England."

The purity of historical truth is necessary to its existence. Veracity is its foundation-stone, and if this be rotten the whole superstructure falls. It is true that motives must lie buried till the resurrection-day; we can only infer them from the actions which they induce, and of all evidence this is the most fallacious. The office of the historian is rather to collect, arrange, and narrate events, than to guess at the motives which impelled them. And yet the difficulty of executing what might at the first aspect appear but a simple task, is manifest to all who study the records of any country. The actions of life are like those of the battle-field. Men engaged in the fierce contention, fully occupied by their own share in the strife, cannot by any possibility take any enlarged view of the doings of others, whilst the more remote have still less opportunity of witnessing the circumstances of the engagement. A co-existent chronicler, even were his information ample and enlarged, has his vision too often obscured by interest, party, passion, prejudice, while one of later labours rests under the disadvantage of a distant ken.

Little, then, is it to be wondered at if particular portions of our national history are involved in obscurity. The means of information are always more or less defective, but it is intentional misrepresentation that does the greater mischief. The waves of party feeling surge and swell long after the primary agitator has passed away. Partisans on the victorious side have still their motive for perpetuating error; Sometimes a monument of infamy is raised by every man casting a

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stone upon the memory of the departed, thus raising a mountain of obloquy by the accumulation of multiplied ill-opinions, which ought only to be the shapen masonry of the self-hewing of the man's own sin. The question is not a new one, whether the verdict of the world has been rightly adjudicated in the case of Richard III. The heaviest charges of possible crime, murder and usurpation, with all their host of auxiliary dissimulations and hypocrisies, are charged against the last of the Plantagenets. Had Richard won instead of lost the great game for which he played, his name might have borne a different odour with posterity. Success, however, was on the side of his opponents, and that which elevated the conqueror crushed the conquered. Whether avowed or not, the world acts upon the axiom that success justifies the means. Had Richard triumphed and Richmond died, we should have heard far less of his crimes. Supposition would have been silent instead of being actively malignant against him. But the case was widely different with an opponent on the throne—an opponent who could not have taken such a seat but by the right of conquest. In such a case all that appeared against the one side strengthened the position of the other, and Richard's reprobation served the better to establish Richmond's title. An impression once fixed upon the public mind is long perpetuated. Much of the obloquy heaped on the name of Richard must, we fear, be attributed not to the malice, but still to the misrepresentation of our immortal dramatist. Shakspeare's own mind might have been imbued with the current ill-opinion of the man, but even under every supposition, he has heightened the colours as well as distorted the person of him who, from his portraiture, has become known to us as the "crook-backed monster." We believe that the multitude even of the present day know Richard the best through the medium of Shakspeare's representation—or rather—*mis*-representation. He might have passed along the line of departed monarchs, casting no stronger shadow in our historic mirror than his predecessors and successors in the train, had not our national dramatist invested him with a stern reality, and a pre-eminence in crime. But it must be remembered that Shakspeare was not influenced alone by the mere desire of heightening scenic effect. He wrote to please the arbitrary Elizabeth, who, as the granddaughter of Richmond, might be supposed to favour the idea of Richard's crimes, as best establishing the justice of his overthrow, and confirming the Tudors in their regal title. Doing this, he has outstepped the utmost limits of the probabilities of crime. He has portrayed a monster, and framing him in the rich splendours of his own genius, suspended him in sight of the world, condemning him to immortal infamy.

But the time has arrived when society is willing to separate real existences from the creations of genius; to do justice to individual memories, as well as to rectify the errors into which history has fallen. On both these accounts we welcome Miss Halsted's work, though we think that she has fallen into the opposite extreme of extenuating the actions of Richard at the expense of justice. Her work must be considered as the apologist of the much-maligned monarch. A biographer generally becomes an eulogiser. Intended impartiality melts into partiality. Justice merges into extenuation. Crimes are palliated;

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virtues magnified. This tendency to mercy is certainly a failing, leaning to virtue's side—but still it is a failing. Miss Halsted has not held her scales of justice quite even. There has been a little leaning to one side. We believe that in the character of Richard a middle course would have been nearest to the true one. He was neither a faultless monster nor a monster of depravity. We believe that the circumstances which tempted him to usurpation were not wholly of his own making. The regal crown, the swaying sceptre, the ermined robe, the lofty throne, if rights, are not rights easily to be ceded and laid aside. Miss Halsted presses on us the point of Edward's previous marriage, a marriage which repudiated his later one with Elizabeth Woodville, and negatived her children's right to rule. Admitting this, which our authoress appears to consider incontrovertible, was Richard even then next in succession? Where were the children of his elder brother Clarence? The question is not changed, but only the individual whose rights were invaded.

Yet allowing for this leaning to extenuation, which has been carried somewhat beyond its just bounds, we consider Miss Halsted's work as one of the most interesting and able pieces of history which has ever been presented to the world. The research which it manifests is most extensive. If we except a trifling obscurity and entangling of matter at the outset, her arrangement afterwards is clear and lucid, and her style always animated and interesting. Many new lights will be thrown on the career of Richard, and some new facts elicited. We might almost say that Miss Halsted has *reasoned out* some incidents and some feelings, which we shall instance in our extract relating to the purposed nuptials of Earl Warwick's daughter, Anne, with the then young Duke of Gloucester. The circumstances unfold themselves.

"Concise as is this account, it embraces innumerable points that cannot be misinterpreted, excepting, indeed, by prejudiced, or by such warm advocates for tradition that even truth itself fails to induce conviction in their minds. Richard must have sought his persecuted kinswoman immediately he was released from his military duties, because it appears he 'had discovered her retreat' before the Michaelmas term following the battle of Tewkesbury; that is to say, between the 4th of May and the beginning of the following October. Again, he besought that the said Anne should 'be given to him to wife.' No merely selfish motives could have induced this request, for the Lady Anne and her mother, the Countess of Warwick, together with her deceased father, were all under a bill of attainder; and, consequently, the riches to which she would have been entitled by birth, as their co-heiress, were now altogether in the gift of the king.

"If, therefore, Warwick's forfeited and enormous possessions are supposed to have been the object which Gloucester alone coveted, they could have been bestowed by the monarch upon that prince, without any necessity for his taking the Lady Anne to wife, in the same manner as the lands of the attainted Cliffords had in early boyhood been made over to him. Of this there is ample proof; for Richard had actually been already invested by his royal brother with a portion of the identical lands which he is made so exclusively to desire; as it appears, 'by patent, 11th July, 1471, the king, especially considering the gratuitous, laudable, honourable services rendered to him by his most dear brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and wishing to confer upon him some reward and remuneration for the same, granted to him the castles, manors, and lordships

of Sheriff Hutton, county of York, which lately belonged to Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick.' Neither must it be forgotten that the Duke of Gloucester was now in the fulness of power, and had distinguished himself by his gallant bearing, and was in so high a position in King Edward's court, that so far from any advantage accruing to him from a union with his impoverished and persecuted cousin, alliances must have been open to him at foreign courts, as well as with the most wealthy subjects in his brother's kingdom; the more so as he was but in the spring-time of life, and that he was endowed with princely possessions, dignified by the highest appointments that could be bestowed upon him, and invested with almost regal authority. Moreover, let it be asked, why did Clarence 'cause the damsel to be concealed,' unless he suspected that the affection which had been early formed for her by Gloucester would lead him immediately to renew his vows of attachment, and incline her to listen to them? He evidently anticipated the fact, and acted upon it; for no mention is made by the chronicler of Lady Anne's desire to be concealed; no intimation is given of her repugnance to her cousin, or of her flying to avoid his overtures; but positive assertion is made by him that avarice—the coveting her share of riches that were her birthright, and which he trusted, perhaps, from her attainder, he should exclusively possess in right of her elder sister—alone influenced the unworthy prince, whose greedy desire for power and riches led him first to rebel against and dethrone his elder brother, and even to deprive him, in his adversity, of his patrimonial inheritance, and now instigated him to separate from his younger brother the object of his choice, and cruelly to persecute and degrade the unhappy victim whom he was bound by consanguinity and misfortune to protect, because, as distinctly alleged by the chronicler, 'he feared the division of the inheritance he wished to enjoy alone.'

"What, however, was the part pursued by Richard of Gloucester,—that prince who for three generations has been held up to scorn and contempt for every base, unmanly, treacherous, and vindictive feeling? Let his conduct be once more contrasted with that of Clarence, who had betrayed and perfidiously deceived every near relative and connexion, and who was indebted to the very brother whom he was now injuring for his reconciliation with the king, and for his restoration to his own forfeited honours and possessions. Gloucester, says Croyland, the narrator, 'discovered the maiden in the attire of a kitchen girl in London.' Instead of conveying her secretly from her concealment, instead of compelling her, by force or by stratagem, to become his wife,—instead of outraging her already wounded feelings, and taking advantage of her powerless situation, he removes her immediately from the degrading garb under which Clarence had concealed her, and, with the respect due to his mother's niece and to his own near kinswoman, 'caused her to be placed in the sanctuary of St. Martin,' while he openly and honourably seeks from the king his assent to their marriage.

"The most imaginative mind could scarcely have desired a hero of romance to act a nobler and more chivalrous part, one more dignified towards the object of his attachment, one more honourable to himself, more straightforward, more worthy of his hitherto irreproachable career. The Lady Anne, in her prosperity, had been the playmate of his childhood, the companion of his boyish days, the object of his youthful affections. Before either party had passed the age of minority, she had drank to the very dregs of the cup of adversity; from being the affianced bride of the heir apparent to the throne, and receiving homage at the French court as Princess of Wales, she was degraded to assume the disguise of a kitchen-girl in London, reduced to utter poverty by the attainder of herself and parents,—a desolate orphan, discarded by the relatives who should have protected her, and debased and persecuted by those to whom the law had consigned the custody of her life and person.

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"Such was the condition of Warwick's proud but destitute child, the ill-fated co-heiress of the Nevilles, the Beauchamps, the De Spencers, and in whose veins flowed the blood of the highest and noblest in the land; when she was affectionately and unceasingly sought for by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, at a time, too, when the sun of prosperity shone upon him so resplendently, and with such a cloudless aspect, that, had his actions been alone influenced by that all-engrossing ambition which has been imputed to him in after years, he would assuredly rather have coveted the daughter of some illustrious prince, or the hand of an heiress to a crown, than have exerted his well-earned influence with his sovereign to rescue his dejected kinswoman from her humiliating situation, and to restore her as his bride to the proud position which she had lost, and to which his own prosperous career now enabled him to elevate her. He placed her in the only asylum where she could feel secure from compulsion, and safe alike from his own importunities or his brother's persecution.

"Thus, after a season of severe trial, and reverses almost unparalleled, considering the youthful ages of the respective parties, did Richard and his young bride find that repose which had been so long denied to them. Although he was now scarcely nineteen years of age, while his cousin had but just entered her seventeenth year,—for only four years had elapsed since their youthful companionship at York,—yet during that interval their lives forfeited by attainder, and liberty only preserved to the one by flight to a distant land, and to the other by the privilege of sanctuary in her own country. Both had been exiles, both had been outlawed; the one for fidelity to his brother and sovereign, the other as the passive instrument of a rebellious and ambitious parent. Both, within the short space of two years, had been reduced to utter penury by confiscation of lands and possessions; and both, from being houseless wanderers, had, though widely separated, and under far different circumstances, experienced also the highest degree of prosperity which could be contrasted with adversity equally poignant and unmitigated. The Lady Anne, during the period, had received the homage of peers and peeresses at the court of France as the affianced of King Henry's son, and the instrument of restoring the line of Lancaster to the throne; and Richard, the thanks of the English Houses of Parliament, as the faithful and best beloved brother of Edward of York, whom he had effectually aided to restore to his kingdom and his crown. Both had lost their natural protectors by a violent and premature death, in the miserable feuds that numbered their fathers amongst the illustrious dead; and both had suffered the most severe persecution in the eyes of the whole land, when seeking to unite their destinies in marriage; arising from the avarice and cupidity which made Clarence desire the entire possession of the young heiresses' wealth, and even to threaten them by hostile preparations, after the sovereign, in gratitude to Richard for his services, had waived in his behalf his undeniable right to the lands and lordships of Warwick's bereaved and friendless child, forfeited to the crown. But fortune upheld them throughout their trials, and smiled favourably on their attachment. To a district endeared to them both by the unfading recollections of childhood, did Richard convey his young bride, when their destinies were at length indissolubly interwoven; and amidst the bold and wild scenery of the home of their ancestors, did the Lady Anne and her princely consort pass the early days of their married life, when, young in age, although experienced in trial, they were thus enabled to share in those halcyon days of peace that once more dawned upon the land of their birth.

"Few places were better in accordance with the vice-regal powers intrusted to Gloucester in the northern districts, than was the noble pile in which their bridal days were most probably passed.

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"Rearing its embattled towers among scenes fraught with the most stirring national associations; built on a rock whose rugged surface seemed fully in keeping with the impregnable stronghold that crowned its summit, the castle of Pontefract, or Pomfret, as it is usually called, the patrimonial inheritance of the royal house of Lancaster, soared high above the surrounding lands; a fitting abode for the princely seneschals and hereditary high stewards of England."

A Glance at the Present State of Ireland; with Reflections on the Absolute Necessity of a Complete and Effective Emancipation; and a Summary of the Civil Regulations of the Roman Catholic Church in the Austrian Dominions and in France. By the Author of "Persecutions of Popery."

The present aspect of our sister kingdom, Ireland, is one that cannot but engage the deepest sympathies of the Christian and the philanthropist. We stand opposed to each other in the position of gladiators rather than in the attitude of friendly fellowship. Every movement seems a fresh gesture of defiance. The eyes of each nation seem bent upon the other to watch and ward the coming blow. Deep breathing hate, instead of soft melting love, appears unhappily to be the expanding and inspiring spirit. Yet still are the restrictions of law outwardly respected, and still it is to the law, with its own strong arm, that we must look towards as the great arbitrator.

We cannot but admire the fearless spirit with which the author of the pamphlet before us has taken his stand. Most true it is that we have tried concessions and temporizing in vain. The more England yields, the more Ireland demands. Mr. Shoberl is right. The Church of Rome will never be content with toleration: it must and will have supremacy. Nothing less will satisfy the assumption of that spirit which would lord it not only over the kingdoms of earth but of heaven also. Tracing the contentions of the two countries to their source, Mr. Shoberl attributes the consequent evils under which we are suffering to the exactions of the Romish Church; and then in a spirit of fearless independence proceeds to point out what he considers would prove remedial measures; namely, a curtailment of its power, and an assertion of the rightful authority of our government to take the remedy into its own hands.

These, in brief, are Mr. Shoberl's suggestions.

"Let, then, the British legislature, in the plenitude of its omnipotence, declare the sovereign of the United Kingdom to be protector and head of the Catholic Church in Ireland.

"Let the appointment to archbishoprics, bishoprics, and other principal officers in the Catholic Church, be vested in the government.

"Let the monastic orders, and other religious congregations, under the denominations of colleges, convents, monasteries, or by whatever name they are called, be prohibited, and such as exist dissolved.

"Let all correspondence with foreigners on matters of religion be strictly forbidden, excepting communications with the Romish See; such communications to be under the inspection and control of government, as is the practice in other countries."

Such are the energetic and strong-minded measures which Mr.

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Shoberl proposes for the subduing that monstrous power which has upreared itself in Ireland, and bringing it under the peaceful government of England. We cannot in our brief limits follow out his plans, but they are grounded on a conviction that no temporizing can operate efficiently. He also proves that the control of the State over the Church is both as practicable as it is politic, since Roman Catholic monarchies have resorted to a similar superintending authority, compelled to the measure by the encroachments of a Church ever grasping at secular ascendancy, and arrogating the right of deposing kings; and he instances the Austrian Ecclesiastical Code, as well as that adopted in France by the Emperor Napoleon, in support of his opinion.

We cannot, however, pursue Mr. Shoberl's reasonings further. Manly, spirited, clear-headed and vigorous, they are not to be passed over either with cold indifference or lukewarm approbation. The spirit of the diction keeps pace with the energy of the thoughts to which it gives expression. As Mr. Shoberl has chosen no middle course, so he must prepare himself for no midway reception. He will meet with bitter enmity on the one hand, but he will be recompensed by warm friendship on the other; and these are not the days when men of high and sterling principle can stand on neutral ground.

This vigorous pamphlet will soon be in the hands of the opposite factions: it is too spirited not to attract general attention.

Mr. Shoberl thus enforces the necessity of a reform of Roman Catholicism in Ireland.

"But what need is there of more reasons to prove the necessity of a reform of Catholicism in Ireland? Are there not monks, Jesuits, and Jesuits' Colleges in that country? Are not communications with the court of Rome carried on without the slightest inspection or control? How is it possible that all these things should have a totally different influence in Ireland from what they are known to produce in all other countries?

The Jesuits at the present day differ in no respect from their predecessors any more than the difference of times requires. Numberless circumstances, which have occurred in other countries and been attested in courts of justice, prove either the ignorance or the wilful blindness of those, who, in spite of them, maintain that the Jesuits of our days are not the Jesuits of bygone times; that the ultramontane doctrines which endanger the civil and religious liberties of a country are out of fashion, or that in these times of enlightenment and civilization they are professed by a very small number of persons; that, besides, their propagation is not to be feared; and that neither civil nor religious liberties are in any way threatened by them. I know not indeed how any well informed man can doubt these facts, or choose rather to believe the verbal declarations of the Irish Catholic prelates, or of the court of Rome itself, framed for the purpose of promoting some of their designs, than the evidence of these facts; or perhaps even assert that what happens in France or other countries cannot take place in Ireland. Let but the Catholics acquire power sufficient to execute their plan of a complete equality, unshackled by conditions, restrictions, or guarantees, and we shall see, but too late, at least for the public tranquillity, the liberties of Ireland, and through Ireland those of Great Britain, threatened by the Jesuits, the court of Rome, and the Roman Catholic clergy. The experience of recent times

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ought to convince all minds that we must not say of any doctrine or of any institution—impossible that it can ever happen again.

"Popes and Catholic prelates themselves have admitted the necessity of a reform of their church; and if these declarations furnish incontestable proofs of that necessity, a necessity which has been felt for many ages, they likewise demonstrate that unfortunately such a reform cannot proceed either from the court of Rome or the Catholic clergy, and that, in consequence, it is only by governments, and by energetic governments, that they can be effected. For Ireland I consider this so essential a point, that without it there will be, in my opinion, no tranquillity in that country: and it may be accomplished with greater facility than may be imagined. Models for it exist in France and in Austria. The only secret consists in proceeding direct to the goal without fearing Rome or clergy; in making neither compact nor compromise; in maturing plans, in issuing orders, and then causing them to be executed with firmness, and punishing such as either openly or secretly oppose them.

As the tendency of the proposed measures is to release the laity from the tyranny of the Pope and of their ignorant, bigoted, selfish, and vindictive priests, any serious opposition to them from the more enlightened and respectable portion of the Catholic body is scarcely to be anticipated. The Pope no doubt would cry to Heaven and Earth to avenge his outraged rights of supremacy; the prelates and priests would bluster, and they might possibly find means to communicate some sparks from the flame of their own resentments to the infatuated minds of the lowest and most ignorant members of their communion: perseverance, without any resort to force, would probably suffice to extinguish them.

Anecdotes of Actors; with other Desultory Recollections, &c., &c., &c. By Mrs. Matthews, author of the "Memoirs of Charles Matthews, Comedian," to which this is a supplementary volume.

The green-room contains a little world of its own. A bustling, active, energetic, heart-beating, hope-burning, pulse-throbbing, elbowing, jostling, vivacious crowd, who live in a constant whirl of excitement. No wonder, then, if the incidents of such a community have a zest and flavour, and smack of the professional spirit. No wonder if jibe and jeer, and prank and practical jest, and a sort of Puck-like jollity, and the old-fashioned law of retaliation, give rise to a constant interchange of tit for tat. What between jest and earnest, there is no stagnation in the green-room. Mrs. Matthews has had great experience on this stage, and she has here arranged for public amusement many of the pieces of bye-play which filled up the *asides* of the actors' lives. Some of these anecdotes are new, some old. They are in some sense the gleanings of reaped fields, but they are gleanings of good ears which have fallen from rich sheaves. Desultory and yet amusing, the volume is just adapted for one of those idle hours which succeed laborious ones. From its budget of lively anecdote we select the following.

Colman the Younger had been sought out in his hiding-place, and though under an assumed name, arrested for debt.

"After a short colloquy the *trio* prepared to depart—namely, the prisoner and his two keepers—when the creditor inquired of Mr. Colman whether he would object to return to town with him and his assistant in the chaise which had conveyed them thither; which question drew forth

one of Colman's witty *impromptus*—which furnished the said creditor with a *sobriquet* which attaches to this hour—demanding a chaise to himself.

"While a servant was despatched to a neighbouring inn for one, the report of the position of 'the Gentleman on the Hill' spread like wildfire round the little village—'*Mr. Campbell was taken up*, and was going away in the custody of two men.' This was enough; and before the expected chaise could reach the cottage, every petty tradesman to whom a shilling was owing came with his 'little account' for payment, and just as Mr. Colman was about to take final leave of his family—the chaise having arrived—a tall, gaunt, dirty-looking man, as if fresh from the smithy, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up above his elbows, and a paper cap partially covering his grizzled head—(it was a brazier, who had hung some bells, a few weeks previously, in the cottage)—rushed, in wild and breathless disorder, into the room where the distressed inmates were standing, and gasping out, in tones wiry and dissonant as his own work, he cried,

"'Here's my bill; I *will* be paid; I'm a poor man with a family; I won't be cheated; I work hard for my money; *my* bill is seventeen shillings; I wont stir till I get it; I *will* have my *right*;' and in this manner he roared, until *Mrs.* Campbell with difficulty obtained a hearing, which she at length effected; then assuring the man that he was in no danger of losing his money, counted from her purse the amount demanded, and laid it before him on the table. At this result, a surprising change was visible in the man's face and manner. He first cast his eyes suspiciously at his money, as if incredulous as to its validity, then looked up into the sweet face of her who had produced it; he next turned to the captured man, and, lastly, his eyes fell upon the weeping child, who clung close to his father, in alarm at the scene before him, and suddenly, bursting into a flood of tears, the brazier's iron heart melted at once, and pushing back the money, he blubbered out,

"'Why, then, if I thought you would have given me the money, I wouldn't have *come!* They told me you were *swindlers* and *robbers*, and I couldn't afford to lose by such people, but now I won't take a *farthing*; I'll *die* first; so keep it to help you out of your trouble, for I won't touch it—I *won't*; I wish I may *die* if I do!' And spite of the efforts made to force the money upon him, this rough specimen of Nature's soundest metal, rushed out of the room as hastily as he had rushed into it, and his long limbs were the next moment seen striding, with giant pace, down the slope which led to his little shop in the village."

And here is an amusing, "Not at Home."

"In one of his visits to England, Sir John Stevenson had taken private apartments for himself and servant—an unadulterated green native of the verdant isle. Being much engaged in some musical compositions preparing for the press, and finding his time much taken up by morning visitors, he took the precaution one day of denying himself, and thus delivered orders to that effect.

"'Now, Patrick, remember I'm going to be particularly occupied for the next two hours, and I won't be *at home*, mind, if *the Bishop of London calls.*'

"'Very well, your honour, I'll take care,' replied the obedient attendant, as he closed the door.

"Sir John now sat himself down at the piano-forte, and was soon immersed in the interest of his occupation, when, in about ten minutes, he had reason to congratulate himself upon having provided against intrusion, for a loud knock at the street door proclaimed the usual routine of idlers. What, then, was his surprise and mortification, when Pat, with his usual smile of welcome, ushered in three gentlemen! After the simple fellow had placed chairs for his visitors, a quick glance from his

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master's eye told him that he had *somehow* committed himself, but the organ of *potatoism* was too prominently developed to allow him to comprehend exactly *how;* yet, shrewdly suspecting that Sir John's evident vexation was connected with his admission of the present visitors, and with a view to deprecate his displeasure, and prove to his master that he had not infringed the particular order he had received from him, with much significance of look, and force of emphasis, he said—

"'Plaze, Sir John, *the Bishop of London* hasn't called *yet.*'"

Facts and Fictions, illustrative of Oriental Character. By MRS. POSTANS, Authoress of "Cutch," "Western India," &c.

Mrs. Postans has well expressed the character of her work in its title; "Facts and Fictions" compose its contents. Both of these are devoted to the enlarging our knowledge of India, its gorgeous scenes and its varied inhabitants. Close observation during a residence of many years has well fitted this lady for her task. The "Fictions" are characteristic tales, replete with oriental imagery; none but a dweller in the land could have accumulated so vast an assemblage of incidental descriptions. The different castes and classes of society in India, all marked by distinctive differences, with their religious observances, their domestic habits, and their modes of predatory warfare, furnish the novelist with an all but inexhaustible store of widely contrasted characters. The mythologies of the East are also highly poetical, and blend with a really-imaginative effectiveness with the legends of love and war which form the "Fictions." The "Facts" are of a still higher order of merit. They comprise full and ample descriptions of many of the most interesting localities of India. Pleasing and instructive details, and accurate pictures of towns and cities, many of them already living in our memories, associated with those charms of our childhood, the "Thousand and One Tales." As a whole, this work of Mrs. Postans deserves to be well received: by its means the reader will acquire a species of familiarity with the mythology and the different classes of Indian population; and if we do not enter more fully into the work, it is because the chief part of its contents have been already before the world, and obtained a deserved reputation in the pages of a contemporary.

Practical Observations on the Prevention, Causes, and Treatment of Curvatures of the Spine, with an Etching and Description of an Apparatus for the Correction of the Deformity, and Engravings illustrative of the Cases. By SAMUEL HARE, Esq., Surgeon. Second edition, revised and enlarged.

Although the details of a work of this nature are not exactly those which can be brought before the public in a periodical devoted to general literature, yet is its scope and tendency of such high importance, that it becomes a duty to claim for it that attention which it so imperatively deserves. The evils resulting from our artificial state of life are of so serious a nature, that the endeavour in the first place

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to prevent, and in the second to remedy, assumes the aspect of a work of philanthropy. Apparently light causes produce heavy results of grief; and parents, especially mothers, cannot be too often nor too earnestly warned against the yielding to fashions and practices, which in their effects most generally produce disease, and not unfrequently death. We attach great weight to Mr. Hare's general suggestions, and consider his work as one of great medical science. The results of his modes of treatment are the best confirmations of its important value.

The Travels of Marco Polo, greatly Amended and Enlarged, from Valuable early Manuscripts recently published by the French Society of Geography, and Italy, by Count Baldelli Boni; with copious Notes illustrating the Routes and Observations of the Author, and comparing them with more recent Travellers. By HUGH MURRAY, F. R. S. E.

With all the celebrity which Marco Polo has enjoyed as a traveller, it is strange that no accessible edition of his works has appeared before the present volume. One of the earliest and most distinguished of European travellers, his writings are also correspondently animated and interesting. That he incurred the personal penalties due to the outstripping his times, as must always be the case with those who offer us information which we are not prepared to receive, is true; and it is possible that the incredulity which followed on recitals which were only marvellous to the ignorant, may have remained as a prejudice operating against the publication of his travels in a popular form. The observations of recent travellers have, however, aided greatly in establishing Marco Polo's character for veracity, and we think that this volume will prove a valuable addition to the Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

And with this volume this most valuable series is brought to a close. The design and the execution have been equally worthy. By its means those researches which have extended over the globe, and displayed man in his various modes of life, and in his diversified homes and occupations, have been laid open to a large class who could not otherwise have attained the knowledge. In an enlarged sense, these volumes have related the history of the world; they have shown us the path of the first discoverers, and have traced down the subsequent histories of the countries which they visited. We feel that we cannot speak in terms too high of all the departments of this comprehensive series. It is a perfect cabinet of faithful, valuable, and extensive information: and it ought to have a place on the shelves of the most select and compact library, and be in the possession of every private family, as a work both of valuable reference and extensive information.

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Impressions and Observations of a Young Person During a Residence in Paris. Second edition, enlarged.

We have been well pleased with this modest and unpretending little tome. Without plan or design, it is just fitted to take up in an idle and fatigued half hour;—its very desultoriness is agreeable, because it makes no exaction on our attention, and does not put our reasoning powers to any trouble; and yet it is not without its instructive uses too. A number of unconnected sentences, not even strung together, but quite independent of each other, requiring nothing but a slight and easy perusal, convey to us the "Impressions and Observations" of a young and guileless mind. The diction is as easy as if spoken, and this little work really contains many of those points of difference between the two nations which we should seek in vain to find noted elsewhere. We have a pleasure in making room for a few of these simply descriptive remarks.

"One of the delights of the country in England is the refreshing dew. English persons are generally quite afraid of walking at night on account of the dampness: to me it is delightful. The climate of France is so dry that dew is nearly unknown, the evenings of summer are not relieved by any damp, and are often more oppressive than during the day.

"To the effect of dew may possibly be attributed the *fraîcheur*, as the French call it, of the English complexion, that beautiful union of red and white, so much more pleasing than the dead white admired in the Parisian cheek. A French lady, Madame de G——, née Princesse de B——, has been heard to say, that whenever there was a *brouillard*, she either walked in the open air, or put her head out of the window, in the hope of catching some English *fraîcheur*.

"English servants arriving with families in Paris must be frequently surprised at the sleeping rooms allotted to them; apartments containing excellent *chambres de maître* have, in the roof, a series of little dens, by courtesy called bed-rooms, in which many English persons would almost hesitate to lodge a favourite dog. The kitchens in England, in which a carpet appears almost as indispensable as in the *salon*, and the general accommodation for servants, must much astonish foreigners.

"Many parasols and purses are forgotten in public carriages; this has probably given rise to a very good practice adopted in Paris for their restoration. The coachman, on your entering, gives a card with the number of his carriage, thus enabling you to reclaim any forgotten articles at the office where the coach is known.

"Driving, in Paris, is sad uneasy work; the kennels in the middle of many of the streets, and the gutters leading from each *porte cochère*, sadly jolt a carriage, unless it has good English springs. How different this, to the wood pavement and macadamized streets of London.

"There is a great difference between the peculiar and natural manner in which French and English women walk; it may be accounted for, that before the introduction of *trottoirs* into Paris, the French women, having had to step from stone to stone to avoid the dirt, did not place their feet so flatly on the ground, and now that they have pavements they do not, from this habit, walk so much on their heels as English women.

"A Frenchman would not be seen giving his arm to a lady on each side. The inattention to this custom by the English, renders them often an object of ridicule when walking in the streets, or in places of public amusement in Paris; the French call it *panier à deux anses*. If a French-

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man is seen with two ladies, he gives his arm to one, the second lady taking the arm of the other.

"On returning from a visit to England, every thing in Paris appears slow; the people walk slowly, the coaches drive slowly; there is no life, no business. In England, they seem as if having only a week more to live, that each person was making the most of it, and a minute would be an irreparable loss; this is perhaps better than the *nonchalance* of a Frenchman, who would not leave Punch before it was over to execute the most important commission. Time is more appreciated in England than in France.

"The want of gravel in France is very apparent, garden walks derive an air of neatness from it, which the river sand used here can never replace; it does not bind, has no colour, and quickly becomes dust. It is said that Louis XIV. had gravel brought to Versailles from Kensington.

"The white money of France is little calculated for a lady's purse; the large five franc pieces cause a real *embarras de richesses*. A gold circulation, particularly something corresponding with the half-sovereign, is here much wanted.

"It is very agreeable to ride in the country round Paris when the grapes are being gathered; the first picked are dedicated to the Virgin, and each statue of her is crowned with vine leaves, and clustering branches are placed in her hands. If the *récolte* is plentiful, the peasants, at the end of the vintage, celebrate it by a *fête*.

"Nothing has more improved in Paris than the bread. I can remember when there was little more than one sort of bread, which being some three feet in length, and horribly sour, perfectly astonished the English; the *petits pains Viennois* sold at present are delicious, and although the *pain de ménage* still retains a little of its original acidity, there is, on the whole, great amelioration.

"French inns, although less clean and comfortable, appear to me to have this superiority over those in England; in France, the rooms are generally *en suite*, so that one is more at home; in England, with a sitting-room on one floor, bed-rooms are frequently given on another, and besides the annoyance of being continually on the staircase or in the corridor, mistakes might arise, unless the exact numbers and position of the rooms are recollected. I have seldom met with the same good bed at an English inn, which is always found in the most indifferent hotel in France.

"The English here, have seldom comfortable fires: there is more art than is supposed in the arrangement of a wood fire. If properly made up, with the addition of a little coal, nothing can burn better or be more cheerful in appearance; but English people are apt to suppose that they must have grates, for which the chimneys not being constructed, they generally afford plenty of smoke, but very little heat or flame. The expense of fuel in Paris is a great complaint; the miserable little fires seen throughout the winter present a practical proof of it.

"Although great luxury and extravagance are occasionally seen in Paris, and much money is spent, even amongst the middling classes, in balls and other amusements, yet there is in many respects an economy practised, which English people could not imagine, unless they saw it exemplified.

"Paris has no bazars, if we except a small place about a quarter the size of the Pantheon or Soho bazars in London; even this is, I believe, now closed for want of custom. The French prefer exposing their articles for sale in the passages and on the boulevards.

"Many of the violets sold here during the winter, are said to be brought in tin cases from Corsica."

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Colour. Music. By D. D. JAMESON.

Many and various have been the plans for substituting a new system of music, to the overthrow of that old-established code which has so long prevailed in Europe, and which, to our thinking, seems now more rooted than ever. It is indeed amazingly difficult to subvert the doctrines of consecutive ages, and though undoubtedly if things were to be begun and done afresh they might be better done, provided we might retain our present knowledge, yet as commencement and experience are incompatible, we fear we must be content to let the sciences work on, though it may be with a cumbrous machinery. That the study and practice of music is loaded with obstructions is certain, and if a revolution could be effected, that it would be most desirable, is equally true; and while regarding the matter as next to hopeless, we yet think it but common justice that those who make the endeavour should at least be allowed an audience of the public. On this principle we act when we insert the whole of the short preface which our projector has thought fit to prefix to his volume.

"The object of this short treatise is of a simple and practical nature, to introduce a new music, called *colour-music*, a practical system of which is now constructed for the first time; and to apply some of its principles to render the study and practice of *sound-music* easier and more popular than they are at present, by substituting distinct and definite sensations, which, being the language of nature, are at once understood, for the arbitrary mnemonics in use."

"Some reference to the theory of the subject has, however, been considered proper; and this has occasioned the use of technical terms; but that part of the book in which they occur does not concern the learner of *sound-music*, who, from reading the part called "*Teaching*," can acquire, in a few minutes, the whole practice, which is the simplest possible."

Introductory Book of the Sciences; adapted for the use of Schools and Private Students. In Two Parts. Part I. Physical Science. Part II. Natural Science. By JAMES NICOL. Illustrated by one hundred and five Engravings on Wood.

"The utility and importance of physical and natural science as branches of general education are now almost universally recognized. Some acquaintance with their more general laws and common facts is admitted to be not only useful, but even necessary, to persons of all professions, and in every sphere of life." These are the objects proposed in this elementary volume, which is clear, lucid, able, and scientific. Easy of comprehension as an educational work should be, and yet, at the same time, conveying, through a ready medium, the most solid and sterling instruction.

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MERCANTILE

Græcæ Grammaticus Rudimenta, in usum Regiæ Scholæ Etonensis. The Rudiments of Greek Grammar as used in the College of Eton; with the quantity of the Latin and Greek Penultimate Vowels, on which the Pronunciation depends; Explanatory Notes in English, intended to combine the Advantages of Modern Grammar with the justly-esteemed and well-established Eton Plan. Edited by the Rev. J. BOSWORTH, D.D., F.R.S., &c., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Author of "A Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Languages," "Latin Construing," &c. &c. Fourth Edition.

When a work carries on its title-page the words "Fourth Edition," it is a proof that its merits are already too well established to require further confirmation. The importance of Greek as a basis for sound learning is universally recognized, and so able an adjunct in its acquirement as this elementary work amply deserves its own reputation and success.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Voyage of Life, a Tale by Georgina C. Munro, 3 vols. royal 12mo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Coningsby, 3rd edit. 3 vols. post 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Facts and Fictions, by Mrs. Postans, 3 vols. post 8vo., 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Young Widow, a Novel, in 3 vols. post 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
The Last of My Love, by the Wandering Minstrel, 12mo., 3*s.*
High Life in New York, by Jonathan Slick, 2 vols. post 8vo., 14*s.*
The Blackwater in Munster, by J. R. O'Flannagan, 4to., 12*s.*
Evenings of a Working Man, by John Overs, with a Preface relative to the author, by C. Dickens, 12mo., 5*s.*
Sir Roland Ashton, a Tale of the Times, by Lady Catherine Long, 2 vols. 8vo., 16*s.*
The Grahame Family, or Historical Portfolio opened, by Hussey Gould, fc. 8vo., 6*s.*
The Public and Private Life of Lord Eldon. By Horace Twiss, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*
Historic Fancies. By the Hon. G. Sydney Smythe, M.P. 8vo. 12*s.*
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The Mysteries of Paris. By Eugene Sue. With plates, by Onwhyn. 12mo. 5*s.*
The Poetry of Real Life. By Henry Ellison. 1st Series. Fcap. 8vo. 6*s.*
Martin Buzzlewit. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol. 8vo. 21*s.*
The Field of Honour; or, Scenes in the Nineteenth Century. By Anne Flinders. Fcap. 8vo. 5*s.*
Walter Clayton; a Tale of the Gordon Riots. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE produce market has been well supplied throughout the month, and a brisk business been transacted at fairly-sustained prices. It is expected that the supply of sugar for the year will be of the most ample kind. Coffee has risen in value. The tea market is dull, and prices have receded a fraction. The wool sales have gone off with spirit, at well-sustained

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rates. In wheat the supplies, both of English and foreign, have much exceeded the demand. In other respects our manufacturing interests retain their previous aspects.

MONEY MARKET.—The payment of dividends has not been without a favourable influence on sustaining prices. The value of government securities has been improving. The government broker having effected purchases, though only to a limited extent, on behalf of the Commissioners of the Savings' Banks and the Life Annuity Fund, has had some effect in keeping up the rates. Though not exceeding 20,000*l.* a-day, these dealings, in the absence of larger transfers, have given a tone to the market. The information that the surplus revenue is to be vested in Exchequer Bills, has had a tendency to advance the very high rate of premium those securities now maintain. Altogether, the English market supports its firmness and steadiness.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 27th of July.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Three per Cent. Consols for Acct. 99 five-eighths.— Three per Cents. Consols, Anns. 99 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cents. Anns. 103 one-eighth.—Indian Bonds, 1000*l.*, 95.—Exchequer Bills, Small, 1½*d.* 78*s.* pm.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent. 61⅜.—Spanish Five per Cents. Acct. 22 seven-eighths.—Spanish Three per Cents. 33 three-eighths—Mexican Five per Cents. 36¼.—Dutch Five per Cent. one-half.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JUNE 25 TO JULY 19, 1844, INCLUSIVE.

June 25.—W. Read, Winchester-street, King's Cross, builder.—J. Hodge, Abchurch-lane, licensed victualler.—J. F. Wood, Oxford, surgeon.—C. F. Openheim, George-street, Minories, shipowner.—R. Hodgson, Bishop Auckland, Durham, Mercer.—Z. Bond, Manchester, brickmaker.—S. Askam, Bradford, commission agent.—T. Ashley, Lyonshall, Herefordshire, builder.—T. Woltenden and J. Prestwich, Oldham, cottton spinners.—J. Howarth, Rochdale, woollen manufacturer.

June 28. — R. Howland, Thame, Oxfordshire, auctioneer.—J. Wetenhall, Throgmorton-street, stockbroker. — C. Hadfield, Sheffield, anvil manufacturer.—E. Pritchard, Liverpool, wine merchant.—J. Fletcher, Liverpool, paint manufacturer — R. Hetherington, Cross Canonby, Cumberland, tanner.

July 2.—H. W. Collinson, Stamford-street, hat maker.—T. Scott, Colchester, baker.—W. Harding, Southampton-street, Camberwell, grocer.—F. Roberts, Handley, Cheshire, butcher.

July 5.—T. H. Skelton, Southampton, stationer.—F. Stokes, London-wall, importer and French warehouseman.—P. Tansley, St. John-street, straw plait dealer.—M. Casanas, Fenchurch-street, wine merchant. — J. Ramsay, Chapel-street, Somerstown, cheesemonger.—T. J. Swaine, Hatfield Woodside, Hertfordshire, innholder.—T. Hindmarsh, Hartlepool, grocer.—F. Plank, Plymouth, perfumer.—J. Vernon, Monks Coppenhall, Cheshire, licensed victualler.—R. Lodge, Thornhill, Yorkshire, innkeeper.

July 9.—C. Beavis, Shirley, Hants, Carpenter.—A. Portway, Braintree, Essex, tea dealer.—J. Page, Devonshire-terrace, Fulham-road, builder.—H. M. Shaw, Newport, Hants, jeweller.—H. Potter, Kidderminster, carpet manufacturer.—J. Crowder and J. Green, jun., Macclesfield, trimming manufacturers.—W. Coward, Hartlepool, Durham, bread baker.—J. Wood and W. Norton, Penny-bridge, Yorkshire, fancy cloth manufacturers. — C. B. Reynolds, Devizes, tailor.

July 12.—G. Fryer, Alfred-street, City-road, grocer.—W. R. Wood, Brighton, Dentist.—F. E. C. De La Marcotelle, Fenchurch-street, merchant.—T. G. Thorn, Southampton, builder.—S. Southey, South-street, Finsbury Market, cabinet and furniture manufacturer.—H. Whittaker, Macclesfield, silk throwster.—W. Weir, Carlisle, iron merchant.—T. Biggs, Bath, woollen draper. — T. Griffiths, Stoke-upon-Trent, tailor.—W. Bond, Liverpool, publican.—J. A. Forrest, Liverpool, glass merchant.

July 16.—W. B. Smith, Sudbury, Suffolk, surgeon.—S. Hammond, jun., Upminster, Essex, market gardener.—R. Banister, Forton, Hampshire, draper.—H. Williams, Farringdon, Berkshire, grocer.—E. Sylvester, Agars-field, St. Pancras-road, contractor.—J. G. Wilson, Standard Factory, Wenlock-basin, Wharf-road, City-road, engineer.—T. Pearce, Bermondsey-street, Southwark, tripeman.—B. Kasner, Old Cavendish-street, Cavendish square, jeweller.—T. W. Green, Leeds, bookseller.—W. H. Williams, Martock, Somersetshire, linendraper.—T. L. Gordon, Exeter, cabinet maker.—J. L. Loraine, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, wine merchant.

July 19.—T. Harvey, Wandsworth, innkeeper.—W. Trotam, Bermondsey, china clay merchant.—J. Smith and H. Tisford, Snow-hill, City, engravers.—C. Cope, Edgbaston, Warwickshire, wine merchant.—B. H. Hasler, Liverpool, merchant. — J. Carruthers, Lancashire, linendraper.

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NEW PATENTS.

C. A. Deane, of Poplar, Inventor of the Diving Apparatus, for improvements in constructing, propelling, and steering vessels. May 30th, 6 months.

R. Hazard, of Clifton, Bristol, Confectioner, for improvements in baths. May 30th, 6 months.

J. Lee, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esquire, for improvements in obtaining products from sulphurets, and other compounds containing sulphur. May 30th, 6 months.

J. Fenton, of Manchester, Engineer, for an improved combination or alloy, or improved combinations or alloys of metals, applicable to various purposes for which brass and copper are usually employed in the construction of machinery. May 30th, 6 months.

W. Noak, of West Bromwich, Stafford Colliery, Agent, and J. Noak, of the same place, Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of salt, and in the apparatus to be used therein. June 1st, 6 months.

E. Massey, of King Street, Clerkenwell, Watchmaker, for improvements in apparatus for ascertaining the rate at which vessels are passing through the water; also applicable in ascertaining the rate at which streams or currents are running. June 1st, 6 months.

J. Murdoch, of Staples Inn, Mechanical Draughtsman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of gas, and in the apparatus employed therein. June 4th, 6 months. Communication.

W. H. Phillips, of Bloomsbury Square, Engineer, for certain improvements in the means and apparatus for subduing and extinguishing fire and saving life and property, and in obtaining and applying motive power and improvements in propelling. June 4th, 6 months.

G. Chapman, of Claremont Terrace, Strangeways, Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines. June 4th, 6 months.

H. Boden, of Derby, Lace Manufacturer, for an improvement in the manufacture of bobbin-net or twist lace. June 4th, 6 months.

J. Cowen, of Blaydon Burn, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Merchant, for certain improvements in making retorts for generating gas for illumination. June 4th, 6 months.

W. Ward, of Leicester, Hosier, and D. W. Grocock, of the same place, Framesmith, for improvements in machinery for manufacturing frame-work, knitted, or netted work. June 4th, 6 months.

W. Elliott, of Birmingham, Button Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of covered buttons. June 4th, 6 months.

P. Griffiths, of Holywell, Flint, Millwright, for improvements in washing the products evolved from furnaces. June 4th, 6 months.

J. Woods, of Bucklersbury, Civil Engineer, for improvements in producing designs and copies and in multiplying impressions either of printed or written surfaces. June 6th, 6 months. Communication.

D. Cheetham, of Rochdale, Lancaster, Cotton-spinner, and E. Briggs, of the same place, Hat-manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of hats, and in the machinery or apparatus connected with such or similar manufacture. June 6th, 6 months.

W. Higham, of Nottyash, near Liverpool, and D. Bellhouse, of Liverpool, aforesaid, Merchant, for improved constructions of boilers for evaporating saline and other solutions for the purposes of crystallization. June 6th, 6 months.

E. Morewood, of Thornbridge, Derby, Merchant, and G. Rogers, of Stearndale, same County, Gentleman, for improvements in coating iron with other metals. June 8th, 6 months.

E. Galloway, of Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road, Surrey, for machinery for connecting axles or shafts, whereby when in motion they revolve at different relative velocities. June 12th, 6 months.

T. Farmer, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the ornamenting of papier mâche, and in manufacturing and ornamenting japanned goods generally. June 12th, 6 months.

G. Kent, of Constitution Row, Gray's Inn Road, Blind-maker, for improvements in machinery for cleaning, polishing, and sharpening knives, forks, and other articles. June 12th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Serle Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in wheels and axles. June 12th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Swindells, of Manchester, Manufacturing Chemist, for several improvements in

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the preparation of various substances for the purpose of dyeing and producing colour, also improvements in the application and use of several chemical compounds for the purpose of dyeing and producing colour not hitherto made use of. June 12th, 6 months.

A. S. Wolcott, of Manchester, Machinist, for improvements in roving and spinning cotton, wool, and other fibrous substances. June 18th, 6 months.

C. W. Graham, of King's Arms' Yard, London, Merchant, for improvements in manufacturing pathological, anatomical, zoological, geological, botanical, and mineralogical representations in relief, and in arranging them for use. June 18th, 6 months.

G. Wilson, of Saint Martin's Court, Saint Martin's Lane, Stationer, for improvements in the cutting of paper for the manufacture of envelopes and for other purposes. June 19th, 6 months.

W. Sutcliffe, of Bradford, York, Manufacturer, for improvements in preparing, dyeing, sizeing, or dressing, drying, and winding yarns and manufactured fabrics of wool, flax, cotton, silk, and other fibrous materials. June 19th, 6 months.

P. A. L. de Fontainemoreau, of Skinner's Place, Size Lane, London, for a new mode of locomotion, applicable to railroad and other ways. June 21st, 6 months. Communication.

T. L. Rushton, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancaster, Iron Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of iron. June 21st, 6 months.

C. Phipps, of River, near Dover, Paper Manufacturer, for an improvement or improvements in the manufacturing of paper, and in marking writing and other papers, or in the machinery employed for those purposes. June 21st, 6 months. Communication.

J. Shaw, of Sheffield, Manufacturer of Britannia Metal Articles, for improvements in the manufacture of metal dish covers and metal dishes. June 24th, 6 months.

R. Davies, of Ystradgunlais, Brecon, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of iron. June 24th, 6 months.

W. Worby, of Ipswich, Foreman in the employ of Messrs. J. R. and A. Ransome, Iron Founders, for improvements in the manufacture of bricks, tiles, and other articles from plastic materials. June 24th, 6 months.

C. M. E. Sautter, of Austin Friars, Gentleman, for improvements in pianofortes. June 26th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—June 24.—The Earl of Powis moved the order of the day for going into Committee on his Bill for repealing the union of the Sees of Bangor and St. Asaph. A short discussion took place; and the House then went into Committee upon the Bill, which passed through without amendment, and was ordered to be read a third time on Monday next.—The Brothels' Suppression Bill went through Committee.—The New South Wales Government Bill was read a second time.

June 25.—The Charitable Bequests (Ireland) Bill, on the motion of Lord Wharncliffe, was then read a second time, after a short discussion.

June 26.—No House.

June 27.—The Marquis of Clanricarde moved for copies of any declarations in ejectments or notices to quit that have been served on the Poor Law Commissioners in Ireland, or upon the guardians of any union. His object, he said, was to elicit from the government their opinion as to the steps it would be advisable to take respecting the Irish Poor Law, in consequence of the report of Mr. Pennethorne. The motion was agreed to.

June 28.—The Irish Marriage Bill was read a second time.

June 29.—No House.

July 1.—The Earl of Powis moved the third reading of the Sees of St. Asaph and Bangor Bill. The Duke of Wellington said he was not authorised to give her Majesty's consent to the discussion of this Bill. This consent, though it was not necessary in regard to the Act which it was the object of the present Bill to repeal, was necessary in regard to this Bill. The former Act did not touch the Royal prerogatives, but conferred powers on her Majesty: the present Bill, by withdrawing those powers, affected her Majesty's prerogative in a most important point, the regulations and revenue of the Church, and therefore required her Majesty's consent to its dis-

cussion. The debate was adjourned, and a committee appointed to search for precedents.—The Duke of Richmond called the attention of the House to the practice, lately renewed, of canvassing Peers on the subject of private Bills. Several Peers spoke in reprehension of the practice; and the Earl of Wicklow said that any such application ought to be considered as an insult.—The Privy Council Jurisdiction Bill was committed *pro forma*, and ordered to be printed.

July 2.—The Earl of Dalhousie moved the third reading of the Sugar Duties Bill. The Bill was read a third time and passed.

July 3.—No House.

July 4.—Lord Wharncliffe, having brought up the report of the Committee appointed to search for precedents on the Bangor and St. Asaph's Bishoprics Continuance Bill, which reported that they could discover no precedents, moved the following question as an instruction to the Committee:—"Whether the Bill for the prevention of the union of the Sees of Bangor and St. Asaph belong to the class of Bills for which it has been the usage to get the consent of the Crown before Parliament can pass it?" The instruction was agreed to.—The Earl of Radnor moved that a Secret Committee be appointed to inquire into the practice of detaining and opening letters, under the provisions of the 1st Vict. c. 36, and more particularly into the circumstances under which the letters of Mr. Mazzini, a literary foreigner, residing in England, have been opened," which was his original notice; but he meant to add to it the name of another gentleman, a foreigner (Captain Stolsberg).—The Privy Council Appellate Jurisdiction Bill was read a third time.

July 5.—Lord Campbell moved the third reading of the Law of Libel Bill; the House divided on the motion, when the numbers were, for the third reading, 3, against it, 33.—On the motion of the Duke of Wellington, the Bank Charter Bill was read a first time.—Lord Wharncliffe brought up a report from the Select Committee on the union of the Sees of St. Asaph and Bangor: the Committee had searched for precedents, and had found that it had been usual in the cases of such Bills that the Royal assent should be signified on each of the stages.—The Irish Presbyterian Marriages Bill went through Committee, and was ordered to be read a third time.

July 6.—No House.

July 8.—Nothing of importance.

July 9.—The Bishop of Exeter moved the third reading of the Brothels' Suppression Bill; after some discussion, the Bill was withdrawn.

July 10.—No House.

July 11.—The Earl of Powis intimated his intention to withdraw the St. Asaph and Bangor Bill, in consequence of the decision of the Committee appointed on the day he had last addressed their Lordships, and the statement of the Duke of Wellington, that the government did not intend to advise the Crown to accede to the measure. On considering the different modes of proceeding which were open to him, he thought the course he had adopted was the most respectful to their Lordships, and the most likely to secure the ultimate success of the object he had in view.

July 12.—The Earl of Ripon moved that the House should go into Committee on the Bank Charter Bill; the Bill passed through Committee.—The County-rates Bill went through a Committee, and was ordered to be read a third time.—The Earl of Ripon stated there was no truth in the report that a large army had been assembled on the frontiers of the Punjaub, or that there was any intention of invading that country. The anarchy of that country, indeed, rendered the presence of a strong force necessary; but there had never been any such ungenerous intention entertained as that of taking advantage of the troubles in the Punjaub to extend our dominion there. The rumour of a further acquisition of country upon the banks of the Indus was equally without foundation.

July 13.—No House.

July 15.—The motion for the production of any correspondence or papers relating to the dismissal of Mr. O'Driscoll from the commission of the peace in the county of Cork was agreed to. The Commons' amendments to the Dissenters' Chapels Bill were also agreed to.

July 16.—Nothing of importance.

July 17.—No house.

July 18th.— Lord Campbell presented the petition of which he had given notice, from Chas. Henry Russell, to be heard at the bar, by himself or counsel, against the Actions for Gaming Discontinuance Bill. The petition was laid on the table. Lord Campbell then moved that the petitioner be heard at the bar, by himself or counsel, on the reading of the order of the day that the bill be committed.

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July 19.—The Marquis of Clanricarde moved for a return of all sums under the control of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England and Wales, not appropriated to any particular purpose, up to the latest period to which the same could be made up, distinguishing the Episcopal Fund from that which is appropriated to the augmentation of small livings. The returns were ordered.—The County Coroners' Bill was read a second time, and the Insolvent Debtors' Bill passed through committee.

July 20.—No house.

House of Commons.—June 24.—Mr. Duncombe moved that a Select Committee be appointed for the purpose of inquiring as to any letters which might have been opened, delayed, or detained in the General Post-office since the month of January last, and also into any warrants which might have been issued by the Secretary of State authorising such opening and detention, and how far those warrants had been obeyed; the Committee also to report to the House its opinion as to the expediency of continuing or altering the law on the subject of such warrants. The House divided, when the numbers were, for Mr. Duncombe's motion, 162, against it, 206. The House resolved itself into Committee on the Bank Charter Bill; the four first clauses were agreed to, and the chairman reported progress.

June 25.—Mr. C. Villiers brought forward the question of the repeal of the Corn Laws. The motion brought forward by Mr. Villiers was, that the House should resolve itself into a Committee, for the purpose of considering the following resolutions;—"That it appears, by a recent census, that the people of this country are rapidly increasing in number. That it is in evidence before this House, that a large proportion of Her Majesty's subjects are insufficiently provided with the first necessaries of life. That, nevertheless, a Corn Law is in force which restricts the supply of food, and thereby lessens its abundance. That any such restriction, having for its object to impede the free purchase of an article upon which depends the subsistence of the community, is indefensible in principle, injurious in operation, and ought to be abolished. That it is therefore expedient that the Act 5th and 6th Vict., c. 14, shall be repealed forthwith." Mr. Ferrand moved the following amendment: "That this House do resolve itself into a committee, for the purpose of considering the following resolutions:—That it appears, by a recent census, that the people of this country are rapidly increasing in number. That it is in evidence before this House, that a large proportion of her Majesty's subjects are insufficiently provided with the means of purchasing the first necessaries of life. That, although a corn law is in force, which protects the supply of food produced by British capital and native industry, and thereby increases its abundance, whilst it lessens competition in the market of labour, nevertheless machinery has for many years lessened amongst the working classes the means of purchasing the same. That such corn law having for its object the protection of British capital, and the encouragement of native labour employed in the growth of an article upon which depends the subsistence of the community, is just in principal, beneficial in operation, and ought not to be abolished. That it is, therefore, expedient that every encouragement and protection shall be given to native industry, which is the groundwork of our national greatness, and the source of our national wealth." The debate was then adjourned,—Sir J. Graham brought in his Bill for Consolidating the Turnpike Trusts in South Wales, which was read a first time.—The Sudbury Disfranchisement Bill was read a first time.

June 26.—The adjourned debate on the Corn Laws was resumed; after much discussion Mr. Ferrand withdrew his amendment, and the House divided upon the original motion. For the motion, 124; against it, 328; majority, 204.

June 27.—Sir R. Peel moved the third reading of the Sugar Duties Bill. The motion led to a desultory discussion, but without any amendment or division upon the topics which had been already debated; the question as to the existence of slave-labour in Java; the injustice done to the interests of the East India sugar growers; the policy of government with regard to colonial emigration, &c. The Bill was read a third time and passed.—A question came before the House, whether a member of a committee on a private bill, having property which may be affected by it, has such an interest as disqualifies him from voting. The discussion on this subject was closed by the adoption of a resolution moved by Mr. Gladstone, to the effect that the rule prevailing with regard to discussions in the House should extend to committees, and that members having a direct pecuniary interest in the question before the Committee should not vote upon it in committee.

June 28.—On the motion for the third reading of the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, Mr.

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Colquhoun moved that it be read a third time that day three months. Sir R. Inglis seconded the motion. A short discussion took place, in which Sir T. Wilde, Lord Eliot, and Mr. Shaw, took part. A division took place, when the numbers were—for the bill, 201; against it, 81; majority, 120. The bill was then read a third time and passed. It was then sent up to the House of Lords, with the amendments.

June 29.—No House.

July 1.—Sir R. Peel moved the order of the day for the second reading of the Irish Registration Bill; the Irish members expressed their wish that the discussion should be postponed.—The Bank Charter Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Prisons (Scotland) Bill passed through committee; Sir James Graham having, in answer to a question from Mr. Wallace, given some satisfactory details respecting the working of the present system of prison discipline in Scotland.—The Education Bill was read a third time and passed.

July 2.—Mr. Duncombe moved for "a select committee to inquire into a department of her Majesty's General Post Office, the duties and employment of the persons engaged therein, and the authority under which the functions of the said office are discharged." He intended to add these words also—"As well as the expediency of making any alterations in the law under which the opening of letters is conducted." Sir J. Graham proposed, as an amendment, that "A Committee of Secrecy should be appointed to inquire into the law respecting the detaining and opening of letters at the Post Office, and into the mode in which the authority is exercised; that they should have power to send for persons, papers, and records, and that they report their opinions and observations to the House." After some conversation about the terms of the appointment of the committee, Sir J. Graham's amendment was unanimously carried. The committee was then appointed, with the powers specified in Sir J. Graham's motion.—The Sudbury Disfranchisement Bill was read a second time.

July 3.—The House went into committee on the Joint Stock Companies Registration Bill, the first clause was agreed to, and the chairman reported progress.

July 4.—On the motion of Sir J. Graham, the order of the day was read for going into committee on the Poor Law Amendment Bill. On the motion that the Speaker leave the chair, Mr. A. B. Cochrane moved, as an amendment, "That the New Poor Law, though improved by the proposed amendments, is still opposed to the ancient constitution of the realm, and inadequate to the necessities of the people." The House divided on the motion that the House go into committee, which was carried by 199 to 19. The House then went into committee *pro forma*, and immediately resumed, when the Bill was ordered to be recommitted on Friday.—Lord Palmerston moved the second reading of the Actions for Gaming Discontinuance Bill (No. 2.) Its object, he said, was to continue things as they were until parliament had time to consider the state of the law. After a short discussion, Mr. Christie moved the adjournment of the debate, which was negatived, and the Bill was read a second time.

July 5.—Lord G. Somerset obtained leave to bring in a bill to regulate the Trial of Controverted Elections, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Thursday next.

July 6.—No House.

July 8.—A long discussion arose, on the motion of Mr. Gladstone for the second reading of the Railway Bill; the debate was adjourned.

July 9.—The subject of the Danish Claims, which has been so often before parliament and the public, was again brought forward by Mr. Christie. The question relates to claims against the government for losses sustained by the seizure of British ships and cargoes by the Danish government in 1807. The question at issue is, whether war existed between Great Britain and Denmark at the time of the seizures. Mr. Christie moved for the appointment of a committee to consider of an address to her Majesty on the subject. On a division, the motion was negatived by a majority of 72 to 68.—Mr. Liddell moved for a select committee to inquire into the practices of dog-stealers in the metropolis. Sir James Graham would not oppose the motion, though he did not see that legislative interference was necessary. The motion was agreed to.

July 10.—Some discussion took place as to the extension of the measures to Scotland and Ireland. Several amendments on various clauses were agreed to; the chairman reported the Bill with these amendments; and it was then ordered to be

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printed.—The House then went into committee on the Joint Stock Companies Remedies at Law Bill, the main object of which, as stated by the Solicitor General, was to render the law of bankruptcy applicable to these companies. The bill went through the committee; the House resumed.—Mr. Cowper moved the second reading of the Field Gardens Bill, the object of which, he said, was to appropriate to poor persons small plots of ground for cultivation. The bill was read a second time.—The House went into committee on the Gaming at Races Bill; the clauses were agreed to.

July 11.—Nothing of importance.

July 12.—The House went into committee on the Poor Law Amendment Bill. On the 22nd clause, constituting *ex-officio* guardians, Mr. Borthwick proposed to include the parochial clergy; but Sir James Graham objected to the proposal, that the duties of the clergy were already very numerous, and the office of guardians might involve them in unpopular interferences. Mr. Borthwick withdrew his amendment. The 24th clause, relating to expenses for insane paupers, gave rise to some general discussion on the state of the insane poor throughout England. Lord Ashley informed the House, that in England and Wales there are 17,000 lunatics, and accommodation only for 4,500. He said that in Wales this accommodation was especially deficient, and that the pauper lunatics in that principality were kept in the most miserable state, in sheds, in outhouses, and in receptacles under ground. He intended shortly to bring this subject before the House, with the especial view to making of some provision for the care of lunatics in the first stage of their disease, it being generally practicable to effect their cure when undertaken early. Sir J. Graham fully felt the great importance of this subject, and the necessity for the speedy consideration of it by parliament. On the 28th clause, relative to the nomination of auditors, Mr. C. Wood moved that this nomination should be taken from the chairman of unions, and vested in the Poor Law commissioners. After a good deal of discussion, this amendment, on a division, was negatived by 132 to 39. When the committee had proceeded to the 34th clause inclusive, the chairman reported progress.

July 13.—The Poor Law Amendment Bill was proceeded with, the discussion was adjourned.

July 15.—Mr. Wyse moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the facts connected with the formation of the special jury in the case of Mr. O'Connell and others: the House divided, when the numbers were, against the motion, 91; for it, 73.

July 16.—Lord Palmerston brought the Slave Trade under the consideration of the House; the return moved for, with an addition suggested by Sir Robert Peel, respecting the numbers of slaves liberated in Sierra Leone and other places, between 1819 and 1844, was then agreed to.—The House went into Committee on the Metropolitan Building Bill, and the clauses up to 51 were agreed to.

July 17.—The remaining clauses of the Metropolitan Building Bill were agreed to.

July 18.—Mr. Duncombe moved, that instructions should be given to the Committee for inquiring into the opening of letters, that he might be present during the examination of such witnesses as he might think proper to examine: the House divided, when the numbers were, for the motion, 51; against it, 141.

July 19.—The House went into Committee of Supply on the Education Estimates. Mr. Wyse moved that a dutiful Address be presented to her gracious Majesty, humbly representing to her Majesty the great importance of due provision being made for the university education of her Roman Catholic subjects of Ireland, especially of such as are intended for the priesthood, and the inadequacy of the means and system now existing for the attainment of such object; and further praying her Majesty, that she will be graciously pleased to give directions, by an enlargement and improvement of existing arrangements, either by opening the emoluments and honours as well as studies of the University of Dublin to Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, and raising the College of Maynooth to the dignity of a theological Faculty of the said university, or by founding and maintaining a Roman Catholic university, with equal rank, endowments, and privileges, with those of the University of Dublin, or by such other means as her Majesty, in her wisdom and benevolence, may deem fit, adequately to supply the deficiencies now complained of, and, as far as may be, effectually provide for the future moral and intellectual wants of the Roman Catholic inhabitants. An Irish educational grant was agreed to without a division.

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